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THE ÆNEID.

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THE

ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JOHN CONINGTON, M.A.,

CORPUS PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

NEW YORK:
W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.
1867.

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TO

HENRY J. S. SMITH, M.A., F.R.S.,

SAVILIAN PROFESSOR OF GEOMETRY IN

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

&c., &c.

IN RECORD OF

INTELLECTUAL SYMPATHIES AND COMMON TASTES

WHICH DIFFERENCE OF PURSUITS

HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO IMPAIR.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THE translation of the Æneid of Virgil by Professor CONINGTON, here republished, has been universally admitted to be one of the most attractive books of the last London season. It has gained this pre-eminence in its peculiar department, much cultivated of late in the labors of Lord Derby and others, by its novelty, the singular felicity of its diction, its constant animation and great variety, united with consummate scholarship in its remarkable fidelity to the nicer shades of meaning in the original author. Hitherto the fame of Virgil to English readers has rested on the sonorous version of Dryden, which, like the Homer of Pope, it is safe to predict will always hold its high place in our literature. But the merit of these great authors is not always that of the originals whom they emulate; and it has

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long been felt that something more might be attained in new versions when the translator should bring to the work the modern fruits of matured learning and patient criticism, combined with the requisite poetical faculty. Homer has recently been the subject of various experiments of this nature, more or less successful; while the great epic poet of Rome has, in this new awakening of English translation, been left to a single author. Professor Conington has, by one bold step, at once gained the admiration of the critics, and charmed the wide, popular circle of English readers. To thousands, his delightful version, borne rapidly along in the lively cadences of the octosyllabic measure, familiarized to the ear by the poems of Scott and Byron, will be a new revelation of the ever-attractive pages of Virgil. Whatever may be thought of the metre by scholars, as the most appropriate for the genius of the Æneid, all concede the substantial triumph of the translator in the production of a poem of great beauty, which, while it may be read as if it were a new work of the day, reflects, with singular accuracy, the various felicities of the original. It has drawn forth several elaborate articles from English critics in journals of high repute, commenting upon it closely, and freely conceding its unusual merits. "The Examiner" pronounces

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it "the very lightest, liveliest, and yet most accurate translation of Virgil that has yet been added to our literature," and predicts that "it will be in large request at all the circulating libraries." "The Athenæum" speaks of its "magic music," and says, "Being a faithful copy of the original, it has all the freshness, life, and beauty of genuine poetry. "The Saturday Review" places the book in the first rank, for its "critical and poetical qualities;" adding, "It will more than satisfy those who hold Virgil among the three or four greatest names of Roman literature." "Blackwood's Magazine," in a discriminating article,* noticing the various excellence of the poem, and comparing it with other attempts, finds the translator justified by his "success in the choice of a metre offering many points of advantage, — rapidity, flexibility, pathos, and, above all, variety; the last, in a continuous poem, of no little consequence in attractiveness to the reader." "Fraser's Magazine," of the same month, also commenting at length on its high qualities, says, "The rendering is almost invariably life-like, flowing, and readable. Professor Conington's prolonged commentatorial study of Virgil has given him a freedom and power, in bringing out the meaning of his author, which has enabled

* January, 1867.

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him, on the whole, to keep remarkably close to the original. . . . A bright and pleasing poem in itself, his book will certainly do much to increase among the general public a right understanding and appreciation of the great Roman poet."

The following particulars of the career of Professor Conington — exhibiting the cultivated scholarship, the literary training in authorship, and ripe experience which he brings to his work, — are taken from the last issue of that valuable London book of reference, "The Men of the Time:" —

John Conington, Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, Aug. 10, 1825. He is the eldest son of the late Rev. Richard Conington, incumbent for many years of a chapel-of-ease in that town, and Jane, daughter of Francis Thirkill, Esq., solicitor, also of Boston. He was educated chiefly at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold and Dr. Tait. He was successively Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford (July, 1843), Scholar of University College (March, 1846), and Fellow of University College (May, 1847), and obtained the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships in 1844. In March, 1848, he published "The Agamemnon of Æschylus: the Text, with a Translation into English Verse, and Notes" (J. W. Parker). In June, 1849, he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn; but afterwards withdrew his name, without having been called to the Bar. In 1850 he edited Dr. Maginn's "Homeric Ballads" (J. W.

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Parker), contributing a short preface and some notes, besides various alterations and modifications of the ballads themselves. In 1852 he published a pamphlet entitled "Epistola Critica de quibusdam Æschyli, Sophoclis et Euripidis Fragmentis," addressed to Dr. Gaisford. In June, 1854, he was elected to the newly founded professorship of the Latin language and literature, partially and afterwards wholly endowed by Corpus-Christi College. In 1855 he published an inaugural lecture "On the Academical Study of Latin" (J. W. Parker); and in 1857 "The Choëphoræ of Æschylus, with Notes" (J. W. Parker). In 1858 he published the first, and in 1863 the second, volume of "The Works of Virgil, with an English Commentary" (Bell and Daldy), to be completed in three volumes; and in 1859, a small text of Virgil in the "Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts." In 1863 he also published "The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace, translated into English Verse" (Bell and Daldy). Professor Conington has also written various articles in the "Edinburgh Review" and other periodicals.

The American publisher has added to the present reprint the "Arguments," prefixed to each book, revised from the standard edition of Dryden.

NEW YORK, February, 1867.

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PREFACE.

THE publication of a new translation of Virgil's Æneid is a thing which may not unreasonably be thought to require a few prefatory words of excuse. It is true that the ground has not been pre-occupied of late years by any version which has attained any great degree of popularity. Previous to the present century, the extant translations of the Æneid outnumbered those of the Iliad and Odyssey in the proportion of nearly three to one: now, while the press is sending forth version after version of one or both of the Homeric poems, scarcely any one thinks it worth his while to attempt a translation of the Roman epic. But it may fairly be doubted whether Dryden did not close the question a hundred and seventy years ago for any one not, like himself, a poet of commanding original power. In the century which succeeded him many literary men thought that they could improve upon him in various ways: but the verdict of posterity has shown that they judged wrongly. Pitt is the only one of these whose version can be said to be at present in existence: a dubious privilege which it owes to the fact of its having been included in the successive collections of English poetry of which Johnson's was the first

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Dryden's style in poetry is sufficiently unlike that which finds most favor in the present day: but it cannot be said to be obsolete. And though in its minuter shades it affords rather a contrast than a parallel to Virgil's, they have at all events the common quality of being really poetical; that inner identity which far outweighs a thousand points of external similarity, supposing these to be attainable. Pope, writing according to his own genius, has produced something so utterly different, in all its circumstantial features, from the product of Homeric genius, that an artist of confessedly inferior powers need not be discouraged from attempting the task again: but there was no such radical difference between the poet of Augustan Rome and the poet of Caroline England as to render it impossible that the masterpiece of the one should be adequately represented by the work which crowned the literary labors of the other.

True as this doubtless is, it is perhaps nevertheless possible that a justification may be found for an attempt like the present. It may be said that the great works of antiquity require to be translated afresh from time to time in order to preserve their interest as part of modern literary culture. Each age will naturally think that it understands an author whom it studies better than the ages which have gone before it: and it is natural that this increased appreciation should take the concrete form of a new translation. The translation, if in any degree successful, will contribute in its turn to extend and deepen the appreciation. It is not merely that different passages will be better understood as criticism advances, though that is something: it is that the work itself is better comprehended as a literary

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work; that the poet's art is more fully realized, as shown in the thousand minutiæ which make the poem what it is. A translation, as I have elsewhere remarked, may have as a piece of embodied criticism a value which it would not possess in virtue of its intrinsic merit. Again, there is something in the mere fact of novelty; something in disturbing the cluster of conventional associations which gathers round an author, and compelling the reader to regard what he has hitherto admired traditionally from a new point of view. It is well that we should know how our ancestors of the Revolution period conceived of Virgil: it is well that we should be obliged consciously to realize how we conceive of him ourselves.

Some may think that the metre I have chosen possesses few recommendations beyond the novelty of which I have just spoken. I certainly do not pretend that it is the one true equivalent of the Virgilian hexameter. Probably a better case could be made out for both heroic blank verse and the heroic couplet: the ottava rima of Tasso also, as has been suggested to me, might put in a claim, not of course as giving the effect of particular lines, but as representing the impression made by the whole. But the question is not so much what is absolutely best as what is best for the individual translator. Blank verse really deserving the name I believe with my lamented friend Mr. Worsley to be impossible except to one or two eminent writers in a generation. The heroic couplet would be difficult to wield to any one who was constantly reminded that he was exposing himself thereby to a comparison with Dryden. A regular stanza has trammels which would be more sensibly felt in attempting to deal with Virgil's

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elaborately complicated paragraphs, than in endeavoring to reproduce the less highly organized structure of Homer's narrative. My chief reason for adopting the metre which Scott has made popular was that it seemed to give me my best chance of imparting to my work that rapidity of movement which is indispensably necessary to a long narrative poem. An ode of Horace is something to dwell on, to scrutinize minutely: a poem like the Æneid is something to read rapidly and continuously. A metre which gives the translator the hope of making his work interesting as a story is so far successful: a metre which does not give this hope fails. Marmion has been read by multitudes who would find the perusal of the Paradise Lost too severe an undertaking: and there can be little doubt that Scott would have done unwisely had he tried to produce a Miltonic poem. It is true of course that if Homer's heroes are, as my friend Mr. Arnold so strongly contends, not mosstroopers, Virgil's have still less of the Border character; but it is better to run the risk of importing a few unseasonable associations than to sacrifice the living character of the narrative by making it stiff and cumbrous. Apart from associations, I believe that the metre of Marmion and the Lord of the Isles is one that possesses high capabilities, even for a translation of Virgil. It is not without dignity; it has lyrical tones which lend themselves well to occasions of pathos. Its variety enables it, by a change of measure, to mark those transitions of feeling which no poet exhibits more frequently than the author of the Æneid. No doubt it is the part of a great artist to do as Virgil has done, and draw out all varieties of expression from one and the same instrument: but to

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most of those who engage in the work of translation it cannot but be an advantage to employ a measure which is really several measures in one. I will only venture to say that in more than one passage, where I have myself been habitually most affected by the cadence of the Latin, I have seemed to myself, rightly or wrongly, to have been able to produce something of a corresponding effect by in one way or another varying the measure. While wishing under all the circumstances to guard carefully against anything like a servile imitation of Scott, I have yet regarded him as my master rather than Byron. Unlike as the spirit of Border warfare may be to the spirit of the Æneid, the spirit of Oriental passion is still more unlike. Even the ballad-like peculiarities of Scott have some similarity to the epic common-place which Virgil felt himself obliged by the laws of his work to borrow from Homer. It must be remembered too that Scott's poems, in respect of style, differ not a little from each other. The style of the Lay is comparatively rude and unpolished: the style of the Lord of the Isles is comparatively cultivated and elaborate. I need not say that it is the latter type that I have made my model rather than the former. I have sedulously eschewed what Mr. Arnold calls the ballad slang, even where it offered itself without the seeking: such expressions as "out and spoke," "well I wot," "all on Parnassus' slope," I have left where I found them. I have not indeed denied myself an occasional archaism, any more than Virgil himself has done, as I cannot see that "mote" for "might" and "eyne" for "eyes" are more objectionable than "faxo" for "fecero" and "aulai" for "aulæ." But I have excluded all such primitive peculiarities as seemed in-

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consistent with high finish, expletives like "did say" and "did sue," and inversions like "soon as the wildered child saw he." In the versification I have avoided, with scarce a single exception, that tripping anapæstic movement which deprives the Lay of dignity, and makes Harold the Dauntless read like a burlesque: where I have introduced a redundant syllable into a line, it has generally been in the case of polysyllables, by the use of which I hoped to give the line of eight syllables something of the stateliness of the heroic. Once and once only have I ventured on a double rhyme. These details are sufficiently trifling; and I mention them merely to show that in appropriating a measure of considerable laxity to a heroic subject I have been more anxious to curtail than to extend the freedom I have gained.

It would be vain to deny that during the progress of the translation I have often been made sensible of the profound difference between poetry like Scott's, which, with all its antiquarianism, is still modern, and poetry like Virgil's, which, with all its modern affinities, is still ancient. An ancient narrative is minute where a modern one is brief: it is brief where a modern one is diffuse. Virgil is full of details, but always rapid: the reader is carried past a number of objects in succession, without being allowed, except on very rare occasions, to pause at any. Scott too is rapid after his fashion: but it is the rapidity of one who loves motion for its own sake, and to whom time is of no particular value: after a gallop of a few miles he is glad to pull up and descant on anything that he may be passing on the road side. Even the constant recurrence of "sic ait," "talia voce refert," and the like, after every speech in

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the Æneid, which of course it would be unjustifiable not to represent in a translation, is enough to remind the translator that the taste of the readers for whom Virgil wrote is different from the taste of those whom he must himself endeavor to please. No doubt this disparity between the ancient and the modern manner would have made itself felt had I chosen a metre less connected by association with the present century. Even Dryden, though his manner is far less distinctively modern than that of Scott, surprises us from time to time with something which we feel he would not have said had he not been translating: even Pope, though he has taken almost unlimited license to omit or recast anything which did not suit his notions of good taste in narrative, makes us occasionally sensible that the story he is telling is not his own. But I have sometimes thought that the style which I had adopted imposed on me difficulties peculiar to itself, from which a more judicious choice might have preserved me. Virgil was a more careful composer than Scott or Byron, not only in the selection of his words, but in the structure of his sentences. He was a great rhetorician, and a master of that terse pointed style of which the Latinity of the silver age is a development and an exaggeration. Sentences occur repeatedly in his writings which require to be rendered as briefly and compactly as those of Horace. Whether the octosyllabic metre is congenial to that mode of writing I will not presume to say: but it has not yet been applied to it, except, it may be, by writers like Gay, whose style is confessedly too low for heroic poetry. Consequently, I have frequently had to write in a manner which I was conscious was not the manner of my model, at-

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tempting to impart to the shorter couplet some of that dignified sententiousness which belongs more properly to the longer. If I have failed in this, I can only excuse myself by pleading the necessity of choosing among difficulties which appears to be the inevitable condition of the translator's work.

Perhaps I may be judged to have some advantage over my rhyming predecessors in respect of closeness to the original. It would be discreditable to me if the minute study which it has been my duty and my pleasure to give to every line, I might almost say every word, of my author in the prosecution of my commentary did not reflect itself to some degree in the translation. It is even possible that a casual reader may overlook many instances of close rendering; that he may suppose various forms of expression to be gratuitous which have been really adopted in order to bring out more fully the force, as I conceive it, of the Latin. The characteristic art of Virgil's language, I must own, is a thing which I have made no attempt to represent. Whether that peculiar habit which I have mentioned elsewhere as common to him and to Sophocles, the habit of hinting at two or three modes of expression while actually employing one, is capable of being transferred into English, I do not know: certainly none of his translators has effected the transferrence. It is obvious that the experiment is one to perform which would require the utmost nicety: everything would depend on the exact poetical equivalence of the various turns of phrase, either severally or as presented in combination: and a shade more or less in each case might produce not beauty but deformity. Such felicities, in fact, though well worthy of critical investiga-

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tion, are hardly to be discovered by critical search: while the translator was seeking them, any spirit that there might be in his verses would be apt to evaporate. It is only one to whom they would suggest themselves naturally, in conformity I mean with his natural genius, who would be able to employ them in translation without injury to the character of his work: and he must be another Virgil or another Sophocles. A translator not so constituted will be better employed in endeavoring to bring about resemblance to his author by applying a principle of compensation, by strengthening his version in any way best suited to his powers, so long as it be not repugnant to the genius of the original, and trusting that the effect of the whole will be seen to have been cared for, though the claims of the parts may appear to have been neglected. Even the simpler peculiarities of Virgil's style, such as his fondness for saying the same thing twice over in the same line, I have not always been at pains to copy. What is graceful in the Latin will not always be graceful in a translation: and to be graceful is one of the first duties of a translator of the Æneid. It has often happened that by ignoring a repetition I have been able to include the entire sense of a hexameter in a single English line of eight syllables; and in such cases I have been glad to make the sacrifice. Not the least of the evils of the measure I have chosen is a tendency to diffuseness: and in translating one of the least diffuse of poets such a tendency requires a strong remedy. Accordingly, the duty of conciseness has always been present to my mind; and the result is that my translation, with its lines of eight and occasionally six syllables, does not, I hope, exceed by much more

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than one half the number of lines in the original, where fifteen syllables on the average go to the hexameter.

A similarity will occasionally be found between my own and other versions. In the few cases where this arises from intentional appropriation, or where I had reason to think that I had unconsciously recollected the words of others, I have made the requisite acknowledgment in the notes. Possibly in other instances also there may have been unconscious recollections, as a comparison of the three rhyming translators, Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons, used to be a favorite occupation of my schoolboy days. My coincidences, I believe, are oftener with Pitt's version than with either of the others; a fact which I incline to attribute to the more conventional character of his verses, which are seldom so individual that they might not easily occur to two writers independently. My knowledge of the different blank verse translations is very slight and occasional. I have not thought it necessary to say anything in the notes of the renderings that I have adopted, as what I have to urge in their favor will be found elsewhere. In one or two instances I have ruled a disputed question in one way as a commentator, in another way as a translator, but only of course where a case could fairly be made out for either view.

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BOOK I.

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ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven-years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one vessel, and scatters the rest; Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

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THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

Arms and the man I sing, who first,
By Fate of Ilian realm amerced,
To fair Italia onward bore,
And landed on Lavinium's shore: —
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate:
Much labored too in battle-field,
Striving his city's walls to build,
And give his Gods a home:
Thence come the hardy Latin brood,
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,
And lofty-rampired Rome.

Say, Muse, for godhead how disdained,
Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained
That soul of piety so long
To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong.
Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate?

There stood a city on the sea
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
Named Carthage, fronting far to south
Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,
And hardened in war's sternest school.

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Men say the place was Juno's pride
More than all lands on earth beside;
E'en Samos' self not half so dear:
Here were her arms, her chariot here:
Here, goddess-like, to fix one day
The seat of universal sway,
Might Fate be wrung to yield assent,
E'en then her schemes, her cares were bent.
Yet had she heard that sons of Troy
Were born her Carthage to destroy;
From those majestic loins should spring
A nation like a warrior king,
Ordained for Libya's overthrow:
The web of Fate was woven so.
This was her fear: and fear renewed
The memory of that earlier feud,
The war at Troy she erst had waged
In darling Argos' cause engaged:
Nor yet had faded from her view
The insults whence those angers grew,
Deep in remembrance lives engrained
The judgment which her charms disdained,
The offspring of adulterous seed,
The rape of minion Ganymede:
With such resentments brimming o'er
She tossed and tossed from shore to shore
The Trojan bands, poor relics these
Of Achillean victories,
Away from Latium: many a year,
Fate-driven, they wandered far and near:
So vast the labor to create
The fabric of the Roman state!

Scarce out of sight of Sicily
Troy's crews were spreading sail to sea,
Pleased o'er the foam to run,

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When Juno, feeding ever more
The vulture at her bosom's core,
Thus to herself begun:
"I to give way? has Juno willed,
And must her will be unfulfilled?
Too weak from Latium's coast to fling
Back to the sea this Trojan king?
Restrained by Fate? Could Pallas fire
The Argive fleet to wreak her ire,
And drown the crews, for one offence,
Mad Ajax' curst incontinence?
She from the clouds Jove's lightning cast,
Dispersed the ships, the billows massed,
Caught the scathed wretch, whose breast exhaled
Fierce flames, and on a rock impaled:
I who through heaven its mistress move,
The sister and the wife of Jove,
With one poor tribe of earth contend
Long years revolving without end.
Will any Juno's power adore
Henceforth, or crown her altars more?"

Such fiery tumult in her mind,
he seeks the birthplace of the wind,
Eolia, realm for ever rife
/ith turbid elemental life:
'ere Æolus in a cavern vast
/ith bolt and barrier fetters fast
ebellious storm and howling blast.
hey with the rock's reverberant roar
hafe blustering round their prison-door:
e, throned on high, the sceptre sways,
ontrols their moods, their wrath allays.
eak but that sceptre, sea and land
And heaven's etherial deep

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Before them they would whirl like sand,
And through the void air sweep.
But the great Sire, with prescient fear,
Had whelmed them deep in dungeon drear,
And o'er the struggling captives thrown
Huge masses of primeval stone,
Ruled by a monarch who might know
To curb them or to let them go:
Whom now as suppliant at his knees
Juno bespoke in words like these.
"O Æolus! since the Sire of all
Has made the wind obey thy call
To raise or lay the foam,
A race I hate now ploughs the sea,
Transporting Troy to Italy
And home-gods reft of home:
Lash thou thy winds, their ships submerge,
Or toss them weltering o'er the surge.
Twice seven bright nymphs attend on me,
The fairest of them Deiope:
Her will I give thee for thine own,
The partner of thy heart and throne,
With thee to pass unending days
And goodly children round thee raise."
The God replies: "O Queen, 'tis thine
To weigh thy will, to do it mine.
Thou givest me this poor kingdom, thou
Hast smoothed for me the Thunderer's brow;
Givest me to share the Olympian board,
And o'er the tempests makest me lord."

He said, and with his spear struck wide
The portals in the mountain side:
At once, like soldiers in a band,
Forth rush the winds, and scour the land:

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'hen lighting heavily on the main,
ast, South, and West with storms in train,
leave from its depth the watery floor,
nd roll great billows to the shore.
'hen come the clamor and the shriek,
'he sailors shout, the main-ropes creak:
ll in a moment sun and skies
re blotted from the Trojans' eyes:
lack night is brooding o'er the deep,
harp thunder peals, live lightnings leap:
'he stoutest warrior holds his breath,
nd looks as on the face of death.
t once Æneas thrilled with dread;
orth from his breast, with hands outspread,
These groaning words he drew:
O happy, thrice and yet again,
/ho died at Troy like valiant men,
E'en in their parents' view!
Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,
'hy pressed I not the plain that day,
Yielding my life to you,
'here stretched beneath a Phrygian sky
erce Hector, tall Sarpedon lie:
here Simois tumbles 'neath his wave
ields, helms, and bodies of the brave?"

Now, howling from the north, the gale,
hile thus he moans him, strikes his sail:
e swelling surges climb the sky;
e shattered oars in splinters fly;
e prow turns round, and to the tide
ys broad and bare the vessel's side;
comes a billow, mountain-steep,
ars down, and tumbles in a heap.
ese stagger on the billow's crest;
ose to the yawning depth deprest

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See land appearing 'mid the waves,
While surf with sand in turmoil raves.
Three ships the South has caught and thrown
On scarce hid rocks, as Altars known,
Ridging the main, a reef of stone.
Three more fierce Eurus from the deep,
A sight to make the gazer weep,
Drives on the shoals, and banks them round
With sand, as with a rampire-mound.
One, which erewhile from Lycia's shore
Orontes and his people bore,
E'en in Æneas' anguished sight
A sea down crashing from the height
Strikes full astern: the pilot, torn
From off the helm, is headlong borne:
Three turns the foundered vessel gave,
Then sank beneath the engulfing wave.
There in the vast abyss are seen
The swimmers, few and far between,
And warriors' arms and shattered wood,
And Trojan treasures strew the flood.
And now Ilioneus, and now
Aletes old and grey,
Abas and brave Achates bow
Beneath the tempest's sway;
Fast drinking in through timbers loose
At every pore the fatal ooze,
Their sturdy barks give way.

Meantime the turmoil of the main,
The tempest loosened from its chain,
The waters of the nether deep
Upstarting from their tranquil sleep,
On Neptune broke: disturbed he hears,
And quickened by a monarch's fears,
His calm broad brow o'er ocean rears.

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Æneas' fleet he sees dispersed,
Whelmed by fierce wave and stormy burst:
Nor failed a brother's eye to read
Junonian rancor in the deed.
Forthwith he summoned East and West,
And thus his kingly wrath expressed: —
'How now? presume ye on your birth
To blend in chaos skies and earth,
And billowy mountains heavenward heave,
Bold Winds, without my sovereign leave?
Whom I — but rather were it good
To pacify yon troubled flood.
Offend once more, and ye shall pay
Upon a heavier reckoning day.
Back to your master instant flee,
And tell him, not to him but me
The imperial trident of the sea
Fell by the lot's award:
His is that prison-house of stone,
. mansion, Eurus, all your own:
here let him lord it to his mind,
he jailor-monarch of the wind,
But keep its portal barred."

He said, and, ere his words were done,
llays the surge, brings back the sun:
riton and swift Cymothoe drag
ıe ships from off the pointed crag:
e, trident-armed, each dull weight heaves,
ırough the vast shoals a passage cleaves,
akes smooth the ruffled wave, and rides
lm o'er the surface of the tides.
when sedition oft has stirred
some great town the vulgar herd,
ıd brands and stones already fly —
r rage has weapons always nigh —

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Then should some man of worth appear
Whose stainless virtue all revere,
They hush, they list: his clear voice rules
Their rebel wills, their anger cools:
So ocean ceased at once to rave,
When, calmly looking o'er the wave,
Girt with a range of azure sky,
The father bids his chariot fly.

The tempest-tossed Æneadæ
Strain for the nearest land,
And turn their vessels from the sea
To Libya's welcome strand.
Deep in a bay an island makes
A haven by its jutting sides,
Whereon each wave from ocean breaks,
And parting into hollows glides.
High o'er the cove vast rocks extend,
A beetling cliff at either end:
Beneath their summit far and wide
In sheltered silence sleeps the tide,
While quivering forests crown the scene,
A theatre of glancing green.
In front, retiring from the wave,
Opes on the view a rock-hung cave,
A home that nymphs might call their own,
Fresh springs, and seats of living stone:
No need of rope or anchor's bite
To hold the weary vessel tight.
Such haven now Æneas gains,
With seven lorn ships, the scant remains
Of what was once his fleet;
Forth leaped the Trojans on the sand,
Lay down their brine-drenched limbs on land,
And feel the shore is sweet.

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And first from flints together clashed
The latent spark Achates flashed,
Caught in sere leaves, and deftly nursed
Till into flame the fuel burst.
Then from the hold the crews o'ertoiled
Bring out their grain by ocean spoiled,
And gird themselves with fire and quern
To parch and grind the rescued corn.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a height
And sweeps the ocean with his sight;
Might he perchance a Capys mark,
An Antheus in his Phrygian bark,
Or trace the arms that wont to deck
Caicus in some laboring wreck.
No vessel seaward meets his eyes,
But on the shore three stags he spies,
Close followed by a meaner throng
That grazed the winding coasts along.
He catches from Achates' hand
Quiver and bow, and takes his stand;
And first the lordly leaders fall
With tree-like antlers branching tall;
Then, turning on the multitude,
He drives them routed through the wood,
Nor stays till his victorious bow
Has laid seven goodly bodies low,
For his seven ships; then portward fares,
And 'mid his crews the quarry shares;
The wine which late their princely host,
What time they left Trinacria's coast,
Bestowed in casks, and freely gave,
A brave man's bounty to the brave,
With like equality he parts,
And comforts their desponding hearts;

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"Comrades and friends! for ours is strength
Has brooked the test of woes;
O worse-scarred hearts! these wounds at length
The Gods will heal, like those.
You that have seen grim Scylla rave,
And heard her monsters yell,
You that have looked upon the cave
Where savage Cyclops dwell,
Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget;
This suffering will yield us yet
A pleasant tale to tell.
Through chance, through peril lies our way
To Latium, where the fates display
A mansion of abiding stay:
There Troy her fallen realm shall raise:
Bear up, and live for happier days."

Such were his words: on brow and tongue
Sat hope, while grief his spirit wrung.
They for their dainty food prepare,
Strip off the hide, the carcase bare,
Divide and spit the quivering meat,
Dispose the fire, the caldrons heat,
Then, stretched on turf, their frames refresh
With generous wine and wild deer's flesh.
And now, when hunger's rage was ceased,
And checked the impatience of the feast,
In long discourse they strive to track
And bring their missing comrades back.
Hope bandies questions with despair,
If yet they breathe the upper air,
Or down in final durance lie,
Deaf to their friends' invoking cry.
But chief Æneas fondly yearns,
And racks his heart for each by turns,

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Now weeping o'er Orontes' grave,
Now claiming Lycus from the wave,
Brave Gyas, and Cloanthus brave.

And now an end had come, when Jove,
His broad view casting from above,
The countries and their people scanned,
The sail-fledged sea, the lowly land,
Last on the summit of the sky
Paused, and on Libya fixed his eye.
'Twas then sad Venus, as he mused,
Her starry eyes with tears suffused,
Bespoke him: "Thou whose lightnings awe,
Whose will on heaven and earth is law,
What has Æneas done, or how
Could my poor Trojans cloud thy brow,
To suffer as they suffer now?
So many deaths the race has died:
And now behold them, lest one day
To Italy they win their way,
Barred from all lands beside!
Once didst thou promise with an oath
The Romans hence should have their growth,
Great chiefs, from Teucer's line renewed,
The masters of a world subdued:
Fate heard the pledge: what power has wrought
To turn the channel of thy thought?
That promise oft consoled my woe
For Ilium's piteous overthrow,
While I could balance, weight with weight,
The prosperous with the adverse fate.
But now the self-same fortune hounds
The lorn survivors yet:
And hast thou, mighty King, no bounds
To that their misery set?

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Antenor from the Greeks could scape,
Mid Hadria's deep recesses shape
His dangerous journey, and surmount
The perils of Timavus' fount,
Where with the limestone's reboant roar
Through nine loud mouths the sea-waves pour,
And all the fields are deluged o'er:
Yet here he built Patavium's town,
His nation named, his arms laid down,
Now rests in honor and renown:
We, thine own race, on whom thy word
Olympian glories has conferred,
Our vessels lost, O shame untold!
Are traitorously bought and sold,
Still from Italia kept apart
To pacify one jealous heart.
Lo! piety with honor graced,
A monarch on his throne replaced!"

With that refulgence in his eye
Which soothes the humors of the sky
Jove on his daughter's lips impressed
A gracious kiss, then thus addressed:
"Queen of Cythera! spare thy pain:
Thy children's fates unmoved remain:
Thine eyes shall have their pledged desire
And see Lavinium's walls aspire:
Thine arms at length shall bear on high
To bright possession in the sky
Æneas the high-souled: nor aught
Has turned the channel of my thought.
He — for I now will speak thee sooth,
Vexed as thou art by sorrow's tooth,
Will ope the volume and relate
The far-off oracles of Fate —
Fierce war in Italy shall wage,
Shall quell her peoples' patriot rage,

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And give his veterans, worn with strife,
A city and a peaceful life,
Till summers three have seen him reign,
Three winters crowned the dire campaign.
But he, the father's darling child,
Ascanius, now Iulus styled
(Ilus the name the infant bore
Ere Ilium's sky was clouded o'er),
Shall thirty years of power complete,
Then from Lavinium's royal seat
Transfer the empire, and make strong
The walls of Alba named the Long.
Three hundred years in that proud town
Shall Hector's children wear the crown,
Till Ilia, priestess-princess bear
By Mars' embrace a kingly pair.
Then, with his nurse's wolf-skin girt,
Shall Romulus the line assert,
Invite them to his new raised home,
And call the martial city Rome.
No date, no goal, I here ordain:
Theirs is an endless, boundless reign.
Nay Juno's self, whose wild alarms
Set ocean, earth, and heaven in arms,
Shall change for smiles her moody frown,
And vie with me in zeal to crown
Rome's sons, the nation of the gown.
So stands my will. There comes a day,
While Rome's great ages hold their way,
When old Assaracus's sons
Shall quit them on the Myrmidons,
O'er Phthia and Mycenæ reign,
And humble Argos to their chain.
From Troy's fair stock shall Cæsar rise,
The limits of whose victories
Are ocean, of his fame the skies;

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Great Julius, proud that style to bear,
In name and blood Iulus' heir.
Him, at the appointed time, increased
With plunder from the conquered East,
Thine arms shall welcome to the sky,
And worshippers shall find him nigh.
Then battles o'er the world shall cease,
Harsh times shall mellow into peace:
Then Vestá, Faith, Quirinus, joined
With brother Remus, rule mankind:
Grim iron bolt and massy bar
Shall close the dreadful gates of War:
Within unnatural Rage confined,
Fast bound with manacles behind,
His dark head pillowed on a heap
Or clanking armor, not in sleep,
Shall gnash his savage teeth, and roar
From lips incarnadined with gore."

He said, and hastes from heaven to send
The son of Maia down;
Bids Carthage open to befriend
The Teucrians, realm and town,
Lest Dido, ignorant of fate,
Should drive the wanderers from her gate.
Swift Mercury cuts with feathered oar
The sky, and lights on Libya's shore.
At once he does the Sire's behest,
Each Tyrian smooths his rugged breast,
And chief the queen has thoughts of grace
And pity to the Teucrian race.

But good Æneas, through the night
Revolving many a care,
Determines with the dawn of light
Forth from the port to fare,

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Explore the stranger clime, and find
What land is his, by stress of wind,
By what inhabitants possessed
(For waste he sees it), man or beast,
And back the tidings bear.
Within a hollow rock's retreat,
Deep in the wood, he hides his fleet,
Defended by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green:
Then with Achates moves along,
Wielding two spears, steel-tipped and strong:
When in the bosom of the wood
Before him, lo, his mother stood,
In mien and gear a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce arrayed,
Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,
And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace.
Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow;
Loose to the wind her tresses flow;
Bare was her knee; her mantle's fold
The gathering of a knot controlled.
And "Saw ye, youths," she asks them, "say,
One of my sisters here astray,
A silvan quiver at her side,
And for a scarf a lynx's hide,
Or pressing on the wild boar's track
With upraised dart and voiceful pack?"

Thus Venus: Venus' son replied:
"No sister we of thine have spied:
What name to call thee, beauteous maid?
That look, that voice the God betrayed;
Can it be Phœbus' sister bright,
Or some fair Nymph, has crossed our sight?
Be gracious, whosoe'er thou art,
And lift this burden from our heart;

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Instruct us, 'neath what sky at last,
Upon what shore, our lot is cast;
We wander here, by tempest blown,
The people and the place unknown.
O say! and many a victim's life
Before thy shrine shall stain my knife."

Then Venus: "Nay, I would not claim
A goddess' venerable name:
The quiver and the buskin's braid
But designate a Tyrian maid.
The Punic state is this you see,
Agenor's Tyrian colony:
But all around the Libyans dwell,
A race in war untamed and fell.
The sceptre here queen Dido sways,
Who fled from Tyre in other days,
To 'scape a brother's frenzy: long
And dark the story of her wrong;
To thread each tangle time would fail,
So learn the summits of the tale.
Sychæus was her husband once,
The wealthiest of Phœnicia's sons:
She loved him; nor her sire denied,
But made her his, a virgin bride.
But soon there filled the ruler's place
Her brother, worst of human race,
Pygmalion: 'twixt the kinsmen came
Fierce hatred, like a withering flame.
With avarice blind, by stealthy blow
The monster laid Sychæus low,
E'en at the altar, recking nought
What passion in his sister wrought:
Long time he hid the foul offence,
And, feigning many a base pretence,
Beguiled her love-sick innocence.

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But, as she slept, before her eyes
She saw in pallid ghastly guise
Her lord's unburied semblance rise;
The murderous altar he revealed,
The death-wound, gaping and unhealed,
And all the crime the house concealed:
Then bids her fly without delay,
And shows, to aid her on her way,
His buried treasures, stores untold
Of silver and of massy gold.
She heard, and quickened by affright,
Provides her friends and means of flight.
Each malcontent her summons hears,
Who hates the tyrant, or who fears;
The ships that in the haven rode
They seize, and with the treasures load:
Pygmalion's stores o'er ocean speed,
And woman's daring wrought the deed.
The spot they reached where now your eyes
See Carthage-towers in beauty rise:
There bought them soil, such space of ground
As one bull's hide could compass round;
There fixed their site; and Byrsa's name
Preserves the action fresh in fame.
But who are you? to whom allied?
Whence bound and whither?" Deep he sighed,
And thus with laboring speech replied:

"Fair Goddess! should thy suppliants show
From first to last their tale of woe,
Or ere it ceased the day were done,
And closed the palace of the sun.
We from old Troy, if Tyrian ear
Have chanced the name of Troy to hear,
Driven o'er all seas, are thrown at last
On Libya's coast by chance-sent blast.

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Æneas I, who bear on board
My home-gods, rescued from the sword:
Men call me good; and vulgar fame
Above the stars exalts my name.
My quest is Italy, the place
That nursed my Jove-descended race.
My ships were twenty when I gave
My fortunes to the Phrygian wave;
My goddess-mother lent me light,
And oracles prescribed my flight:
And now scarce seven survive the strain
Of boisterous wind and billowy main.
I wander o'er your Libyan waste,
From Europe and from Asia chased,
Unfriended and unknown." No more
His plaint of anguish Venus bore,
But interrupts ere yet 'tis o'er:

"Whoe'er you are, I cannot deem
Unloved of heaven you drink the beam
Of sunlight; else had never Fate
Conveyed you to a Tyrian's gate.
Take heart and follow on the road,
Still making for the queen's abode.
You yet shall witness, mark my word,
Your friends returned, your fleet restored;
The winds are changed, and all are brought
To port, or augury is naught,
And vain the lore my parents taught.
Mark those twelve swans, that hold their way
In seemly jubilant array,
Whom late, down swooping from on high,
Jove's eagle scattered through the sky:
Now see them o'er the land extend
Or hover, ready to descend:
They, rallying, sport on noisy wing,
And circle round the heaven, and sing:

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E'en so your ships, your martial train,
Have gained the port, or stand to gain.
Then pause not further, but proceed
Still following where the road shall lead."

She turned, and flashed upon their view
Her stately neck's purpureal hue;
Ambrosial tresses round her head
A more than earthly fragrance shed:
Her falling robe her footprints swept,
And showed the goddess as she stept;
While he, at length his mother known,
Pursues her with complaining tone:
"And art thou cruel like the rest?
Why cheat so oft thy son's fond eyes?
Why cannot hand in hand be pressed,
And speech exchanged without disguise?"
So ring the words of fond regret
While toward the town his face is set.
But Venus either traveller shrouds
With thickest panoply of clouds,
That none may see them, touch, nor stay,
Nor, idly asking, breed delay.
She through the sky to Paphos moves,
And seeks the temple of her loves,
Where from a hundred altars rise
Rich steam and flowerets' odorous sighs.

Meantime, the path itself their clue,
With speed their journey they pursue;
And now they climb the hill, whose frown
On the tall towers looks lowering down,
And beetles o'er the fronting town.
Æneas marvelling views the pile
Of stately structures, huts erewhile,

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Marvelling, the lofty gate surveys,
The pavements, and the loud highways.
On press the Tyrians, each and all:
Some raise aloft the city's wall,
Or at the fortress' base of rock
Toil, heaving up the granite block:
While some for dwellings mark the ground,
Select a site and trench it round,
Or choose the rulers and the law,
And the young senate clothed with awe.
They hollow out the haven: they
The theatre's foundations lay,
And fashion from the quarry's side
Tall columns, germs of scenic pride.
So bees, when spring-time is begun,
Ply their warm labor in the sun,
What time along the flowery mead
Their nation's infant hope they lead;
Or with clear honey charge each cell,
And make the hive with sweetness swell,
The workers of their loads relieve,
Or chase the drones, that gorge and thieve:
With toil the busy scene ferments,
And fragrance breathes from thymy scents.
"O happy they," Æneas cries,
As to the roofs he lifts his eyes,
"Whose promised walls already rise!"
Then enters, 'neath his misty screen,
And threads the crowd, of all unseen.

Midway within the city stood
A spreading grove of hallowed wood,
The spot where first the Punic train,
Fresh from the shock of storm and main,
The token Juno had foretold
Dug up, the head of charger bold;

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Sign of a nation formed for strife
And born to years of plenteous life.
A temple there began to tower
To Juno, rich with many a dower
Of human wealth and heavenly power,
The oblation of the queen:
Brass was the threshold of the gate,
The posts were sheathed with brazen plate,
And brass the valves between.
First in that spot once more appears
A sight to soothe the traveller's fears,
Illumes with hope Æneas' eye,
And bids him trust his destiny.
As, waiting for the queen, he gazed
Around the fane with eyes upraised,
Much marvelling at a lot so blessed,
At art by rival hands expressed,
And labor's mastery confessed,
O wonder! there is Ilium's war,
And all those battles blazed afar:
Here stands Atrides, Priam here,
And chafed Achilles, either's fear.
He starts: the tears rain fast and hot:
And "Is there, friend," he cries, "a spot
That knows not Troy's unhappy lot?
See Priam! aye, praise waits on worth
E'en in this corner of the earth;
E'en here the tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by human things.
Dismiss your fear: we sure may claim
To find some safety in our fame."
He said; and feeds his hungry heart
With shapes of unsubstantial art,
In fond remembrance groaning deep,
While briny floods his visage steep.

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There spreads and broadens on his sight
The portraiture of Greece in flight,
Pressed by the Trojan youth; while here
Troy flies, Achilles in her rear.
Not far removed with tears he knows
The tents of Rhesus, white as snows,
Through which, by sleep's first breath betrayed,
Tydides makes his murderous raid,
And camp-ward drives the fiery brood
Of coursers, ere on Trojan food
They browse, or drink of Xanthus' flood.
Here Troilus, shield and lance let go,
Poor youth, Achilles' ill-matched foe,
Fallen backward from the chariot seat,
Whirls on, yet clinging by his feet,
Still grasps the reins: his hair, his neck
Trail o'er the ground in helpless wreck,
And the loose spear he wont to wield
Makes dusty scoring on the field.
Meantime to partial Pallas' fane
Moved with slow steps a matron train,
With smitten breasts, dishevelled, pale,
Beseechingly they bore the veil:
She motionless as stone remained,
Her cruel eyes to earth enchained.
Thrice, to Achilles' chariot bound,
Had Hector circled Ilium round,
And now the satiate victor sold
His mangled enemy for gold.
Deep groaned the gazer to survey
The spoils, the arms, the lifeless clay,
And Priam, with weak hands outspread
In piteous pleading for the dead.
Himself too in the press he knows,
Mixed with the foremost line of foes,
And swarthy Memnon, armed for war,
With followers from the morning star.

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Penthesilea leads afield
The sisters of the moony shield,
One naked breast conspicuous shown
By looping of her golden zone,
And burns with all the battle's heat,
A maid, the shock of men to meet.

While thus with passionate amaze
Æneas stood in one set gaze,
Queen Dido with a warrior train
In beauty's pride approached the fane.
As when upon Eurotas' banks
Or Cynthus' summits high
Diana leads the Oread ranks
In choric revelry,
Girt with her quiver, straight and tall,
Though all be gods, she towers o'er all;
Latona's mild maternal eyes
Beam with unspoken ecstasies:
So Dido looked; so 'mid the throng
With joyous step she moved along,
As pressing on to antedate
The birthday of her nascent state.
Then, 'neath the temple's roofing shell,
On stairs that mount the inner cell,
Throned on a chair of queenly state,
Hemmed round by glittering arms, she sate.
Thus circled by religious awe
She gives the gathered people law,
By chance-drawn lot or studious care
Assigning each his labor's share.
When lo! a concourse to the fane:
He looks: amid the shouting train
Lost Antheus and Sergestus pressed,
And brave Cloanthus, and the rest,
Driven by fierce gales the water o'er,
And landed on a different shore.

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Astounded stand twixt fear and joy
Achates and the chief of Troy:
They burn to hail them and salute,
But wildering wonder keeps them mute.
So, peering through their cloudy screen,
They strive the broken tale to glean,
Where rest the vessels and the crew,
And wherefore thus they come to sue:
For every ship her chief had sent,
And clamoring towards the fane they went.

Then, audience granted by the queen,
Ilioneus spoke with placid mien:
"Lady, whom gracious Jove has willed
A city in the waste to build,
And minds of savage temper school
By justice' humanizing rule,
We, tempest-tost on every wave,
Poor Trojans, your compassion crave
From hideous flame our barks to save:
Commiserate our wretched case,
And war not on a pious race.
We come not, we, to spoil and slay
Your Libyan households, sweep the prey
Off to the shore, then haste away:
Meek grows the heart by misery cowed,
And vanquished souls are not so proud.
A land there is, by Greece of old
Known as Hesperia, rich its mould,
Its children brave and free:
Œnotrians were its planters: Fame
Now gives the race their leader's name,
And calls it Italy.
There lay our course, when, grief to tell,
Orion, rising with a swell,

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Hurled us on shoals, and scattered wide
O'er pathless rocks along the tide
'Mid swirling billows: thence our crew
Drifts to your coast, a rescued few.
What tribe of human kind is here?
What barbarous region yields such cheer?
E'en the cold welcome of the sand
To travellers is barred and banned:
Ere earth we touch, they draw the sword,
And drive us from the bare sea-board.
If men and mortal arms ye slight,
Know there are Gods who watch o'er right.
Æneas was our king, than who
The breath of being none e'er drew,
More brave, more pious, or more true:
If he still looks upon the sun,
No spectre yet, our fears are done,
Nor need you doubt to assume the lead
In rivalry of generous deed.
Sicilia too, no niggard field,
Has towns to hold us, arms to shield,
And king Acestes, brave and good,
In heart a Trojan, as in blood.
Give leave to draw our ships ashore,
There smooth the plank and shape the oar:
So, should our friends, our king survive,
For Italy we yet may strive:
But, if our hopes are quenched, and thee,
    Best father of the sons of Troy,
Death hides beneath the Libyan sea,
    Nor spares to us thy princely boy,
Yet may we seek Sicania's land,
Her mansions ready to our hand,
And dwell where we were guests so late,
The subjects of Acestes' state."

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So spoke Ilioneus: and the rest
With shouts their loud assent expressed.

Then, looking downward, Dido said:
"Discharge you, Trojans, of your dread:
An infant realm and fortune hard
Compel me thus my shores to guard.
Who knows not of Æneas' name,
Of Troy, her fortune and her fame,
And that devouring war?
Our Punic hearts have more of fire,
Nor all so retrograde from Tyre
Doth Phœbus yoke his car.
Whate'er your choice, the Hesperian plain,
Or Eryx and Acestes' reign,
My arms shall guard you in your way,
My treasuries your needs purvey.
Or would a home on Libya's shores
Allure you more? this town is yours:
Lay up your vessels: Tyre and Troy
Alike shall Dido's thoughts employ.
And would we had your monarch too,
Driven hither by the blast, like you,
The great Æneas! I will send
And search the coast from end to end,
If haply, wandering up and down,
He bide in woodland or in town."

In breathless eagerness of joy
Achates and the chief of Troy
Were yearning long the cloud to burst;
And thus Achates spoke the first:
"What now, my chief, the thoughts that rise
Within you? see, before your eyes
Your fleet, your friends restored;

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Save one, who sank beneath the tide
E'en in our presence: all beside
Confirms your mother's word."

Scarce had he said, the mist gives way
And purges brightening into day;
Æneas stood, to sight confest,
A very God in face and chest:
For Venus round her darling's head
A length of clustering locks had spread,
Crowned him with youth's purpureal light,
And made his eyes gleam glad and bright:
Such loveliness the hands of art
To ivory's native hues impart:
So 'mid the gold around it placed
Shines silver pale or marble chaste.
Then in a moment, unforeseen
Of all, he thus bespeaks the queen:
"Lo, him you ask for! I am he,
Æneas, saved from Libya's sea.
O, only heart that deigns to mourn
For Ilium's cruel care!
That bids e'en us, poor relics, torn
From Danaan fury, all outworn
By earth and ocean, all forlorn,
Its home, its city share!
We cannot thank you; no, nor they,
Our brethren of the Dardan race,
Who, driven from their ancestral place,
Throughout the wide world stray.
May Heaven, if virtue claim its thought,
If justice yet avail for aught,
Heaven, and the sense of conscious right,
With worthier meed your acts requite!

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What happy ages gave you birth?
What glorious sires begat such worth?
While rivers run into the deep,
While shadows o'er the hillside sweep,
While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze,
Shall live your honor, name, and praise,
Whate'er my destined home." He ends,
And turns him to his Trojan friends;
Ilioneus with his right hand greets,
And with the left Serestus meets;
Then to the rest like welcome gave,
Brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Thus as she listened, first his mien,
His sorrow next, entranced the queen,
And "Say," cries she, "what cruel wrong
Pursued you, goddess-born, so long?
What violence has your navy driven
On this rude coast, of all 'neath heaven?
And are you he, on Simois' shore
Whom Venus to Anchises bore,
Æneas? Well I mind the name,
Since Teucer first to Sidon came,
Driven from his home, in hope to gain
By Belus' aid another reign,
What time my father ruled the land
Of Cyprus with a conqueror's hand.
Then first the fall of Troy I knew,
And heard of Grecia's kings, and you.
Oft; I remember, would he glow
In praise of Troy, albeit her foe;
Oft would he boast, with generous pride,
Himself to Troy's old line allied.
Then enter, chiefs, these friendly doors;
I too have had my fate, like yours,

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Which, many a suffering overpast,
Has willed to fix me here at last
Myself not ignorant of woe,
Compassion I have learned to show."
She speaks, and speaking leads the way
To where her palace stands,
And through the fanes a solemn day
Of sacrifice commands.
Nor yet unmindful of his friends,
Her bounty to the shore she sends,
A hundred bristly swine,
A herd of twenty beeves, of lambs
A hundred, with their fleecy dams,
And spirit-cheering wine.

And now the palace they array
With all the state that kings display,
And through the central breadth of hall
Prepare the sumptuous festival:
There, wrought with many a fair design,
Rich coverlets of purple shine:
Bright silver loads the boards, and gold
Where deeds of hero-sires are told,
From chief to chief in sequence drawn,
E'en from proud Sidon's earliest dawn.

Meantime Æneas, loth to lose
The father in the king,
Sends down Achates to his crews:
"Haste, to Ascanius bear the news,
Himself to Carthage bring."
A father's care, a father's joy
All centre in the darling boy.
Rich presents too he bids be brought,
Scarce saved when Troy's last fight was fought,
A pall with stiffening gold inwrought,

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A veil, the marvel of the loom,
Edged with acanthus' saffron bloom;
These Leda once to Helen gave,
And Helen from Mycenæ bore,
What time to Troy she crossed the wave
With that her unblessed paramour;
The sceptre Priam's eldest fair,
Ilione, was wont to bear;
Her necklace, and her coronet
With gold and gems in circle set.
Such mandate hastening to obey,
Achates takes his shore-ward way.

But Cytherea's anxious mind
New arts, new stratagems designed,
That Cupid, changed in mien and face,
Should come in sweet Ascanius' place,
Fire with his gifts the royal dame,
And thread each leaping vein with flame.
The palace of deceit she fears,
The double tongues of Tyre;
Fell Juno's form at night appears,
And burns her like a fire.
So to her will she seeks to move
The winged deity of Love:
"My son, my strength, my virtue born,
Who laugh'st Jove's Titan bolts to scorn,
To thee for succor I repair,
And breathe the voice of suppliant prayer.
How Juno drives from coast to coast
Thy Trojan brother, this thou know'st,
And oft hast bid thy sorrows flow
With mine in pity of his woe.
Him now this Tyrian entertains,
And with soft speech his stay constrains:

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But I, I cannot brook with ease
Junonian hospitalities;
Nor, where our fortunes hinge and turn,
Can *she* long rest in unconcern.
Fain would I first ensnare the dame,
And wrap her leaguered heart in flame.
So, ere she change by power malign,
Æneas' love shall bind her mine.
Such triumph how thou mayst achieve,
The issue of my thought receive.
To Sidon's town the princely heir,
The darling motive of my care,
Sets out at summons of his sire,
With presents, saved from flood and fire.
Him, in the bands of slumber tied,
In high Cythera I will hide,
Or blest Idalia, safe and far,
Lest he perceive the plot, or mar.
Thou for one night supply his room,
Thyself a boy, the boy assume;
That when the queen, with rapture glowing,
While boards blaze rich, and wine is flowing,
Shall make thee nestle in her breast,
And to thy lips her lips are prest,
The stealthy plague thou mayst inspire,
And thrill her with contagious fire.

Young Love obeyed, his plumage stripped,
And, laughing, like Iulus tripped.
But Venus on her grandson strows
The dewy softness of repose,
And laps him in her robe, and bears
To tall Idalia's fragrant airs,
Where soft amaracus receives
And gently curtains him with leaves:

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While Cupid, tutored to obey,
Beside Achates takes his way,
And bears the presents, blithe and gay.
Arrived, he finds the Tyrian queen
On tapestry laid of gorgeous sheen,
In central place, her guests between.
There lies Æneas, there his train,
All stretched at ease on purple grain.
Slaves o'er their hands clear water pour,
Deal round the bread from basket-store,
And napkins thick with wool:
Within full fifty maids supply
Fresh food, and make the hearths blaze high:
A hundred more of equal age,
Each with her fellow, girl and page,
Serve to the gathered company
The meats and goblets full.
The in ited Tyrians throng the hall,
And on the broidered couches fall.
They marvel as the gifts they view,
They marvel at the bringer too,
The features where the God shines through,
The tones his mimic voice assumes,
The pall, the veil with saffron blooms.
But chiefly Dido, doomed to ill,
Her soul with gazing cannot fill,
And, kindling with delirious fires,
Admires the boy, the gifts admires.
He, having hung a little space
Clasped in Æneas' warm embrace
And satisfied the fond desire
Of that his counterfeited sire,
Turns him to Dido. Heart and eye
She clings, she cleaves, she makes him lie
Lapped in her breast, nor knows, lost fair,
How dire a God sits heavy there.

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But he, too studious to fulfil
His Acidalian mother's will,
Begins to cancel trace by trace
The imprint of Sychæus' face,
And bids a living passion steal
On senses long unused to feel.

Soon as the feast begins to lull,
And boards are cleared away,
They place the bowls, all brimming full,
And wreathe with garlands gay.
Up to the rafters mounts the din,
And voices swell and heave within:
From the gilt roof hang cressets bright,
And flambeau-fires put out the night.
The queen gives charge: a cup is brought
With massy gold and jewels wrought,
Whence ancient Belus quaffed his wine,
And all the kings of Belus' line.
Then silence reigns: "Great Jove, who know'st
The mutual rights of guest and host,
O make this day a day of joy
Alike to Tyre and wandering Troy,
And may our children's children feel
The blessing of the bond we seal!
Be Bacchus, giver of glad cheer,
And bounteous Juno, present here!
And Tyrians, you with frank good will
Our courteous purposes fulfil."
She spoke, and on the festal board
The meed of due libation poured,
Touched with her lip the goblet's edge,
Then challenged Bitias to the pledge.
He grasped the cup with eager hold,
And drenched him with the foaming gold.

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The rest succeed. Iopas takes
His gilded lyre, its chords awakes,
The long-haired bard, rehearsing sweet
The descant learned at Atlas' feet.
He sings the wanderings of the moon,
The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon,
Whence human kind and cattle came,
And whence the rain-spout and the flame,
Arcturus and the two bright Bears,
And Hyads weeping showery tears,
Why winter suns so swiftly go,
And why the weary nights move slow.
With plaudits Tyre the minstrel greets,
And Troy the loud acclaim repeats.
And now discourse succeeds to song:
Poor Dido makes the gay night long,
Still drinking love-draughts, deep and strong:
Much of great Priam asks the dame,
Much of his greater son:
Now of Tydides' steeds of flame,
Now in what armor Memnon came,
Now how Achilles shone.
"Nay, guest" she cries "vouchsafe a space
The tale of Danaan fraud to trace,
The dire misfortunes of your race,
These wanderings of your own:
For since you first 'gan wander o'er
Yon homeless world of sea and shore,
Seven summers nigh have flown.

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BOOK II.

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ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother, Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

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BOOK II.

EACH eye was fixed, each lip compressed,
When thus began the heroic guest:

"Too cruel, lady, is the pain,
You bid me thus revive again;
How lofty Ilium's throne august
Was laid by Greece in piteous dust,
The woes I saw with these sad eyne,
The deeds whereof large part was mine:
What Argive, when the tale were told,
What Myrmidon of sternest mould,
What foe from Ithaca could hear,
And grudge the tribute of a tear?
Now dews precipitate the night,
And setting stars to rest invite:
Yet, if so keen your zeal to know
In brief the tale of Troy's last woe,
Though memory shrinks with backward start,
And sends a shudder to my heart,
I take the word.

Worn down by wars,
Long beating 'gainst Fate's dungeon-bars,
As year kept chasing year,
The Danaan chiefs, with cunning given
By Pallas, mountain-high to heaven
A giant horse uprear,

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And with compacted beams of pine
The texture of its ribs entwine.
A vow for their return they feign
So runs the tale, and spreads amain.
There in the monster's cavernous side
Huge frames of chosen chiefs they hide,
And steel-clad soldiery finds room
Within that death-producing womb.

An isle there lies in Ilium's sight,
And Tenedos its name,
While Priam's fortune yet was bright,
Known for its wealth to fame:
Now all has dwindled to a bay,
Where ships in treacherous shelter stay.
Thither they sail, and hide their host
Along its desolated coast.
We thought them to Mycenæ flown,
And rescued Troy forgets to groan.
Wide stand the gates: what joy to go
The Dorian camp to see,
The land disburthened of the foe,
The shore from vessels free!
There pitched the Trojan squadron, there
Achilles' tent was set:
There, drawn on land, their navies were,
And there the battle met.
Some on Minerva's offering gaze,
And view its bulk with strange amaze:
And first Thymœtes loudly calls
To drag the steed within our walls,
Or by suggestion from the foe,
Or Troy's ill fate had willed it so.
But Capys and the wiser kind
Surmised the snare that lurked behind:

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To drown it in the whirling tide,
Or set the fire-brand to its side,
Their sentence is: or else to bore
Its caverns, and their depths explore.
In wild confusion sways the crowd:
Each takes his side and all are loud.

Girt with a throng of Ilion's sons,
Down from the tower Laocoon runs,
And, 'Wretched countrymen,' he cries,
'What monstrous madness blinds your eyes?
Think you your enemies removed?
Come presents without wrong
From Danaans? have you thus approved
Ulysses, known so long?
Perchance — who knows? — these planks of deal
A Grecian ambuscade conceal,
Or 'tis a pile to o'erlook the town,
And pour from high invaders down,
Or fraud lurks somewhere to destroy:
Mistrust, mistrust it, men of Troy!
Whate'er it be, a Greek I fear,
Though presents in his hand he bear.'
He spoke, and with his arm's full force
Straight at the belly of the horse
His mighty spear he cast:
Quivering it stood: the sharp rebound
Shook the huge monster: and a sound
Through all its caverns passed.
And then, had fate our weal designed
Nor given us a perverted mind,
Then had he moved us to deface
The Greeks' accursed lurking-place,
And Troy had been abiding still,
And Priam's tower yet crowned the hill.

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Now Dardan swains before the king
With clamorous demonstration bring,
His hands fast bound, a youth unknown,
Across their casual pathway thrown
By cunning purpose of his own,
If so his simulated speech
For Greece the walls of Troy might breach,
Nerved by strong courage to defy
The worst, and gain his end or die.
The curious Trojans round him flock
With rival zeal a foe to mock.
Now listen while my tongue declares
The tale you ask of Danaan snares,
And gather from a single charge
Their catalogue of crimes at large.
There as he stands, confused, unarmed,
Like helpless innocence alarmed,
His wistful eyes on all sides throws,
And sees that all around are foes,
'What land,' he cries, 'what sea is left,
To hold a wretch of country reft,
Driven out from Greece, while savage Troy
Demands my blood with clamorous joy?'
That anguish put our rage to flight,
And stayed each hand in act to smite:
We bid him name and race declare,
And say why Troy her prize should spare.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied:

'Truth, gracious king, is all I speak,
And first I own my nation Greek:
No — Sinon may be Fortune's slave;
She shall not make him liar or knave.
If haply to your ears e'er came
Belidan Palamedes' name,

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Borne by the tearful voice of Fame,
Whom erst, by false impeachment sped,
Maligned because for peace he pled,
Greece gave to death, now mourns him dead, —
His kinsman I, while yet a boy,
Sent by a needy sire to Troy.
While he yet stood in kingly state,
Mid brother kings in council great,
I too had power: but when he died,
By false Ulysses' spite belied,
(The tale is known) from that proud height
I sank to wretchedness and night,
And brooded in my dolorous gloom
On that my guiltless kinsman's doom:
Not all in silence — no, I swore,
Should Fortune bring me home once more,
My vengeance should redress his fate,
And speech engender cankerous hate.
Thence dates my fall: Ulysses thence
Still scared me with some fresh pretence,
With chance-dropt words the people fired,
Sought means of hurt, intrigued, conspired.
Nor did the glow of hatred cool,
Till, using Calchas as his tool —
But why a tedious tale repeat,
To stay you from your morsel sweet?
If all are equal, Greek and Greek,
Enough — your tardy vengeance wreak;
My death will Ithacus delight,
And Atreus' sons the boon requite.'

We press, we yearn the truth to know
Nor dream how doubly base our foe:
He, faltering still and overawed,
Takes up the unfinished web of fraud.

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'Oft had we planned to leave your shore,
Nor tempt the weary conflict more.
O, had we done it! sea and sky
Scared us as oft, in act to fly:
But chiefly when completed stood
This horse, compact of maple wood,
Fierce thunders, pealing in our ears,
Proclaimed the turmoil of the spheres.
Perplexed, Eurypylus we send
To question what the fates portend,
And he from Phœbus' awful shrine
Brings back the words of doom divine:
'With blood ye pacified the gales,
E'en with a virgin slain,
When first ye Danaans spread your sails,
The shores of Troy to gain:
With blood ye your return must buy:
A Greek must at the altar die.'
That sentence reached the public ear,
And bred the dull amaze of fear:
Through every heart a shudder ran,
'Apollo's victim — who the man?'
Ulysses, turbulent and loud,
Drags Calchas forth before the crowd,
And questions what the immortals mean,
Which way these dubious beckonings lean:
E'en then were some discerned my foe,
And silent watched the coming blow.
Ten days the seer, with bated breath,
Restrained the utterance big with death:
O'erborne at last, the word agreed
He speaks, and destines me to bleed.
All gave a sigh, as men set free,
And hailed the doom, content to see
The bolt that threatened each alike
One solitary victim strike.

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The death-day came: the priests prepare
Salt-cakes, and fillets for my hair:
I fled, I own it, from the knife,
I broke my bands and ran for life,
And in a marish lay that night,
While they should sail, if sail they might.
No longer have I hope, ah me!
My ancient fatherland to see,
Or look on those my eyes desire,
My darling sons, my greyhaired sire:
Perhaps my butchers may requite
On their dear heads my traitorous flight,
And make their wretched lives atone
For this, the single crime I own.
O, by the Gods, who all things view,
And know the false man from the true,
By sacred Faith, if Faith remain
With mortal men preserved from stain,
Show grace to innocence forlorn,
Show grace to woes unduly borne!'

Moved by his tears, we let him live,
And pity crowns the boon we give:
King Priam bids unloose his cords,
And soothes the wretch with kindly words:
'Whoe'er you are, henceforth resign
All thought of Greece: be Troy's and mine:
Now tell me truth, for what intent
This fabric of the horse was meant;
An offering to your heavenly liege?
An engine for assault or siege?'
Then, schooled in all Pelasgian shifts,
His unbound hands to heaven he lifts:
'Ye slumberless, inviolate fires,
And the dread awe your name inspires!

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Ye murderous altars, which I fled!
Ye fillets that adorned my head!
Bear witness, and behold me free
To break my Grecian fealty;
To hate the Greeks, and bring to light
The counsels they would hide in night,
Unchecked by all that once could bind,
All claims of country or of kind.
Thou, Troy, remember ne'er to swerve,
Preserved thyself, thy faith preserve,
If true the story I relate,
If these, my prompt returns, be great.

'The warlike hopes of Greece were stayed,
E'en from the first, on Pallas' aid:
But since Tydides, impious man,
And foul Ulysses, born to plan,
Dragged with red hands, the sentry slain,
Her fateful image from your fane,
Her chaste locks touched, and stained with gore
The virgin coronet she wore,
Thenceforth the tide of fortune changed,
And Greece grew weak, her queen estranged.
Nor dubious were the signs of ill
That showed the goddess' altered will.
The image scarce in camp was set,
Out burst big drops of saltest sweat
O'er all her limbs: her eyes upraised
With minatory lightnings blazed;
And thrice untouched from earth she sprang
With quivering spear and buckler's clang.
'Back o'er the ocean!' Calchas cries:
'We shall not make Troy's town our prize,
Unless at Argos' sacred seat
Our former omens we repeat,

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And bring once more the grace we brought
When first these shores our navy sought.'
So now for Greece they cross the wave,
Fresh blessings on their arms to crave,
Thence to return, so Calchas rules,
Unlooked for, ere your wonder cools.
Premonished first, this frame they planned
In your Palladium's stead to stand,
An image for an image given
To pacify offended Heaven.
But Calchas bade them rear it high
With timbers mounting to the sky,
That none might drag within the gate
This new Palladium of your state.
For, said he, if your hands profaned
The gift for Pallas' self ordained,
Dire havoc — grant, ye powers, that first
That fate be his — on Troy should burst:
But if, in glad procession haled
By those your hands, your walls it scaled,
Then Asia should our homes invade,
And unborn captives mourn the raid.'
Such tale of pity, aptly feigned,
Our credence for the perjurer gained,
And tears, wrung out from fraudful eyes,
Made us, e'en us, a villain's prize,
'Gainst whom not valiant Diomede,
Nor Peleus' Larissæan seed,
Nor ten years' fighting could prevail,
Nor navies of a thousand sail.

But ghastlier portents lay behind,
Our unprophetic souls to blind.
Laocoon, named as Neptune's priest,
Was offering up the victim beast,

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When lo! from Tenedos — I quail,
E'en now, at telling of the tale —
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide,
And shoreward through the stillness glide.
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
And toss on high their sanguine crests:
The hind part coils along the deep,
And undulates with sinuous sweep.
The lashed spray echoes: now they reach
The inland belted by the beach,
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,
Dart their forked tongues, and hiss for ire.
We fly distraught: unswerving they
Toward Laocoon hold their way;
First round his two young sons they wreathe,
And grind their limbs with savage teeth:
Then, as with arms he comes to aid,
The wretched father they invade
And twine in giant folds: twice round
His stalwart waist their spires are wound,
Twice round his neck, while over all
Their heads and crests tower high and tall.
He strains his strength their knots to tear,
While gore and slime his fillets smear,
And to the unregardful skies
Sends up his agonizing cries:
A wounded bull such moaning makes,
When from his neck the axe he shakes,
Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.
The twin destroyers take their flight
To Pallas' temple on the height;
There by the Goddess' feet concealed
They lie, and nestle 'neath her shield.
At once through Ilium's hapless sons
A shock of feverous horror runs:
All in Laocoon's death-pangs read
The just requital of his deed,

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Who dared to harm with impious steel
Those planks of consecrated deal.
'The image to its fane!' they cry:
'So soothe the offended deity.'
Each in the labor claims his share:
The walls are breached, the town laid bare:
Wheels 'neath its feet are fixed to glide,
And round its neck stout ropes are tied:
So climbs our wall that shape of doom,
With battle quickening in its womb,
While youths and maidens sing glad songs,
And joy to touch the harness thongs.
It comes, and, glancing terror down,
Sweeps through the bosom of the town.
O Ilium, city of my love!
O warlike home of powers above!
Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed:
Four times the armor clashed and brayed.
Yet on we press with passion blind,
All forethought blotted from our mind,
Till the dread monster we install
Within the temple's tower-built wall.
E'en then Cassandra's prescient voice
Forewarned us of our fatal choice,
That prescient voice, which Heaven decreed
No son of Troy should hear and heed.
We, careless souls, the city through,
With festal boughs the fanes bestrew,
And in such revelry employ
The last, last day should shine on Troy.

Meantime Heaven shifts from light to gloom,
And night ascends from Ocean's womb,
Involving in her shadow broad
Earth, sky, and Myrmidonian fraud:

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And through the city, stretched at will,
Sleep the tired Trojans, and are still.

And now from Tenedos set free
The Greeks are sailing on the sea,
Bound for the shore where erst they lay,
Beneath the still moon's friendly ray:
When in a moment leaps to sight
On the King's ship the signal light,
And Sinon, screened by partial fate,
Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate.
The horse its charge to air restores,
And forth the armed invasion pours.
Thessander, Sthenelus, the first,
Slide down the rope: Ulysses curst,
Thoas and Acamas are there,
And great Pelides' youthful heir,
Machaon, Menelaus, last
Epeus, who the plot forecast.
They seize the city, buried deep
In floods of revelry and sleep,
Cut down the warders of the gates,
And introduce their conscious mates.

It was the hour when Heaven gives rest
To weary man, the first and best:
Lo, as I slept, in saddest guise,
The form of Hector seemed to rise,
Full sorrow gushing from his eyes:
All torn by dragging at the car,
And black with gory dust of war,
As once on earth, — his swoln feet bored,
And festering from the inserted cord.
Ah! what a sight was there to view!
How altered from the man we knew,

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Our Hector, who from day's long toil
Comes radiant in Achilles' spoil,
Or with that red right hand, which casts
The fires of Troy on Grecian masts!
Blood-clotted hung his beard and hair,
And all those many wounds were there,
Which on his gracious person fell
Around the walls he loved so well.
Methought I first the chief addressed,
With tears like his, and laboring breast:
'O daystar of Dardanian land!
O faithful heart, unconquered hand!
What means this lingering? from what shore
Comes Hector to his home once more?
Ah! since we saw you, many a woe
Has brought your friends, your country low;
And weary eyes and aching brow
Are ours that look upon you now!
What cause has marred that clear calm mien,
Or why those wounds, so ghastly green?'
He answers not, nor recks him aught
Of those the idle quests I sought;
But with a melancholy sigh,
'Ah, goddess-born,' he warns me, 'fly!
Escape these flames: Greece holds the walls;
Proud Ilium from her summit falls.
Think not of king's or country's claims:
Country and king, alas! are names:
Could Troy be saved by hands of men,
This hand had saved her then, e'en then.
The gods of her domestic shrines
That country to your care consigns:
Receive them now, to share your fate:
Provide them mansions strong and great,
The city's walls, which Heaven has willed
Beyond the seas you yet shall build.'

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He said, and from the temple brings
Dread Vesta, with her holy things,
Her awful fillets, and the fire
Whose sacred embers ne'er expire.

Meantime throughout the city grow
The agonies of wildering woe:
And more and more, though deep in shade
My father's palace stood embayed,
The tumult rises on the ear,
And clashing armor hurtles fear.
I start from sleep, the roof ascend,
And with quick heed each noise attend.
E'en as, while southern winds conspire,
On standing harvests falls the fire,
Or as a mountain torrent spoils
Field, joyous crop, and oxen's toils,
And sweeps whole woods: the swain spell-bound
Hears from a rock the unwonted sound.
O, then I saw the tale was true:
The Danaan fraud stood clear to view.
Thy halls already, late so proud,
Deiphobus, to fire have bowed:
Ucalegon has caught the light:
Sigeum's waves gleam broad and bright.
Then come the clamor and the blare,
And shouts and clarions rend the air:
I clutch my arms with reeling brain,
But reason whispers, arms are vain:
Yet still I burn to raise a power,
And, rallying, muster at the tower:
Fury and wrath within me rave,
And tempt me to a warrior's grave.

Lo! Panthus, scaped from death by flight,
Priest of Apollo on the height,

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His gods, his grandchild at his side,
Makes for my door with frantic stride —
'Ha! Othrys' son, how goes the fight?
What forces muster at the height?'
I spoke: he heaves a long-drawn breath:
''Tis come, our fated day of death.
We have been Trojans: Troy has been:
She sat, but sits no more, a queen:
Stern Jove an Argive rule proclaims:
Greece holds a city wrapt in flames.
There in the bosom of the town
The tall horse rains invasion down,
And Sinon, with a conqueror's pride,
Deals fiery havoc far and wide.
Some keep the gates, as vast a host
As ever left Mycenæ's coast:
Some block the narrows of the street,
With weapons threatening all they meet:
The stark sword stretches o'er the way,
Quick-glancing, ready drawn to slay,
While scarce our sentinels resist,
And battle in the flickering mist.'
So, stirred by Heaven and Othrys' son,
Forth into flames and spears I run,
Where yells the war-fiend, and the cries
Of slayer and slain invade the skies.
Bold Rhipeus links him to my side,
And Epytus, in arms long tried:
And Hypanis and Dymas hail
And join us in the moonbeam pale,
With young Corœbus, Mygdon's child,
Who came to Troy with yearning wild
Cassandra's love to gain,
And, prompt to yield a kinsman's aid,
His troop with Priam's hosts arrayed:

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Ah wretch, whom his demented maid
Had warned, but warned in vain!

So, when I saw them round me form,
And knew their blood was pulsing warm,
I thus began: 'Brave spirits, wrought
To noblest temper, all for naught,
If desperate venture ye desire,
Ye see our lost estate:
Gone from each fane, each secret shrine,
Are those who made this realm divine:
The town ye aid is wrapt in fire:
Come — rush we on our fate.
No safety may the vanquished find
Till hope of safety be resigned.'
So valor grew to madness. Then,
Like gaunt wolves rushing from their den,
Whom lawless hunger's sullen growl
Drives forth into the night to prowl,
The while, with jaws all parched and black,
Their famished whelps expect them back,
Amid the volley and the foe,
With death before our eyes, we go
On through the town, while darkness spreads
Its hollow covert o'er our heads.
What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs
Keep measure with our agonies?
An ancient city topples down
From broad-based heights of old renown:
There in the street confusedly strown
Lie age and helplessness o'erthrown,
Block up the entering of the doors,
And cumber Heaven's own temple-floors.

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Nor only Teucrian lives expire:
Sometimes the spark of generous fire
Revives in vanquished hearts again,
And Danaan victors swell the slain.
Dire agonies, wild terrors swarm,
And Death glares grim in many a form.

First, with a train of Danaan spears,
Androgeos in our path appears:
He deems us comrades of his own,
And hails us thus with friendly tone:
'Bestir you, gallants! why so slack?
See here, while others spoil and sack
The burning town, your tardy feet
But now are coming from the fleet!'
He said: the vague replies we make
Reveal at once his dire mistake:
He sees him fallen among the toils,
And voice and foot alike recoils.
As trampling through the thorny brake
The heedless traveller stirs a snake
And in a sudden fear retires
From that fierce head, those gathering spires,
E'en so Androgeos at the sight
Was shrinking back in palsied fright.
We mass our arms, and close them round:
Surprised, and ignorant of the ground,
Their scattered ranks we breathless lay,
And Fortune crowns our first essay.
Flushed with wild joy, Corœbus cries,
'See Fortune, beckoning from the skies!
When she to safety points the way,
What can we better than obey?
Come, change we bucklers, and advance
Each with a Grecian cognizance.

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Who questions, when with foes we deal,
If craft or courage guides the steel?
Themselves shall give us arms to wield.'
He speaks and from Androgeos tears
His plumy helm and figured shield,
Girds on an Argive sword, and wears.
And Rhipeus, Dymas, and the rest
Soon in the new-won spoils are dressed.
Mixed with the Greeks, we pass unknown,
'Neath heavenly favors not our own,
Wage many a combat in the gloom,
And many a Greek send down to doom.
Some seek the vessels and the shore:
Some, smit with fear more low,
Climb the huge horse, and hide once more
Within the womb they know.
Alas! a mortal may not lean
On Heaven, when Heaven averts its mien.

Ah see! the Priameian fair,
Cassandra, by her streaming hair
Is dragged from Pallas' shrine,
Her wild eyes raised to Heaven in vain —
Her eyes, alas! for cord and chain
Her tender hands confine.
Corœbus brooked not such a sight,
But plunged infuriate in the fight.
We follow him, as blindly rash,
And, forming, on the spoilers dash:
When from the summit of the fane,
Or ere we deem, a murderous rain
Of Trojan darts our force o'erwhelms,
Misguided by those Argive helms.
Then, groaning deep their prey to lose,
The rallied Danaans round us close:

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Fell Ajax and the Atridan pair
And all Thessalia's host were there:
As when the tempest sounds alarms,
And winds conflicting rush to arms,
Notus and Zephyr join the war,
And Eurus in his orient car:
The lashed woods howl: hoar Nereus raves,
And troubles all his realm of waves.
They too, whom erst in dusk of night
Our cunning practice turned to flight,
Come forth: our lying arms they know,
And in our tones perceive a foe.
At once they crush us, swarm on swarm:
And first beneath Peneleos' arm,
The warlike goddess' shrine before,
Corœbus welters in his gore.
Then Rhipeus dies: no purer son
Troy ever bred, more jealous none
Of sacred right: Heaven's will be done.
Dymas and Hypanis are slain,
By comrades cruelly mista'en;
Nor pious deed, nor Phœbus' wreath,
Could save thee, Panthus, from thy death.
Ye embers of expiring Troy,
Ye funeral flames of all my joy,
Bear witness, in your dying glow,
I shunned nor dart nor fronting foe,
And had it been my fate to bleed,
My hand had earned the doom decreed.
Thence forced, to other scenes we flee,
Pelias and Iphitus with me,
This laden with his years and slow,
That halting from Ulysses' blow:
For hark! the growing tumult calls
For rescue to the palace halls.

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O, there a giant battle raged!
Who saw it sure had thought
No war in Troy was elsewhere waged,
No deaths beside were wrought:
So fierce the fray our eyes that met,
The Danaans streaming to the roof,
And every gate by foes beset,
Screened by a penthouse javelin-proof.
Close to the walls the ladders cling:
From step to step the assailants spring,
E'en by the doors: a shield enfolds
Their left: their right a corbel holds.
The Dardans, reckless in despair,
The turrets and the roofs uptear
(E'en to such weapons Fortune drives
Brave patriots, struggling for their lives),
And hurl the gilded beams below,
The pride of ages long ago;
While others on the threshold stand,
And guard the entry, sword in hand.
My heart leaps up, the halls to save,
And help the vanquished to be brave.

A secret postern-gate was there,
Which oped behind a thoroughfare
Through Priam's courts: in happier day
Andromache would pass that way
Alone, to greet the royal pair,
And lead with her her youthful heir.
By this the palace roof I gain,
Whence our poor Trojans, all in vain,
Were showering down their missile rain.
With sheer descent, a turret high
Rose from the roof into the sky,
Whence curious gazers might look down
And see the camp, the fleet, the town:

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This, where the flooring timbers join
The stronger stone, we undermine
And tumble o'er: it falls along,
Down crashing on the assailant throng:
But other Danaans fill their place,
And darts and stones still rain apace.

Full in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays:
So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night
Through winter lay as dead:
Now from its ancient weeds undressed,
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast
And darts its three-forked tongue.
There at his side Automedon,
True liegeman both to sire and son,
And giant Periphas, and all
The Scyrian youth assail the wall
And firebrands roofward dart:
Himself the first with two-edged axe
The brazen-plated doors attacks,
And makes their hinges start:
Now through the heart of oak he drives
His weapon, and a loophole rives.
There stands revealed the house within,
Where the long hall retires:
The stately privacy is seen
Of Priam and his sires,
And on the threshold guards appear
In warlike pomp of shield and spear.

But far within the palace swarms
With tumult and confused alarms:

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The deep courts wail with women's cries:
The clamor strikes the spangled skies.
Pale matrons run from place to place,
And clasp the doors in wild embrace.
Strong as his father, Pyrrhus strains,
Nor bar nor guard his force sustains:
The hacked door reels 'neath blow on blow,
Breaks from its hinges, and lies low.
Force wins her footing: in they rush,
The Danaan hordes, the foremost crush,
And deluge with an armed tide
The spacious level far and wide.
Less fierce when, breaking from its bounds,
The water surges o'er the mounds,
Down pours it, tumbling in a heap,
O'er all the fields with headlong sweep,
And whirls before it fold and sheep.
These eyes beheld fell Pyrrhus there
Intoxicate with gore,
Beheld the curst Atridan pair
Within the sacred door,
Beheld pale Hecuba, and those
The brides her hundred children chose,
And dying Priam at the shrine
Staining the hearth he made divine.
Those fifty nuptial chambers fair,
That promised many a princely heir,
Those pillared doors in pride erect,
With gold and spoils barbaric decked,
Lie smoking on the ground: the Greek
Is potent, where the fires are weak.

Perhaps you ask of Priam's fate:
He, when he sees his town o'erthrown,
Greeks bursting through his palace-gate
And thronging chambers once his own,

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His ancient armor, long laid by,
Around his palsied shoulders throws,
Girds with a useless sword his thigh,
And totters forth to meet his foes.
Within the mansion's central space,
All bare and open to the day,
There stood an altar in its place,
And, close beside, an aged bay,
That drooping o'er the altar leaned,
And with its shade the home-gods screened.
Here Hecuba and all her train
Were seeking refuge, but in vain,
Huddling like doves by storms dismayed,
And clinging to the Gods for aid.
But soon as Priam caught her sight,
Thus in his youthful armor dight,
'What madness,' cries she, 'wretched spouse,
Has placed that helmet on your brows?
Say, whither fare you? times so dire
Bent knees, not lifted arms require:
Could Hector now before us stand,
No help were in my Hector's hand.
Take refuge here, and learn at length
The secret of an old man's strength:
One altar shall protect us all:
Here bide with us, or with us fall.'
She speaks, and guides his trembling feet
To join her in the hallowed seat.

See, fled from murdering Pyrrhus, runs
Polites, one of Priam's sons:
Through foes, through javelins, wounded sore,
He circles court and corridor,
While Pyrrhus follows in his rear
With outstretched hand and levelled spear;

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Till just before his parents' eyes,
All bathed in blood, he falls and dies.
With death in view, the unchilded sire
Checked not the utterance of his ire:
'May Heaven, if Heaven be just to heed
Such horrors, render worthy meed'
He cries 'for this atrocious deed,
Which makes me see my darling die,
And stains with blood a father's eye.
But he to whom you feign you owe
Your birth, Achilles — 'twas not so
He dealt with Priam, though his foe:
He feared the laws of right and truth;
He heard the suppliant's prayer with ruth;
Gave Hector's body to the tomb,
And sent me back in safety home.'
So spoke the sire, and speaking threw
A feeble dart, no blood that drew:
The ringing metal turned it back,
And left it dangling, weak and slack.
Then Pyrrhus: 'Take the news below,
And to my sire Achilles go:
Tell him of his degenerate seed,
And that and this my bloody deed.
Now die:' and to the altar-stone
Along the marble floor
He dragged the father, sliddering on
E'en in his child's own gore:
His left hand in his hair he wreathed,
While with the right he plied
His flashing sword, and hilt-deep sheathed
Within the old man's side.
So Priam's fortunes closed at last:
So passed he, seeing as he passed
His Troy in flames, his royal tower
Laid low in dust by hostile power,

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Who once o'er land and peoples proud
Sat, while before him Asia bowed:
Now on the shore behold him dead,
A nameless trunk, a trunkless head.

O then I felt, as ne'er before,
Chill horror to my bosom's core.
I seemed my aged sire to see,
Beholding Priam, old as he,
Gasp out his life: before my eyes
Forlorn Creusa seemed to rise,
Our palace, sacked and desolate,
And young Iulus, left to fate.
Then, looking round, the place I eyed,
To see who yet were at my side.
Some by the flames were swallowed: some
Had leapt to earth: the end was come.

I stood alone, when lo! I mark
In Vesta's temple crouching dark
The traitress Helen: the broad blaze
Gives me full light, as round I gaze.
She, shrinking from the Trojans' hate
Made frantic by their city's fate,
Nor dreading less the Danaan sword,
The vengeance of her injured lord, —
She, Troy's and Argos' common fiend,
Sat cowering, by the altar screened.
My blood was fired: fierce passion woke
To quit Troy's fall by one sure stroke.
'What? to Mycenæ shall she go,
A conqueress, in a pageant show,
See home, sire, children, spouse again
With Phrygian menials in her train?
Good Priam slaughtered? Troy no more?
The Dardan plains afloat with gore?

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No — though no glory be to gain
From vengeance on a woman ta'en,
Yet he that rids the world of guilt
May claim the praise of blood well spilt:
'Twere joy to satiate righteous ire,
And slake my country's funeral fire.'
Thus was I raving, past control,
In aimless turbulence of soul,
When sudden dawning on the night
(Ne'er had I known her face so bright)
My mother flashed upon my sight,
Confessed a goddess, with the mien
And stature that in heaven are seen:
Reproachfully my hand she pressed,
And thus from roseate lips addressed:
'My son, what cruel wrongs excite
Your wrath to such pernicious height?
What mean you by this madness? where
Left you that love to me you bear?
And will you not at least inquire
What fate betides your time-worn sire?
If your Creusa still survive?
If young Ascanius be alive?
All these are trembling as for life,
With Grecian bands around them rife,
And, but for me, had sunk o'erpowered
By flame, or by the sword devoured.
Not the loathed charms of Sparta's dame,
Nor Paris, victim of your blame, —
No, 'tis the Gods, the Gods destroy
This mighty realm, and pull down Troy.
Behold! for I will purge the haze
That darkles round your mortal gaze
And blunts its keenness — mark me still,
Nor disobey your mother's will —

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Here, where you see huge blocks unfixed
And dust and smoke in whirlwind mixed,
Great Neptune with his three-forked mace
Upheaves the ramparts from their place,
And rocks the town from cope to base.
Here Juno at the Scæan gates,
Begirt with steel, impatient waits,
And clamorous from the navy calls
Her comrades to the captured walls.
Look back — see Pallas o'er the tower
With cloud and Gorgon redly lower.
E'en Jove to Greece his strength affords,
And fights from heaven 'gainst Dardan swords.
Then fly, and give the struggle o'er;
Myself will guard you, till once more
You stand before your father's door.'
She spoke, and vanished from my sight,
Lost in the darkness of the night.
Dire presences their forms disclose,
And powers of terror, Ilium's foes.

That vision showed me Neptune's town
In blazing ruin sinking down:
As rustics strive with many a stroke
To fell some venerable oak;
It still keeps nodding to its doom,
Still bows its head, and shakes its plume,
Till, by degrees o'ercome, one groan
It heaves, and on the hill lies prone.
Down from my perilous height I glide,
Safe sheltered by my heavenly guide,
So thread my way through foes and fire:
The darts give place, the flames retire.

But when I gained Anchises' door
And stood within my home once more,

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My sire, whom I had hoped to bear
Safe to the hills with chiefest care,
Refused to lengthen out his span
And live on earth an exiled man.
'You, you,' he cries 'bestir your flight,
Whose blood is warm, whose limbs are light:
Had Heaven not willed my life to cease,
Heaven would have kept my home in peace.
Enough, that I have once been saved,
Survivor of a town enslaved.
Now leave me: be your farewell said
To this my corpse, and count me dead.
My hand shall win me death: the foe
Such mercy as I need will show,
Will strip my spoils, and pass for brave.
He lacks not much that lacks a grave.
Long have I lived to curse my birth,
A useless cumberer of the earth,
E'en from the day when Heaven's dread sire
In anger scathed me with his fire.'

So talked he, obstinately set:
While we, our eyes with sorrow wet,
All on our knees, wife, husband, boy,
Implore — O let him not destroy
Himself and us, nor lend his weight
To the incumbent load of fate!
He hears not, but refuses still,
Unchanged alike in place and will.
Desperate, again to arms I fly,
And make my wretched choice to die:
For what deliverance now was mine,
What help in fortune or design?
'What? leave my sire behind and flee?
Such words from you? such words to me?

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The watch that guards a parent's lip,
Lets it such dire suggestion slip?
If Heaven in truth has willed to spare
No relic of a town so fair,
If you and all wherein you joy
Must burn to feed the flames of Troy,
See there, Death waits you at the door:
See Pyrrhus, steeped in Priam's gore,
Repeats his double crime once more:
The son before his father's eyes,
The father at the altar dies.
O mother! was it then for this
I passed where fires and javelins hiss
Safe in thy conduct, but to see
Foes in my home's dear sanctuary —
All murdered, father, wife, and child,
Each in the other's blood defiled?
My arms! my arms! the fatal day
Calls, and the vanquished must obey;
Return me to the Danaan crew!
Let me the yielded fight renew!
No; one at least these walls contain
Who will not unavenged be slain.'

Once more I gird me for the field,
And to my arm make fast my shield,
And issue from the door — when see!
Creusa clings around my knee,
And offers with a tender grace
Iulus to his sire's embrace:
'If but to perish forth you fare,
Take us with you your fate to share:
But if you hope that help may come
From sword and shield, first guard your home.
Think, think to whom you leave your child,
Your sire, and her whom bride you styled.'

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So cried she, and the tearful sound
Was filling all the chambers round,
When sudden in the house we saw
A sight for wonderment and awe:
Between us while Iulus stands
'Mid weeping eyes and clasping hands,
Lo! from the summit of his head
A lambent flame was seen to spread,
Sport with his locks in harmless play,
And grazing round his temples stray.
We hurrying strive his hair to quench,
And the blest flame with water drench.
But sire Anchises to the skies
In rapture lifts voice, hands, and eyes:
'Vouchsafe this once, almighty Jove,
If prayer thy righteous will can move,
And if our care have earned us thine,
Give aid, and ratify this sign.'
Scarce had the old man said, when hark!
It thundered left, and through the dark
A meteor with a train of light
Athwart the sky gleamed dazzling bright.
Right o'er our palace-roof it crossed,
Then in Idæan woods was lost,
Still glittering on: a fiery trail
Succeeds, and sulphurous fumes exhale.
At this my sire his form uprears,
Salutes the gods, the star reveres:
'Lead on, blest sign! no more I crave:
Gods, save my house, my grandchild save!
You sent this augury of joy;
Where you are present, there is Troy.
I yield, I yield, nor longer shun
To share the exile of my son.'

He ceased: and near and yet more near
The loud flame strikes on eye and ear.

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'Come, mount my shoulders, dear my sire:
Such load my strength shall never tire.
Now, whether fortune smiles or lowers,
One risk, one safety shall be ours.
My son shall journey at my side,
My wife her steps by mine shall guide,
At distance safe. What next I say,
Attend, my servants, and obey.
Without the city stands a mound
With Ceres' ruined temple crowned:
A cypress spreads its branches near,
Hoar with hereditary fear.
Part we our several ways, to meet
At length beside that hallowed seat.
You, father, in your arms upbear
Troy's household gods with duteous care:
For me, just scaped from battle-fray,
On holy things a hand to lay
Were desecration, till I lave
My body in the running wave.'
So saying, in a lion's hide
I robe my shoulders, mantling wide,
And stoop beneath the precious load:
Iulus fastens to my side,
His steps scarce matching with my stride:
My wife behind me takes her road.
We travel darkling in the shade,
And I, whom through that fearful night
Nor volleyed javelins had dismayed
Nor foemen hand to hand in fight,
Now start at every sound, in dread
For him I bore and him I led.

And now the gates I neared at last,
And all the journey seemed o'erpast,
When trampling feet my ear assail;

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My father, peering through the gloom,
Cries 'Haste, my son! O haste! they come:
I see their shields, their glittering mail.'
'Twas then, alas! some power unkind
Bereft me of my wildered mind.
While unfrequented paths I thread,
And shun the roads that others tread,
My wife Creusa — did she stray,
Or halt exhausted by the way?
I know not — parted from our train,
Nor ever crossed our sight again.
Nor e'er my eyes her figure sought,
Nor e'er towards her turned my thought,
Till when at Ceres' hallowed spot
We mustered, she alone was not,
And her companions, spouse and son,
Looked round, and saw themselves undone.
Ah, that sad hour! whom spared I then,
In my wild grief, of gods and men?
What woe, in all the town o'erthrown,
Thought I more cruel than my own?
My father and my darling boy,
And, last not least, the gods of Troy,
To my retainers I confide
And in the winding valley hide,
While to the town once more I go,
And shining armor round me throw,
Resolved through Troy to measure back
From end to end my perilous track.

First to the city's shadowed gate
I turn me, whence we passed so late,
My footsteps through the darkness trace,
And cast my eyes from place to place.
A shuddering on my spirit falls,
And e'en the silence' self appals.

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Then to my palace I repair,
In hope, in hope, to find her there:
In vain: the foes had forced the door,
And flooded all the mansion o'er.
Fanned by the wind, the flame upsoars
Roof-high; the hot blast skyward roars.
Departing thence, I seek the tower,
The ruined seat of Priam's power.
There Phœnix and Ulysses fell
In the void courts by Juno's cell
Were set the spoil to keep;
Snatched from the burning shrines away,
There Ilium's mighty treasure lay,
Rich altars, bowls of massy gold,
And captive raiment, rudely rolled
In one promiscuous heap;
While boys and matrons, wild with fear,
In long array were standing near.
With desperate daring I essayed
To send my voice along the shade,
Roused the still streets, and called in vain
Creusa o'er and o'er again.
Thus while in agony I pressed
From house to house the endless quest,
The pale sad spectre of my wife
Confronts me, larger than in life.
I stood appall'd, my hair erect,
And fear my tongue-tied utterance checked,
While gently she her speech addressed,
And set my troubled heart at rest:
'Why grieve so madly, husband mine?
Nought here has chanced without design:
Fate and the Sire of all decree
Creusa shall not cross the sea.
Long years of exile must be yours,
Vast seas must tire your laboring oars;

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At length Hesperia you shall gain,
Where through a rich and peopled plain
Soft Tiber rolls his tide:
There a new realm, a royal wife,
Shall build again your shattered life.
Weep not your dear Creusa's fate:
Ne'er through Mycenæ's haughty gate
A captive shall I ride,
Nor swell some Grecian matron's train,
I, born of Dardan princes' strain,
To Venus' seed allied:
Heaven's mighty Mother keeps me here:
Farewell, and hold our offspring dear.'
Then, while I dewed with tears my cheek,
And strove a thousand things to speak,
She melted into night:
Thrice I essayed her neck to clasp:
Thrice the vain semblance mocked my grasp,
As wind or slumber light.
So now, the long, long night o'erpast,
I reach my weary friends at last.
There with amazement I behold
New-mustering comrades, young and old,
Sons, mothers, bound from home to flee,
A melancholy company.
They meet, prepared to brave the seas
And sail with me where'er I please.
Now, rising o'er the heights of Ide,
Shone the bright star, day's orient guide:
The Danaans swarmed at every door,
Nor seemed there hope of safety more:
I yield to fate, take up my sire,
And to the mountain's shade retire.

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BOOK III.

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ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation. He gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the Oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the Oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures; till, at length, he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

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BOOK III.

"When harsh Omnipotence had brought
The power of Asia's kings to nought,
When Troy's Neptunian walls became
A prostrate mass of smould'ring flame,
To diverse exile we are driven
In desert lands, by signs from Heaven.
There in Antandros under Ide
The wished-for vessels we provide,
Unknowing whither Fate may lead
Or what the settlement decreed,
And call our forces round. The sun
His summer course had scarce begun,
When now my sire Anchises gave
His vòice to tempt the fated wave:
Weeping I quit the port, the shore,
The plains where Ilium stood before,
And homeless launch upon the main,
Son, friends, and home-gods in my train.

A realm lies near, of ample space
(Lycurgus ruled it once), called Thrace,
Allied of old to Ilium's powers,
Its home-gods federate with ours
While Fate was with us. Here I land,
And here along the winding strand

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Trace out, alas! 'neath Fortune's frown,
The first beginnings of a town,
And from myself as founder call
Æneadæ the rising wall.

To my bright mother's power divine
And all the tenants of the skies,
So might they speed my new design,
I was performing sacrifice,
And on the shore to heaven's high king
A snow-white bull was slaughtering.
A mound was nigh, where spear-like wood
Of cornel and of myrtle stood.
I sought it, and began to spoil
Of that thick growth the high-heaped soil
And deck the altars with its green,
When lo! a ghastly sight was seen.
Soon as a tree from earth I rend,
Dark-flowing drops of blood descend,
And stain the ground with gore:
Fear shakes my frame from head to foot:
A second sapling I uproot,
Resolved to pierce the mystery dark:
See, trickling from a second bark
Blood follows as before!
With many a tumult in my soul,
I prayed the Dryads of the place,
And king Gradivus, whose control
Is felt through all the fields of Thrace,
That they would meliorate the sight
And make this heavy omen light.
But when the third tall shaft I seize,
And 'gainst the hillock press my knees—
Speak shall I, or be mute?—
E'en from the bottom of the mound
Is heard a lamentable sound:

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'Why thus my frame, Æneas, rend?
Respect at length a buried friend,
Nor those pure hands pollute.
Trojan, not alien, is the blood
That oozes from the uptorn wood.
Fly this fell soil, these greedy shores:
The voice you hear is Polydore's.
From my gored breast a growth of spears
Its murderous vegetation rears.'
I heard, fear-stricken and amazed,
My speech tongue-tied, my hair upraised.
This Polydore erewhile by stealth
With store of delegated wealth
Unhappy Priam in despair
Sent to the Thracian monarch's care
When first Troy felt her prowess fail,
Encompassed by the leaguering pale.
There, when our star its light withdraws,
False to divine and human laws,
The traitor joins the conqueror's cause,
Lays impious hands on Polydore,
And grasps by force the golden store.
Fell lust of gold! abhorred, accurst!
What will not men to slake such thirst?
Soon as my blood regains its heat,
The direful portent I repeat
To Troy's chief lords, and first my sire,
And their collective voice enquire.
All vote to fly from friendship's grave,
Quit the curst soil, and cross the wave.
So then to Polydore we pay
New rites, and heap his mound with clay:
Raised to the dead, two altars stand
With cypress wreathed and woollen band:
Around them Trojan matrons go,
Their hair unbound in sign of woe:

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Bowls frothing warm with milk we pour
And cups of sacrificial gore,
Lay in the tomb the ghost to sleep,
And thrice invoke it, loud and deep.

Then, soon as man may trust the seas,
Invited by the crisp spring breeze,
My comrades drag along the sand
The well-dried ships, and crowd the strand:
So from the harbor forth we sail,
And land and town in distance fail.
Encircled by a billowy ring
A land there lies, the loved resort
Of Neptune, the Ægæan king,
And the grey queen of Nereus' court:
Long time the sport of ev'ry blast
O'er ocean it was wont to toss,
Till grateful Phœbus moored it fast
To Gyaros and high Myconos,
And bade it lie unmoved, and brave
The violence of wind and wave.
That port, all peace, receives our fleet:
We land, and hail Apollo's seat.
King Anius, king and priest in one,
With bay-crowned tresses hoar,
Hastes to accost us, and is known
Anchises' friend of yore.
We grasp his friendly hand in proof
Of welcome, and approach his roof.
The sacred temple I adored
Of immemorial stone:
'O grant us, Thymbra's gracious lord,
A mansion of our own!
Grant us a sure abiding place
A habitation and a race.
Save our new Troy, the relics these
Of Achillean cruelties!

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What guide to follow? what our goal?
Speak, father, and inspire our soul.'
Scarce had I said, a trembling takes
The sacred courts, the bays divine,
The mountain to its centre shakes,
The tripod echoes from the shrine:
Prone as we fall with reverent fear,
A heavenly utterance strikes our ear:
'Stout Dardan hearts, the realm of earth
Where first your nation sprang to birth,
That realm shall now receive you back:
Go, seek your ancient mother's track.
There shall Æneas' house, renewed
For ages, rule a world subdued.'
Thus Phœbus: and bewildered joy
Ran murmuring through the ranks of Troy,
Each asking, what the city walls
Whereto the God his wanderers calls.
At this my sire, revolving o'er
The bygone memories of yore,
'Hear, noble chiefs, and learn,' cries he,
'The place of your expectancy.
In ocean lies Jove's island, Crete,
Where Ida stands, our nation's seat.
A hundred cities crown the isle,
And the broad fields with plenty smile.
Thence Teucer, our great sire, of yore
Took ship for the Rhœtean shore,
If right I mind my tale,
And chose his kingdom: Ilium then
Not yet had risen: the tribes of men
Dwelt in the lowly vale.
Thence Cybele's majestic dame
And Corybantian cymbals came,
Thence Ida's grove, and mystic awe,
And lions, trained her car to draw.

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Come then: let heaven direct our feet:
Appease the winds, and sail for Crete.
It lies not far: be Jove at hand,
The third day's sun shall see us land.'
He spoke, and rendering each his due,
The victims at the altars slew,
A bull to Neptune, and a bull
To thee, Apollo bright,
A lamb to Tempest, black of wool,
To Western winds a white.

Idomeneus, we hear, has flown,
Driven from his home in Cretan land:
Fame tells us of an empty throne
And mansions ready to our hand.
Ortygia left, we skim the deeps
By Naxos' Bacchanalian steeps,
Olearos and Donysa green,
And Parian cliffs of dazzling sheen,
Pass Cyclad isles o'er ocean strown,
And seas with many a land thick sown.
The rowers sing merrily as we go,
'For Crete and our forefathers, ho!'
Fair winds escort us o'er the tide,
And soon 'neath Cretan coasts we glide.

The site determined, I lay down
The groundwork of my infant town,
Its name Pergamia call,
And bid the nation, proud to own
That title, guard their loved hearthstone,
And raise the fortress wall.
High on the beach their ships they draw,
Then take them wives, and till the land,
The while with equitable hand
I portion dwelling-place and law,

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When sudden on man's feeble frame
From tainted skies a sickness came,
On trees and crops a poisonous breath,
A year of pestilence and death.
Their pleasant lives the sufferers yield,
Or drag their languid limbs with pain:
The dogstar burns the grassy field,
And sickening crops withhold the grain.
Back to Ortygia's shrine my sire
O'er ocean bids us go,
There sue for favor, and enquire
The limit of our woe,
What succor weary souls should try,
And whither, if we must, to fly.

'Twas night: all life in sleep was laid,
When lo! our household gods, the same
Whom through the midmost of the flame
From falling Ilium I conveyed,
Appeared before me while I lay
In slumber, bright as if in day,
Where through the inserted window stream
The glories of the full moonbeam;
Then thus their gentle speech addressed,
And set my troubled heart at rest:
'The word that Phœbus has to speak,
Should you his Delian presence seek,
He of his unsought bounty sends
E'en by the mouth of us, your friends.
We, who have followed yours and you
Since Ilium was no more,
We, who have sailed among your crew
The swelling billows o'er,
Your seed as demigods will crown,
And make them an imperial town.

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Build you the walls decreed by fate,
And let them, like ourselves, be great,
Nor shrink, how long soe'er it be,
From this your wandering o'er the sea.
Change we our dwelling: not to Crete
Apollo called your truant feet.
There is a land, by Greece of old
Surnamed Hesperia, rich its mould,
Its children brave and free:
Œnotrians were its settlers: fame
Now gives the race its leader's name,
And calls it Italy.
Here Dardanus was born, our king,
And old Iasius, whence we spring:
Here our authentic seat.
Rise, tell your sire without delay
Our sentence, which let none gainsay:
Search till you find the Ausonian land,
And old Cortona: Jove has banned
Your settlement in Crete.'
Amazed by wonders heard and seen
(For 'twas no dream that mocked my eyes:
No — plain I seemed to recognize
Their cinctured locks, their well-known mien,
While at the sight chill clammy sweat
Burst forth, and all my limbs were wet)
That instant from my couch I rise,
With voice and hands implore the skies,
And offer at the household shrine
Full cups of unadulterate wine.
My worship ended, glad of soul,
I seek my sire, and tell the whole.
At once he owns the ambiguous race,
The rival sires to whom we trace,
And smiles that ancient lands have wrought
Such new confusion in his thought:

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Then cries: 'My son, the slave too long
Of Ilian destiny,
One voice aforetime sang that song,
Cassandra — none but she:
Such fate she said, I mind it all,
Was for our race in store,
And oft on Italy would call,
Oft on the Hesperian shore.
But who could think that Trojans born
Hesperia e'er would reach,
Or who that heard that maid forlorn
Gave credence to her speech?
Yield we to Phœbus, and pursue,
Admonished thus, a course more true.'
He ceased, and our applauding crew
Obeys him, all and each.
So now, this second home resigned
To the scant few we leave behind,
We set our sails once more, and sweep
Along the illimitable deep.

The fleet had passed into the main,
And land no longer met the eye,
On every side the watery plain,
On every side the expanse of sky;
When o'er my head a cloud there stood,
With night and tempest in its womb,
And all the surface of the flood
Was ruffled by the incumbent gloom.
At once the winds huge billows roll;
The gathering waters climb the pole:
We scatter, tossing o'er the deep:
The thunder-clouds involve the day;
Dark night has snatched the heaven away:
Through rents of sky the lightnings leap:

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Thus erring from our track designed,
We grope among the waters blind.
E'en Palinurus cannot trace
The boundary line of day and night,
Or recollect his course aright
Amid the undistinguished space.
Three starless nights, three sunless days
We welter in the blinding haze.
The fourth at last the prospect clears,
And smoke from distant hills appears.
Drop sails, ply oars! the laboring crew
Toss wide the foam, and brush the blue.

Scaped from the fury of the seas,
We land upon the Strophades
(Such name in Greece they bear),
Isles in the vast Ionian main,
Where fell Celæno and her train
Of Harpies hold their lair,
Since, driven from Phineus' door, they fled
The tables where of old they fed.
So foul a plague for human crime
Ne'er issued from the Stygian slime.
A maid above, a bird below:
Noisome and foul the belly's flow:
The hands are taloned: Famine bleak
Sits ever ghastly on the cheek.
Soon as we gain the port, we see
Sleek heads of oxen pasturing free,
And goats, without a swain to guard,
Dispersed along the grassy sward.
We seize our weapons, lay them dead,
And call on Jove the spoil to share,
Then on the winding beach we spread
Our couches, and enjoy the fare;
When sudden from the mountains swoop,
Fierce charging down, the Harpy troop,

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Devour, contaminate, befoul,
With sickening stench and hideous howl.
A second time we take our seat,
Deep in a hollowed rock's retreat,
Protected by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green,
There spread the tables, skin the flesh,
And light our altar-fires afresh.
A second time the assailants fly
From other regions of the sky,
With crooked claws the banquet waste,
And poison whatsoe'er they taste.
I charge my crews to draw the sword
And battle with the fiendish horde.
They act as bidden, and conceal
Along the grass the glittering steel.
So when the rush of wings once more
Is heard along the bending shore,
Misenus sounds his loud alarms
From the hill's top, and calls to arms:
And on we rush in novel war,
These foul sea-birds to maim and mar.
In vain: no weapon's stroke may cleave
The texture of their feathery mail:
They soar into the air, and leave
On food half-gnawn their loathsome trail:
All but Celæno: she, curst seer,
Speaks from a rock these words of fear:
'What, would ye fight, false perjured race?
Fight for the beeves your greed has slain,
And unoffending Harpies chase
From their hereditary reign?
Now listen, and attentive lay
Deep in your hearts the things I say.
The fate by Jove to Phœbus shown,
By Phœbus' self to me made known —

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Aye, tremble, for in me ye view
The Furies' queen — I tell to you.
To Italy in haste ye drive,
With winds at your command:
Go then, in Italy arrive,
And draw your ships to land:
But ere your town with walls ye fence,
Fierce famine, retribution dread
For this your murderous violence,
Shall make you eat your boards for bread.'
She spoke, and vanished 'mid the wood:
Chill horror froze my comrades' blood:
No more of arms: the prayer, the vow
They fain would make their weapons now,
Whate'er the monsters, powers divine,
Or birds ill-omened and malign.
With outstretched hands my father prays
The Gods above, and offerings pays:
'Heaven, bar these threatenings! Heaven, avert
Such horror, and protect desert!'
Then bids the crews their ships unbind
And stretch the mainsheet to the wind.

The south wind freshens in the sail:
We hurry o'er the tide,
Where'er the helmsman and the gale
Conspire our course to guide:
Now rises o'er the foamy flood
Zacynthos with its crown of wood,
Dulichium, Same, Neritos,
Whose rocky sides the waves emboss:
The crags of Ithaca we flee,
Laertes' rugged sovereignty,
Nor in our flight forget to curse
The land that was Ulysses' nurse.
Soon Leucas rears its cloud-capped head,
And Phœbus, whom the seamen dread.

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Hither we turn our barks at last,
And near his city land;
The anchors from the prows are cast,
The keels are on the strand.

So, given awhile on land to stay,
Our lustral rites to Jove we pay,
And light the votive flames,
And make the shores of Actium gay
With Ilium's festal games.
With pride my merry comrades strip
And oil them for the wrestler's grip,
True to the wont of Troy:
So many Argive towns o'erpast
And flight 'mid circling foes held fast,
O, but the thought was joy!
Meantime the sun rolls round the year,
And winter makes the waters drear.
The brazen circle of a shield
Which mighty Abas wont to wield
I fasten to the temple-gate
And thus my deed commemorate,
'Æneas fixes on these doors
Arms won from Danaan conquerors:'
Then give my crews the word to quit
The port, and on their benches sit.
With emulous zeal they smite the deep
And o'er the wavy level sweep.
Phæacia's heights from view we hide,
And coast along Epirot lands:
Then in Chaonia's arbor ride
Nigh where Buthrotum's city stands.

Arrived, I hear a wondrous thing,
A Grecian crown on Trojan brows:

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They tell me Helenus is king
Of Pyrrhus' realm with Pyrrhus' spouse,
And sad Andromache restored
Once more to a compatriot lord.
At once I burn with strong desire
To greet them, and the tale enquire:
So from the port I take my way,
And leave my vessels in the bay.
It chanced Andromache that day
There in a grove without the wall
Beside a mimic Simois' wave
Was making funeral festival
At Hector's counterfeited grave,
Raised by her hands, a grassy heap,
With altars twain, whereat to weep.
When as she saw my near advance
And marked our Trojan cognizance,
Awhile distracted and amazed
She stood, and stiffened as she gazed:
The life-blood leaves her cheeks:
She faints: at last from earth upraised
In faltering tones she speaks:
'Real, is it real, the face I view,
A harbinger of tidings true?
Say, are you living? or if dead,
Then where is Hector?' so she said,
And tears in copious torrent shed,
And filled the air with cries:
Thus as her tide of passion flows,
Few broken words I interpose:
'Aye, I am living, living still
Through all extremity of ill:
No dream your sense belies.
But say, alas! what new estate
Receives you, fallen from such a mate?

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What fortune matches the degree
Of Hector's own Andromache?
Still wear you Pyrrhus' nuptial yoke?'
She dropped her voice, and softly spoke
With lowly downcast eyes:
'O happy more than all beside,
The Priameian maid,
Who for her dead foe's pleasure died
Beneath her city's shade,
Not drawn for servitude, nor led
A captive to a conqueror's bed,
While we, our country laid in dust,
To exile dragged o'er many a wave,
Have stooped to Pyrrhus' haughty lust,
His infant's mother and his slave!
A Spartan marriage tempts the youth:
He plights Hermione his truth;
Cast off, to Helenus I fall,
So wills our master, thrall to thrall.
But soon Orestes, mad with crime,
And wroth to lose his promised bride,
Smote Pyrrhus in unguarded time,
And at the altar-fire he died.
On Helenus, the tyrant slain,
Devolves a portion of his reign:
Who calls the realm beneath his hand
From Chaon's name Chaonian land,
And crowns the hill, in sign of power,
With Pergamus, our Dardan tower.
But you — what destiny from heaven,
What stress of wind your bark has driven
Unknowing on our coast?
And lives he yet, whom once at Troy —
Ascanius? dwells there in the boy
Grief for his mother lost?

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Feels he the hereditary flame
His growing spirit fire
At Hector's and Æneas' name,
His uncle and his sire?'
So poured she her impassioned wail,
Still weeping on without avail,
When girt with royal retinue,
King Helenus appears in view,
Acknowledges his friends of Troy,
And leads us to his home with joy,
And as our fainting hearts he cheers,
With words of welcome mixes tears.
I see a mimic Trojan state,
A Pergamus that apes the great,
A dried-up Xanthus' channel trace,
And other Scæan gates embrace.
Nor less my Trojan comrades share
The monarch's hospitable care:
In spacious cloisters entertained
'Neath the hall's roof the wine they drained,
And goblets for libation hold,
While the rich banquet gleams in gold.

Two days had passed: the favoring gale
Invites the fleet and swells the sail:
Bent on departure, I accost
With words like these our sacred host:
'True son of Troy, whose heaven-taught skill
Perceives the signs of Phœbus' will,
The tripods, and the Clarian bays,
The secret of night's starry maze,
And birds, their voices and their ways,
Speak — for the accordant sense of Heaven
Fair presage for my course has given;
Each God has charged me to explore
In far-off seas Italia's shore;

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Celæno's harpy voice alone
Makes prodigies and vengeance known
And famine's foulest horror — say,
What perils first beset my way?
What counsel following may I cope
With toils so great in manful hope?'
Then Helenus with slaughtered kine
Appeases first the powers divine,
. The fillets from his head
Unbinds, and to Apollo's fane
Conducts me, while in every vein
I feel the presence dread:
And thus from his prophetic tongue
The message of the future rung:
'O Goddess-born! — for broad and clear
The augury of your proud career,
So lie the lots in Jove's dark urn:
So the dread Three their spindles turn —
Now listen, while, to give you ease
In wandering o'er yon stranger seas
And help you to the port you seek,
A fragment of your fate I speak:
Unknown to Helenus the rest,
Or Juno locks it in his breast.
Learn first that Italy, which seems
So near, you grasp it in your dreams,
And think to anchor in its bay,
As though within your ken it lay,
A pathless path o'er leagues of foam
Divides from this our distant home.
First in Trinacrian water plied
Your oar must tug against the tide,
First must your weary galleys keep
Long vigils on the Ausonian deep,
Must pass the lurid lake of ghosts
And skirt Ææan Circe's coasts,

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Ere, free from danger, you may found
Your city on the destined ground.
Now hear the tokens I impart,
And store them up within your heart.
When, as you roam in anxious mood
Beside a still sequestered flood,
'Neath fringing holms before your eye
A thirty-farrowed sow shall lie,
Her white length stretching o'er the ground,
Her young, as white, her teats around:
That spot shall see the promised town,
Shall see Troy's heavy load laid down.
Nor shudder at the doom of dread
That tells of eating boards for bread:
Fate in her time shall find a way,
And Phœbus waits on souls that pray.
But, for Italia's neighbor shore,
On whose near beach our billows roar,
Avoid it: there in every place
Has settled Argos' hated race.
Here Locrian tribes, from Naryx come,
Have found them an Italian home:
Here o'er Salentum's conquered plains
Idomeneus the Cretan reigns:
While here Petilia's tiny tower
Is manned by Philoctetes' power.
Nay, when upon Italian land,
Transported o'er the main, you stand
And pay your offerings on the strand,
Ere yet you light your altars, spread
A purple covering o'er your head,
Lest sudden bursting on your sight
Some hostile presence mar the rite.
Thus worship you, and thus your train,
And sons unborn the rite retain.

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But when Sicilia's shore you near
And dim Pelorus' strait grows clear,
Seek the south coast, though long the run
To make its round: the northern shun.
These lands, they say, by rupture strange
(So much can time's dark process change)
Were cleft in sunder long agone,
When erst the twain had been but one:
Between them rushed the deep, and rent
The island from the continent,
And now with interfusing tides
'Twixt severed lands and cities glides.
There Scylla guards the right-hand coast:
The left is fell Charybdis' post;
Thrice from the lowest gulf she draws
The water down her giant jaws,
Thrice sends it foaming back to day,
And deluges the heaven with spray.
But Scylla crouches in the gloom
Deep in a cavern's monstrous womb;
Thence darts her ravening mouth, and drags
The helpless vessels on the crags.
Above she shows a human face
And breasts resembling maiden grace:
Below, 'tis all a hideous whale,
Wolf's belly linked to dolphin's tail.
Far better past Pachynus' cape
Your journey's tedious circuit shape,
Than catch one glimpse of Scylla's cell
And hear those grisly hellhounds yell.
And now, if Helenus speak sooth,
If Phœbus fill his soul with truth,
One charge, one sovereign charge I press,
And stamp it with reiterate stress
Deep in your memory: first of all
On Juno, mighty Juno, call:

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Pay vows to Juno: overbear
Her queenly soul with gift and prayer:
So, wafted o'er Trinacria's main,
Italia you at length shall gain.
There when you land at Cumæ's town,
Where forests o'er Avernus frown,
Your eyes shall see the frenzied maid
Who spells the future in the shade
Of her deep cavern, and consigns
To scattered leaves her mystic lines.
These, when the words of fate are traced,
She leaves within her cavern placed:
Awhile they rest in order ranged,
The sequence and the place unchanged.
But should the breeze through chance-oped door
Whirl them in air 'twixt roof and floor,
She lets them flutter, nor takes pain
To set them in their rank again:
The pilgrims unresolved return,
And her prophetic threshold spurn.
So do not you: nor count too dear
The hours you lavish on the seer,
But, though your comrades chide your stay
And breezes whisper 'hence away,'
Approach her humbly, and entreat
Herself the presage to repeat,
And open of her own free choice
The prisoned flow of tongue and voice.
The martial tribes of Italy,
The story of your wars to be,
And how to face, or how to fly
Each cloud that darkens on your sky,
Her lips shall tell, and with success
The remnant of your journey bless.
Thus far may run these words of mine.
Go on, and make our Troy divine.'

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So spoke the seer, and as he ends
Rich presents to my vessel sends:
Carved ivory and massy gold
And silver stores he in the hold,
And caldrons of Dodona's mould,
A hauberk twined of golden chain,
A helm adorned with flowing mane,
Which Pyrrhus wore: nor lacks my sire
Due bounty, matching his desire.
He finds us horses, finds us guides,
And oars and equipage provides.
Meantime Anchises bids to sail,
Nor longer cheat the expectant gale:
And thus Apollo's seer addressed
In courteous phrase his ancient guest:
'Great chief, fair Venus' honored mate,
Twice saved by heaven from Ilium's fate,
See there Ausonia's coast at hand!
Before your fleet it lies.
Approach, but think not there to rest:
No, skirt it, and pursue your quest:
Far distant that Ausonian land
Which Phœbus signifies:
Pass on in peace,' he cries, 'pass on,
Blest in the affection of your son!
Why task your patience, or delay
The wind fair blowing from the bay?'
Andromache, as loth to part,
Displays the trophies of her art,
And robes Ascanius in the fold
Of Phrygian mantle, wrought with gold,
Nor stints her hand, but from the store
Brings broidered vestments, more and more:
'Nay, take these too, and let them prove
A fond memorial of the love
Of Hector's sometime wife,

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Dear child of Troy, in whom alone
Astyanax, my lost, my own,
Survives in second life!
Like yours his hands, like yours his brow,
Like yours his eyes' bright sheen:
And oh! he might be growing now
In years as fresh and green.'

Hot tear-drops in my eyelids swell,
As thus I speak my last farewell:
'Live and be blest! 'tis sweet to feel
Fate's book is closed and under seal.
For us, alas! that volume stern
Has many another page to turn.
Yours is a rest assured: no more
Of ocean wave to task the oar,
No far Ausonia to pursue,
Still flying, flying from the view.
A mimic Xanthus and a Troy
Framed by yourselves your thoughts employ,
Born (grant it, Heaven!) in happier day
Nor offering Greece so sure a prey.
If Tiber's bank 'tis mine to see
And build the walls my fates decree,
Then shall these kindred towns and towers,
Epirot yours, Hesperian ours,
Sprung from one father long ago,
And partners in a common woe,
Be knit together, heart and soul,
In one fair Troy, one patriot whole:
Such be the legacy we leave,
Such bond for sons unborn to weave!'

Away we speed along the sea
Beneath Ceraunian steeps,

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Where lies the way to Italy,
The shortest o'er the deeps.
The sun comes down, and every height
Is darkened by advancing night.
On earth we stretch us by the tide,
His several oar at each one's side,
Then take our cheer: and slumberous dews
Descend upon our weary crews.
Night had not climbed heaven's topmost steep,
When Palinurus starts from sleep,
Observes each wind with anxious care,
And questions all that stirs in air:
Each star that roams the etherial plain
His eye has noted and explored,
Arcturus, Hyads, and the Wain,
And bright Orion's golden sword:
He sees all calm, without a cloud;
Then from the stern he signals loud.
We shift our camp, attempt the way,
And to the breeze our vans display.
Now the red morning from the sky
Had chased the starry host,
When from afar dim hills we spy,
Italia's lowly coast:
'Italia!' cries Achates first:
'Italia!' peals the joyous burst
Of welcome from each crew:
My sire Anchises wreathes with flowers
A brimming cup, and calls the powers,
Full on the stern in view:
'Gods of the sea, the land, the air,
Waft our smooth course with breezes fair.'
The winds blow freshly o'er the sky:
The port grows wider to the eye,
And on the cliff in prospect plain
Is seen Minerva's hallowed fane.

BAYERISCHE STAATS-BIBLIOTHEK MÜNCHEN
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My comrades furl their sails, and stand,
Still rowing onward, for the land.
The port is hollowed in a bay,
Concealed by crags that, lashed with spray,
Confront the billows' roar:
On each side runs a rocky line
With arm extended, and the shrine
Moves backward from the shore.
First token of our fate, we see
Four snowwhite horses pasturing free:
'War is thy portance, stranger soil,
War,' cries my sire, 'the charger's toil,
'Tis war these grazers threat:
Yet may e'en such one day submit
To bear the yoke and champ the bit:
Aye, peace may bless us yet.'
Then martial Pallas we adore,
The first who welcomes us to shore,
And standing at the altars spread
A Phrygian covering o'er our head:
And mindful of the great command
By Helenus expressly given,
We burn the oblations of our hand
To Argive Juno, queen of heaven.

Our vows all paid, again to sea
We turn the vessels' head,
And leave the Grecian colony,
The land of doubt and dread.
Thy bay, Tarentum, next we view,
Herculean town, if fame say true:
Against it on the steep is seen
Lacinium's venerable queen,
And lofty Caulon's towers appear,
And Scylaceum, sailors' fear.

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Then distant darkening on the sky
Trinacrian Ætna meets the eye;
We hear the sea's stupendous roar
And broken voices on the shore:
The waters from the deep upboil,
And surf and sand the depth turmoil.
'Charybdis!' cries my sire, 'behold
The rocks that Helenus foretold!
Haste, haste, my friends, together ply
Your oars, and from destruction fly.'
So said, so done: each heeds and hears:
First Palinure to southward steers,
And southward, southward all the rest
With sail and oar their flight addressed.
Now to the sky mounts up the ship,
Now to the very shades we dip.
Thrice in the depth we feel the shock
Of billows thundering on the rock,
Thrice see the spray upheaved in mist,
And dewy stars by foam-drops kissed.
At last, bereft of wind and sun,
Upon the Cyclops' shore we run.

The port is sheltered from the blast,
Its compass unconfined and vast:
But Ætna with her voice of fear
In weltering chaos thunders near.
Now pitchy clouds she belches forth
Of cinders red and vapor swarth,
And from her caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky:
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Disploded rocks, her heart's rent strings,
And lava torrents hurls to day,
A burning gulf of fiery spray.

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'Tis said Enceladus' huge frame,
Heart-stricken by the avenging flame,
Is prisoned here, and underneath
Gasps through each vent his sulphurous breath:
And still as his tired side shifts round
Trinacria echoes to the sound
Through all its length, while clouds of smoke
The living soul of ether choke.
All night, by forest branches screened,
We writhe as 'neath some torturing fiend,
Nor know the horror's cause:
For stars were none, nor welkin bright
With heavenly fires, but blank black night
The stormy moon withdraws.

And now the day-star, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew:
When from the wood, all ghastly wan,
A stranger form, resembling man,
Comes running forth, and takes its way
With suppliant gesture to the bay.
We turn, and look on limbs besmeared
With direst filth, a length of beard,
A dress with thorns held tight:
In all beside, a Greek his style,
Who in his country's arms erewhile
Had sailed at Troy to fight.
Soon as our Dardan arms he saw,
Brief space he stood in wildering awe
And checked his speed: then toward the shore
With cries and weeping onward bore:
'By heaven and heaven's blest powers, I pray,
And life's pure breath, this light of day,
Receive me, Trojans: o'er the seas
Transport me wheresoe'er you please.

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I ask no further. Aye, 'tis true,
I once was of the Danaan crew,
And levied war on Troy:
If all too deep that crime's red stain,
Then fling me piecemeal to the main
And 'mid the waves destroy.
If death is certain, let me die
By hands that share humanity.'
He ended, and before us flung
About our knees in suppliance clung.
His name, his race we bid him show
And what the story of his woe:
Anchises' self his hands extends
And bids the trembler count us friends.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied.

'From Ithaca, my home, I came,
And Achemenides my name,
The comrade of Ulysses' woes:
For Troy I left my father's door,
Poor Adamastus — both were poor —
Ah! would these fates had been as those!
Me, in their eager haste to fly
The scene of hideous butchery,
My unreflecting countrymen
Left in the Cyclop's savage den.
All foul with gore that banquet-room,
Immense and dreadful in its gloom.
He, lofty towering, strikes the skies
(Snatch him, ye Gods, from mortal eyes!):
No kindly look e'er crossed his face,
Ne'er oped his lips in courteous grace;
The limbs of wretches are his food:
He champs their flesh, and quaffs their blood.

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I saw, when his enormous hand
Plucked forth two victims from our band,
Swung round, and on the threshold dashed,
While all the floor with blood was splashed:
I saw him grind them, bleeding fresh,
And close his teeth on quivering flesh:
Not unrequited: such a wrong
My wily chieftain brooked not long:
E'en in that dire extreme of ill
Ulysses was Ulysses still.
For when o'ercome with sleep and wine
Along the cave he lay supine,
Ejecting from his monstrous maw
Wine mixed with gore and gobbets raw,
We pray to Heaven, our parts dispose,
And in a circle round him close,
With sharpened point that eyeball pierce
Which 'neath his brow glared lone and fierce,
Like Argive shield or sun's broad light,
And thus our comrades' death requite.
But fly, unhappy, fly, and tear
Your anchors from the shore:
For vast as Polyphemus there
Guards, feeds, and milks his fleecy care,
On the sea's margin make their home
And o'er the lofty mountains roam
A hundred Cyclops more.
Three moons their circuit nigh have made,
Since in wild den or woodland shade
My wretched life I trail,
See Cyclops stalk from rock to rock,
And tremble at their footsteps' shock,
And at their voices quail.
Hard cornel fruits that life sustain,
And grasses gathered from the plain.

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Long looking round, at last I scanned
Your vessels bearing to the strand.
Whate'er you proved, I vowed me yours:
Enough, to scape these bloody shores.
Become yourselves my slayers, and kill
This destined wretch which way you will.'

E'en as he spoke, or e'er we deem,
Down from the lofty rock
We see the monster Polypheme
Advancing 'mid his flock,
In quest the well-known shore to find,
Huge, awful, hideous, ghastly, blind.
A pine-tree, plucked from earth, makes strong
His tread, and guides his steps along.
His sheep upon their master wait,
Sole joy, sole solace of his fate.
Soon as he touched the ocean waves
And reached the level flood,
Groaning and gnashing fierce, he laves
His socket from the blood,
And through the deepening water strides,
While scarce the billows bathe his sides.
With wildered haste we speed our flight,
Admit the suppliant, as of right,
And noiseless loose the ropes:
Our quick oars sweep the blue profound:
The giant hears, and toward the sound
With outstretched hands he gropes.
But when he grasps and grasps in vain,
Still headed by the Ionian main,
To heaven he lifts a monstrous roar,
Which sends a shudder through the waves,
Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
And echoing runs through Ætna's caves.

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From rocks and woods the Cyclop host
Rush startled forth, and crowd the coast.
There glaring fierce we see them stand
In idle rage, a hideous band,
The sons of Ætna, carrying high
Their towering summits to the sky:
So on a height stand clustering trees,
Tall oaks, or cone-clad cypresses,
The stately forestry of Jove,
Or Dian's venerable grove.
Fierce panic bids us set our sail,
And stand to catch the first fair gale.
But stronger e'en than present fear
The thought of Helenus the seer,
Who counselled still those seas to fly
Where Scylla and Charybdis lie:
That path of double death we shun,
And think a backward course to run.
When lo! from out Pelorus' strait
The northern breezes blow:
We pass Pantagia's rocky gate,
And Megara, where vessels wait,
And Thapsus, pillowed low.
So, measuring back familiar seas,
Land after land before us shows
The rescued Achemenides,
The comrade of Ulysses' woes.

Before Sicania's harbor deep,
Against Plemyrium's billowy steep,
Ortygia's island lies:
Alpheus, Elis' stream, they say,
Beneath the seas here found his way,
And now his waters interfuse
With thine, O fountain Arethuse,
Beneath Sicilian skies.

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We pray to those high powers: and then
Pass rich Helorus' stagnant fen.
Pachynus' lofty cliffs we graze,
    Projecting o'er the main,
And Camarina meets our gaze,
    Which fate forbad to drain,
And Gela's fields, and Gela's wall,
And Gela's stream, that names them all.
High towering Acragas succeeds,
The sire one day of generous steeds:
Selinus' palms I leave behind
And Lilybeum's shallows blind.
Then Drepanum becomes my host,
And takes me to its joyless coast.
All tempest-tost and weary, there
I lose my stay in every care,
My sire Anchises! Snatched in vain
From death, you leave me with my pain,
Dear father! Not the Trojan seer
In all that catalogue of fear,
Not dire Celæno dared foreshow
This irremediable blow!
That was the limit of my woes:
There all my journeyings found their close:
'Twas thence I parted, to be driven
On this your coast, by will of heaven."

So king Æneas told his tale
    While all beside were still,
Rehearsed the fortunes of his sail,
    And fate's mysterious will:
Then to its close his legend brought,
And gladly took the rest he sought.

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BOOK IV.

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ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter despatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this Book concludes.

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BOOK IV.

Not so the queen: a deep wound drains
The healthful current of her veins:
Long since the unsuspected flame
Has fastened on her fevered frame:
Much dwells she on the chief divine,
Much on the glories of his line:
Each look is pictured in her breast,
Each word: nor passion lets her rest.

Soon as Aurora, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew,
Behold her thus her care impart
To the fond sister of her heart:

"What portents, Anna, sister dear,
Possess my troubled dreams!
What strange unwonted guest is here!
How hero-like he seems!
How bold his port! how fair his face!
'Tis no vain tale, his heavenly race.
Fear proves a base-born soul: but he —
What perils his from war and sea!
Were not my purpose fixed as fate
With none in wedlock's band to mate,
Since my first passion falsely played
And left me by grim death betrayed —

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Were bed and bridal aught but pain,
Perchance I had been weak again.
Dear Anna! aye, I will confess,
Since that wild moment of distress
When poor Sychæus foully bled,
And brother's crime a home made red,
He, he alone has touched my heart,
And made my faltering purpose start.
E'en in these ashen embers cold
I feel the spark I felt of old.
But first for me may Earth unseal
The horrors of her womb,
Or Jove with awful thunderpeal
Dismiss me into gloom,
The gloom of Orcus' dim twilight,
Or deeper still, primeval night,
Ere wound I thee, my woman's fame,
Or disallow thy sacred claim.
My heart to him on whom 't was set
Has passed: and let him hold it yet,
And keep it in his tomb."
She said, and speaking bathed her breast
With tears that would not be repressed.

Then Anna "Sweeter than the day
To your fond sister's eye!
And will you pine your youth away
In loveless fantasy,
Nor wedded joy, nor children know,
As constancy were prized below?
Grant that no noble suitor yet
Has made your widowed heart forget,
In Libya now, as erst at Tyre:
Iarbas, and the rest who reign
In haughty Afric sued in vain:
But would you quench a welcome fire?

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Bethink you further, whose the ground
That hems your infant city round.
Here lie Gætulian cantons rude,
A race untamed in battle-feud,
The Nomad, reinless as his steed,
And tribes that churlish Syrtes breed:
There regions parched and summer-dried,
And Barca's people, prowling wide.
Why talk of menaces from Tyre,
The mutterings of fraternal ire?
'Twas heaven and Juno's grace that bore,
I ween, these Trojans to our shore.
How glorious then my sister's towers,
How vast her empire's rising powers,
Linked to so grand a fate!
With Teucrian armies at its side,
To what a pinnacle of pride
Will mount the Punic state!
Pray you to heaven: that favor gained,
Give hospitality its sweep,
And hold him still by pleas detained,
While fierce Orion rules the deep,
While shattered vessels fear the wind,
While skies are sullen and unkind."
With words like these her sister piled
Fresh fuel on the flame,
Bade doubt be hopeful, and beguiled
The fears of woman's fame.

First they implore the powers divine,
And ask for peace from shrine to shrine.
Choice sheep of two years' age are slain,
As ceremonial rules ordain,
To Ceres, law's eternal spring,
To Phœbus, and Lyæus king,
But chief to Juno, who presides
Supreme o'er bridegrooms and o'er brides.

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In radiant beauty Dido stands,
A brimming goblet in her hands,
And pours it, studious of the rite,
Between the horns of heifer white,
Or with the Gods in view moves slow
Where tributary altars glow,
With rich oblations crowns the feast,
Then gazes on the slaughtered beast,
And in the heart's yet quivering strings
Spells out the lore of hidden things.
Alas! but seers are blind to day:
Can vows, can sacrifice allay
A frantic lover's smart?
The very marrow of her frame
Is turning all the while to flame,
The wound is at her heart.
Unhappy Dido! all ablaze
In frenzy through the town she strays:
E'en as a deer whom from afar
A swain in desultory war,
Where Cretan woods are thick,
Has pierced, as 'mid the trees she lies,
And all unknowing of his prize
Has left the dart to stick:
She wanders lawn and forest o'er,
While the fell shaft still drinks her gore.
Now through the city of her pride
She walks, Æneas at her side,
Displays the stores of Sidon's trade,
And stately homes already made:
Begins, but stops she knows not why,
And lets the imperfect utterance die.
Now, as the sunlight wears away,
She seeks the feast of yesterday,
Enquires once more of Troy's eclipse,
And hangs once more upon his lips.

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Then, when the guests have gone their ways
And the dim moon withdraws her rays,
And setting stars to slumber call,
Alone she mourns in that lone hall,
Clasps the dear couch where late he lay,
Beholds him, hears him far away;
Or keeps Ascanius on her knees,
And in the son the father sees,
Might she but steal one peaceful hour
From love's ungovernable power.
No more the growing towers arise,
No more in martial exercise
The youth engage, make strong the fort,
Or shape the basin to a port:
The works all slack and aimless lie,
Grim bastions, looming from on high,
And monster cranes that mate the sky.

Whom when imperial Juno saw
With passion so possessed
Too tyrannous for shame to awe,
She Venus' ear addressed:
"A glorious triumph you enjoy:
Vast spoil must be to share
'Twixt Venus and her conquering boy:
Two gods have cunning to destroy
A single earthly fair.
Nor has it 'scaped me that you dread
This town that lifts so proud a head:
Let Carthage open as she will
Her homes, your heart mistrusts her still.
But must suspicion never cease?
Or why so fierce a fight?
What if we make a lasting peace,
And marriage treaties plight?

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See, you have gained your heart's desire:
Lost Dido's blood is turned to fire.
Then rule we race and race as one,
With equal plenitude of power:
Your Phrygian yoke she e'en shall don,
And bring her Tyrians as her dower."

Then Venus — for the drift she saw
Of her too gracious host,
Who fain would Latium's empire draw
To Libya's favored coast —
Thus answered: "Who would say you no,
And choose you not for friend but foe,
Could he but feel, your pleasure done,
The wished-for consequence were won?
But ah! I stand in doubt of fate:
Would Jupiter desire
To merge in one promiscuous state
The sons of Troy and Tyre,
Let nations thus their lives unite,
And common federation plight?
His consort you: you best may move
His heart with urgency of love.
Advance: I follow where you lead."
Heaven's empress made return:
"That task be mine: now, how to speed
Our nearer purpose, grant your heed,
And briefly you shall learn.
Æneas and the unhappy queen
Are bound to hunt in woodland green,
Soon as to-morrow's sun displays
His orb, and lights the world with rays.
Then, when the hunter-train beset
The forest walks with dog and net,
A furious tempest I will send,
And all the heaven with thunder rend.

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The rest shall scatter far and wide,
Well pleased in thickest night to hide,
While Dido and the Trojan king
Chance to the self-same cave shall bring:
And there myself, your will once known,
Will make her his, and his alone.
Thus shall they wed." Love's queen assents:
Smiles at the fraud, but not prevents.

The morn meantime from ocean rose:
Forth from the gates with daybreak goes
The silvan regiment:
Thin nets are there, and spears of steel,
And there Massylian riders wheel,
And dogs of keenest scent.
Before the chamber of her state
Long time the Punic nobles wait
The appearing of the queen:
With gold and purple housings fit
Stands her proud steed, and champs the bit
His foaming jaws between.
At length with long attendant train
She comes: her scarf of Tyrian grain,
With broidered border decked:
Of gold her quiver: knots of gold
Confine her hair: her vesture's fold
By golden clasp is checked.
The Trojans and Iulus gay
In glad procession take their way.
Æneas, comeliest of the throng,
Joins their proud ranks, and steps along.
As when from Lycia's wintry airs
To Delos' isle Apollo fares;
There Agathyrsian, Dryop, Crete,
In dances round his altar meet:

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He on the heights of Cynthus moves,
And binds his hair's loose flow
With cincture of the leaf he loves:
Behind him sounds his bow:
So firm Æneas' graceful tread,
So bright the glories round his head.

Now to the mountain-slopes they come,
And tangled woods, the silvan's home;
See! startled from the craggy brow,
Wild goats run hurrying down below:
There, yet more timid, bands of deer
Scour the wide plains in full career,
And turn their backs on wood and height,
While dust-clouds gather o'er their flight.
But young Ascanius on his steed
With boyish ardor glows,
And now in ecstasy of speed
He passes these, now those:
For him too peaceful and too tame
The pleasure of the hunted game:
He longs to see the foaming boar,
Or hear the tawny lion's roar.

Meantime, loud thunder-peals resound,
And hail and rain the sky confound:
And Tyrian chiefs and sons of Troy,
And Venus' care, the princely boy,
Seek each his shelter, winged with dread,
While torrents from the hills run red.
Driven haply to the same retreat
The Dardan chief and Dido meet.
Then Earth, the venerable dame,
And Juno give the sign:
Heaven lightens with attesting flame,
And bids its torches shine,

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And from the summit of the peak
The nymphs shrill out the nuptial shriek.

That day she first began to die:
That day first taught her to defy
The public tongue, the public eye.
No secret love is Dido's aim:
She calls it marriage now; such name
She chooses to conceal her shame.

Now through the towns of Libya's sons
Her progress Fame begins,
Fame than who never plague that runs
Its way more swiftly wins:
Her very motion lends her power:
She flies and waxes every hour.
At first she shrinks, and cowers for dread:
Ere long she soars on high:
Upon the ground she plants her tread,
Her forehead in the sky.
Wroth with Olympus, parent Earth
Brought forth the monster to the light,
Last daughter of the giant birth,
With feet and rapid wings for flight.
Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame!
For every plume that clothes her frame
An eye beneath the feather peeps,
A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps.
Hurtling 'twixt earth and heaven she flies
By night, nor bows to sleep her eyes:
Perched on a roof or tower by day
She fills great cities with dismay;
How oft soe'er the truth she tell,
She loves a falsehood all too well.
Such now from town to town she flew
With rumors mixed of false and true:

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Tells of Æneas come to land,
Whom Dido graces with her hand:
Now, lost to shame, the enamored pair
The winter in soft dalliance wear,
Nor turn their passion-blinded eyes
On kingdoms rising or to rise.
Such viperous seed, where'er she goes,
On tongue and lip the goddess sows:
Then seeks Iarbas, stirs his ire,
And fans resentment into fire.

He, born a son of Ammon's race,
From Garamantian Nymph's embrace,
Had raised within his wide domains
To parent Jove a hundred fanes:
There hallowed to his mighty sire
For ever lives the vigil fire;
Fresh victim-blood makes rich the ground,
And with gay wreaths the doors are crowned.
And he, 'tis said, with fierce disdain,
The rumor maddening in his brain,
'Mid altars charged with princely gifts
To Jove in prayer his hands uplifts:
"Great Sire, to whom beneath my reign
The Moors reclined on purple grain
Lenæan offerings pour,
Behold'st thou this? or when the spheres
Thou shak'st, are ours but empty fears?
Do lightnings cleave the skies in vain,
And thunders idly roar?
A dame, who, on my frontier thrown,
Bought leave to build a puny town,
To whom ourselves, as lords, allow
A strip of barren coast to plough,
Has spurned our proffered hand, and ta'en
Æneas o'er her realm to reign.

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And now this Paris, with his band
Of gallants, like himself, unmanned,
His essenced hair in Lydian wise
With turban bound, enjoys the prize:
We kneel in temples known as thine,
And nurse a fame we dream divine."

Thus at the altar as he prayed
The Father heard his prayer,
And, turning, Carthage town surveyed,
And that besotted pair:
Then summons Mercury to fulfil
The charge of his almighty will:
"Go forth, my son, command the gales,
And spread for flight thy feathery sails;
Haste to the Dardan chief who waits
In Carthage, heedless of the fates
That grant him other crowns, and bear
My mandate through the bounding air.
No recreant his fair mother swore
Our eyes should see in him she bore
Twice from the grasp of doom:
No — but a chief of force to sway
Italia, charged with battle fray,
With empire in its womb,
The pride of Teucer's blood maintain,
And bow all nations to his reign.
If zeal no more his soul inflame
To labor for his own fair fame,
Yet can the sire behold his child
Of Rome's imperial hills beguiled?
What prospect lures him, day by day
Thus 'mid a hostile race to stay,
Blind to the hopes by fate decreed,
Lavinium's realm, Ausonia's seed?

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No, let him sail: that word in one
Says all: be thus our errand done."

The god his father's bidding plies:
And first around his feet he ties
His golden wings, that take the breeze
And waft him high o'er earth or seas:
Then grasps his rod, that calls to light
Pale ghosts, or plunges them in night,
Induces sleep or bids it fly,
And opes again the dead man's eye.
That rod in hand, he drives the gales,
Or cleaves his way through misty veils.
Now the tall peak and sides he spies
Of Atlas, who supports the skies,
Of Atlas, o'er whose pine-crowned head
An awful haze of clouds is spread,
While wintry blast and driving sleet
For ever on his temples beat:
The snow-drift robes his shoulders bleak:
The torrent courses down his cheek,
And points, as winds its waters warp,
His beard with ice-flakes, keen and sharp.
Poised on his wings, here Hermes stood;
Then stooped him headlong to the flood,
E'en as a bird that skims the tide,
Low coasts and fishy rocks beside.
So 'twixt the earth and heaven he sails,
So parts the sand-beach from the gales,
As from his mother's sire he fares,
Cyllene's God, through Libyan airs.

Soon as his feet, as winged for flight,
On Carthaginian ground alight,
He sees Æneas full in view
Planning fresh towers and dwellings new:

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His sword-hilt gleamed with jasper-stone:
A scarf was o'er his shoulders thrown
Of Tyrian purple: Dido's loom
Had streaked with gold its glowing bloom.
The god begins: — "And here you stay,
Content the obsequious lord to play
And beautify your lady's town,
Indifferent to your own renown!
He, he, the Sire, enthroned on high,
Whose nod strikes awe through earth and sky,
He sends me down, and bids me bear
His mandate through the bounding air.
What make you here? what cherished scheme
Tempts you in Libyan land to dream?
If zeal no more your soul inflame
To labor for your own fair fame,
Let young Ascanius claim your care:
Regard the promise of your heir,
To whom, by warranty of fate,
The Italian crown, the Roman state,
Of right are owing." Hermes said,
And e'en in speaking passed and fled:
One moment beamed on mortal eyes,
Then mingled with the ambient skies.

Æneas heard, aghast, amazed,
His speech tongue-tied, his hair upraised.
Appalled by Heaven's austere command,
He yearns to leave the dear, dear land.
But how to fly? or how accost
The queen, by eddying passion tost?
How charm the ravings of distress?
What choice to make, when hundreds press?
So by conflicting cares distraught,
This way and that he whirls his thought,

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Till in the tumult of his breast
One counsel dominates the rest.
Sergestus and Serestus tried
He calls with Mnestheus to his side:
Bids them unmarked their barks equip,
And muster all the crews to ship,
Armed as for fight, yet veil from view
The spring that moves designs so new:
Himself, as chance may serve, the while,
Since Dido, innocent of guile,
Still dreams her happy dream, nor thinks
That aught can break those golden links,
Will watch the hour, and strive to soothe
When time is ripe and access smooth.
Well-pleased, they give their eager heed
And act his will with duteous speed.

But Dido soon — can aught beguile
Love's watchful eye? — perceived his wile:
She feels each stirring of the air,
And e'en in safety dreads a snare.
Once more fell Fame reports the news
Of barks equipped and mustering crews.
She raves in impotence of soul,
Storms through the town, and spurns control:
So when the clanging shrine is stirred,
And Bacchus! Bacchus! is the word,
The Thyiad starts from sleep, and flies
Where through the night Cithæron cries.
Soon on Æneas, unaddressed,
She pours the frenzy of her breast:
"What? would the wretch his crime conceal,
And, like a thief, from Carthage steal?
Nor present love, nor hand once plight,
Nor dying Dido stays your flight?

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Nay, you would sail 'neath winter's sky,
And through the rush of tempests fly,
Ah cruel! Sure, if lands unknown
Were not to seek, were Troy your own,
E'en for that Troy, your ancient home,
You ne'er would cross yon angry foam.
From me you fly! Ah! let me crave,
By these poor tears, that hand you gave —
Since, parting with my woman's pride,
My madness leaves me nought beside —
By that our wedlock, by the rite
Which, but begun, could yet unite,
If e'er my kindness held you bound,
If e'er in me your joy you found,
Look on this falling house, and still,
If prayer can touch you, change your will.
For you I angered Libyan hordes,
Woke jealous hate in Nomad lords,
Lost Tyrian hearts: for you, the same,
I trampled on my own good name,
That wifely honor, which alone
Had placed me on a starry throne.
Think, think to whom you make bequest
Of dying Dido, gentle guest!
Since fate but that cold name allows
To him whom once I called my spouse.
Why should I live to see my town
By my fierce brother battered down,
Or e'en myself a captive led
To Moor Iarbas' bridal bed?
Ah! had I, ere you chose to rove,
Ta'en from your arms some pledge of love,
Some child Æneas to recall
Your face, and gambol in my hall,
The sire had cheered me in the son,
Nor had I seemed so all undone."

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She ended. He by Jove's behest
His eyes unblenching held,
And prisoned deep within his breast
The grief that upward swelled:
Then briefly spoke: "Your favors count,
I question not the vast amount;
While memory lasts and pulses beat,
The thought of Dido shall be sweet.
Now hear my plea, fair queen, in brief;
I hoped not, trust me, like a thief,
By stealth to quit your coast:
I never lit the marriage flame,
Nor gloried in a husband's name:
The covenant to which I came
Spoke but of guest and host.
Would Fate indulge me at my will,
My lot to mould, my cares to still,
Old Troy should claim my chiefest pains
To wake to life its dear remains,
And Priam's hall and Priam's tower
Should nurse the vanquished into power.
But now Grynean prophecies
On Latium bid me fix my eyes;
For Latium Lycia's lots declare:
There is my heart, my home is there.
If, Tyrian born, you linger here,
And find a Libyan city dear,
Why grudge to Troy her Latian home?
We too have realms beyond the foam.
My sire, Anchises, oft as night
Invests the world, and stars are bright,
Warns me in sleep with wrathful frown,
And scares me on my couch of down.
Yet louder pleads the injury done
Each moment to my darling son,

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Defrauded of Hesperia's reign,
And barred from lands the fates ordain.
Now too the messenger divine —
I swear it by your life and mine —
Comes down from Jove himself, to bear
Heaven's mandate through the bounding air.
I saw him pass the walls, and heard
E'en with these ears his warning word.
Then vex no more yourself and me:
'Tis Heaven, not I, that calls to sea."

Thus, as he spoke, long time askance
She marked him with quick-darting glance,
Swept o'er his frame her silent eyes:
Then, blazing out in fury, cries:
"No goddess bore you, traitorous man:
No Dardanus your race began:
No — 'twas from Caucasus you sprung,
And tigers nursed you with their young.
Why longer wear the mask, as though
I waited for some heavier blow?
Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine?
Moved he those hard impassive eyne?
Did one kind drop of pity fall
At thought of her who gave him all?
What first, what last? Now, now I know
Queen Juno's self has turned my foe:
Not e'en Saturnian Jove is just:
No faith on earth, in heaven no trust.
A shipwrecked wanderer up and down,
I made him share my home, my crown:
His shattered fleet, his needy crew
From fire and famine's jaws I drew.
Ah, Furies whirl me! now divine
Apollo, now the Lycian shrine,

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Now heaven's own herald comes, to bear
His grisly mandate through the air!
Aye, Gods above ply tasks like these:
Such cares disturb their life of ease. —
I loathe your person, scorn your pleas.
Go, seek your kingdom o'er the foam,
Hunt with the winds your Latian home.
Yet, yet I trust, if Heaven do right,
That fate shall find you 'mid your flight,
Wrecked on some rock remote from shore
And calling Dido o'er and o'er:
Dido shall fasten on her prey
In sulphurous fires, though far away:
And when her life and limbs divide
Her ghost shall never quit your side:
Yes, blood for blood! your cry of woe,
Base wretch, shall reach me down below."
Her speech half done, she breaks away,
And, sickening, shuns the light of day,
And tears her from his gaze,
While he, with thousand things to say,
Still falters and delays:
Her servants lift the sinking fair,
And to her marble chamber bear.

But good Æneas, though he fain
Would follow and console her pain,
With many a groan, his mighty breast
Shaken all o'er with love suppressed,
Bows ne'ertheless to Heaven's command
And swiftly hies him to the strand.
Roused by the night, the Trojan train
Haul down their navy to the main:
Some launch the vessels, some careen:
Rough oars they bring, still leafy green,

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And timber shapeless as it grew,
In zeal to fly, the eager crew:
You see them hurry to the shore
And forth from all the city pour:
E'en as when ants industrious toil
Some mighty heap of corn to spoil,
And mindful of the cold to come
Convey their new-won booty home:
There moves the column long and black,
And threads the grass with one thin track:
Some laboring with their shoulders strong
Heave huge and heavy grains along:
Some force the stragglers into file:
The pathway seethes and glows the while.
What felt you, Dido, in that hour?
What groans escaped you then,
Beholding from your lofty tower
The coast alive with men,
And all the port before your eyes
One tumult of conflicting cries?
Curst love! what lengths of tyrant scorn
Wreak'st not on those of woman born?
Once more affection's tear must start,
Once more must prayers essay their art;
Once more that high and haughty soul
Must suppliant stoop to love's control,
Lest aught of aid untried remain,
And Dido rush on death in vain.

"See, Anna, how their crews collect;
O'er all the shore they crowd:
The sails are spread; the stems are decked
With festal garlands proud.
Enough; my heart foresaw this ill,
And, sister, I shall bear it still.

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Yet once, but once your succor lend:
'Twas you the wretch would make his friend,
To you his secret thoughts confide:
You only know his softer side.
Go now, my sister, suppliant go,
And thus accost our haughty foe;
Not I with Greece at Aulis joined
To sweep his Trojans from mankind;
I sent no fleet to Ilium's coast,
Nor vexed Anchises' buried ghost;
Why should he change his ears to stone,
And close their portals on my moan?
One boon I sue for — let him bide
Till fair the breeze and smooth the tide.
Not now I ask him to restore
The ancient marriage he forswore,
Resign his lovely Latian town,
Or abdicate Italia's crown.
My prayer is for a transient grace,
To give this madness breathing-space,
Till fortune's discipline shall school
My vanquished heart to grieve by rule.
Vouchsafe this aid, the last I crave,
And take requital from my grave."

So pleads she: and her woful prayers
Again, again her sister bears:
He stands immovable by tears,
Nor tenderest words with pity hears.
Fate bars the way: a hand above
His gentle ears makes deaf to love.
As some strong oak, the mountain's pride,
Fierce Alpine blasts on either side
Are striving to o'erthrow:
It creaks and strains beneath the shock,
And from the weather-beaten stock
Thick leaves the ground bestrow:

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Yet firm it stands; high as its crown
Towers up to heaven, so deep goes down
Its root to worlds below:
So in this storm of prayers the chief
Thrills through and through with manly grief:
Unchanged his heart's resolves remain,
And falling tears are idle rain.

Then, maddened by her destiny,
Unhappy Dido prays to die:
'Tis weary to look up and see
The overarching sky.
It chanced, to fortify her heart
And steel her purpose to depart,
Before the altar as she stands
She sees a blackness gather o'er
The chalice mantling in her hands,
And wine — O horror! — turns to gore.
Not e'en into her sister's ear
She dared to breathe that tale of fear.
Beside, within her courts a fane
There stood, of marble's purest grain,
Where oft she wont to render vows: —
The chapel of her ancient spouse,
Wreathed with white wool and sacred boughs:
Thence, when the dark was over all,
There came a sighing and a call,
As in the dead man's tone:
And midnight's solitary bird,
Death-boding, from the roof was heard
To make its long, long moan.
And prophecies of bygone seers
Ring terror in her wildered ears.
Æneas with unpitying face
Still hounds her in a nightly chase:

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And still companionless she seems
To tread the wilderness of dreams,
And vainly still her Tyrians seek
Through desert-regions, ah, how bleak!
Like frantic Pentheus when he sees
The dragon-eyed Eumenides,
And two red suns appear to rise,
And Thebes looks double to his eyes:
Or as the Atridan matricide
Runs frenzied o'er the scene,
What time with snakes and torches plied
He flees the murdered queen,
While at the threshold of the gate
The sister-fiends expectant wait.

So when, resolved on death, she pressed
That thought of frenzy to her breast,
The time and manner she decides:
Then in her look the purpose hides,
And, calling hope into her cheeks,
Her sorrowing sister thus bespeaks:
"My Anna, I have found a way
(Rejoice o'er Dido's love!)
My spell upon his sense to lay,
Or his from mine remove.
On ocean's marge, where suns descend,
A spot there lies, the Ethiops' end,
Where Atlas on his shoulders rears
The starry fabric of the spheres.
Men show me there, in that far place,
A priestess of Massylian race,
Who kept the Hesperian temple's pale,
And gave the dragon his regale,
Guarding the tree's immortal boughs
With honey-dew and poppy drowse.

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Her charms can cure what souls she please,
Rob other hearts of healthful ease,
Turn rivers backward to their source,
And make the stars forget their course,
And call up ghosts from night:
The ground shall bellow 'neath your feet:
The mountain-ash shall quit its seat,
And travel down the height;
By heaven I swear, and your dear life,
Unwillingly these arms I wield,
And take, to meet the coming strife,
Enchantment's sword and shield.
You in the inner court prepare
A lofty pile 'neath open air:
There duly be the armor placed
Left by the traitor in his haste,
The doffed apparel of our foe,
The bridal bed that wrought my woe:
Whate'er was his is doomed to fire:
So magic bids, and I desire."
She paused: a paleness as of death
Her ghastly features dyes:
Yet Anna dreams not that beneath
These rites a funeral lies:
The frenzy-pitch of love and pride
She knows not — dreams not worse may tide
Than in the hour Sychæus died:
So on her bidding hies.

And now within, beneath the sky,
The pile was rising, heaped on high
With oak and pinewood tree:
The queen enwreathes it round, and weaves
Long chaplets of funereal leaves:
There lays, devoted to the fire,
The sword forgot, the doffed attire,

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And chief, the traitor's effigy,
Well knowing what should be.
The blazing altars stand around:
The priestess, with her hair unbound,
Three hundred gods proclaims,
Grim Erebus and Chaos old,
And Hecat-Dian, power threefold,
Three faces and three names.
Around the lustral stream she flings,
Drawn, so she feigns, from Stygian springs:
And poison-plants by moonlight shorn
She fetches, not unsought:
And love's mysterious token, torn
From forehead of a foal new-born,
Ere by the mother caught.
Before the altars Dido stands
With ritual cake and stainless hands,
One foot unshod, unchecked by bands
Her vesture's ample flow:
There calls on heaven, or ere she die,
And on the starry host on high
That fate's deep counsels know:
And makes her passionate appeal
To gods, if gods there be, that feel
For ill-matched lover's woe.

'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
And on the savage deep:
The stars are in their middle flight:
The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake
In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night:

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All but the hapless queen: to rest
She yields not, nor with eye or breast
The gentle night receives:
Her cares redouble blow on blow:
Love storms, and tossing to and fro,
With billowy passion heaves.
And thus she breathes the thoughts that roll
Tumultuous through her lonely soul:
"What shall I do? make proof once more
Of those who sought my love before,
In suppliance to the Nomads turned,
Whose proffered hand so oft I spurned?
Or shall I tread the Trojan deck,
A menial slave at each one's beck?
As though of gratitude they reck,
Or think of favors done!
Nay, though I wished, what haughty lord
Would take a humbled queen on board?
And know you not, ah wretch forlorn,
The treachery of the seed forsworn
Of false Laomedon?
Then shall I join the shouting crew
Alone, or with my Tyrians true
Attach me to their train,
And hurry those, whom scarce I tore
From Sidon's town, to tempt once more
The perils of the main?
No, die as you deserve, and heal
This anguish with the sharp sure steel.
'Twas you, my sister, first, who, swayed
By my weak tears, my peace betrayed
And gave me to the foe.
Ah! had I lived estranged from love,
Like some wild ranger of the grove,
Nor tampered with this woe,
Or kept at least the faith I vowed
To my Sychæus' funeral shroud!"

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Such plainings burst from that lone heart:
Æneas, ready to depart,
Slept, in his vessel laid,
When Mercury in his dreams was seen
Returning with the self-same mien,
And this monition made,
(The voice, the hair, the blooming cheek,
The graceful limbs the god bespeak):
"What? with such perilous deed in hand,
Infatuate, can you sleep,
Nor see what dangers round you stand,
Nor hear the Zephyrs from the land
Blow fair upon the deep?
She, bent on death, fell crime conceives,
And with tempestuous passion heaves:
And fly you not the net she weaves,
While yet 'tis time for flight?
With vessels all the sea will swarm,
And all the coast with flame be warm,
And fiercely glare the blazing brand,
If, lingering on this Punic land,
You meet the morning light.
Away to sea! a woman's will
Is changeful and uncertain still."
He said, and mixed with night.

The phantom broke Æneas' sleep:
From bed he springs with sudden leap,
And wakes his weary men:
"Quick, rouse you, gallants! catch the gale:
Sit to the oar, unfurl the sail!
A god, commissioned from on high,
Commands us cut our cords and fly:
Behold him yet again!
Yes, gracious Power! whate'er thy style,
We gladly follow and obey:

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O cheer us with propitious smile,
And send fair stars to guide our way!"
He said: his flashing sword outflew,
And shears the mooring ropes in two.
From man to man the flame flies fast:
They scour, they scud: and now the last
Has parted from the shore:
You cannot see the main for ships:
With emulous stroke the oar-blade dips,
And sweeps the water o'er.

Now, rising from Tithonus' bed,
The Dawn on earth her freshness shed:
The queen from off her turret height
Perceives the first dim streak of light,
The fleet careering on its way,
And void and sailless shore and bay;
She smites her breast, all snowy fair,
And rends her golden length of hair:
"Great Jove! and shall he go?" she cries,
"And leave our realm a wanderer's mock?
Quick, snatch your arms and chase the prize,
And drag the vessels from the dock!
Fetch flames, bring darts, ply oars! yet why?
What words are these, or where am I?
Why rave I thus? Those impious deeds —
Poor Dido! now your torn heart bleeds.
Too late! it should have bled that day
When at his feet your sceptre lay.
Lo here, the chief of stainless word,
Who takes his household gods on board,
Whose shoulders safe from sword and fire
Conveyed his venerable sire!
O had I rent him limb from limb
And cast him o'er the waves to swim,
His friends, his own Ascanius killed,
And with the child the father filled!

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Yet danger in the strife had been: —
Who prates of danger here?
A death-devoted, desperate queen,
What foe had I to fear?
No, I had sown the flame broadcast,
Had fired the fleet from keel to mast,
Slain son and sire, stamped out the race,
And thrown at length with steadfast face
Myself upon the bier.
Eye of the world, majestic Sun,
Who see'st whate'er on earth is done,
Thou, Juno, too, interpreter
And witness of the heart's fond stir,
And Hecate, tremendous power,
In cross-ways howled at midnight hour,
Avenging fiends, and gods of death
Who breathe in dying Dido's breath,
Stoop your great powers to ills that plead
To heaven, and my petition heed.
If needs must be that wretch abhorred
Attain the port and float to land;
If such the fate of heaven's high lord,
And so the moveless pillars stand;
Scourged by a savage enemy,
An exile from his son's embrace,
So let him sue for aid, and see
His people slain before his face;
Nor, when to humbling peace at length
He stoops, be his or life or land,
But let him fall in manhood's strength
And welter tombless on the sand.
Such malison to heaven I pour,
A last libation with my gore.
And, Tyrians, you through time to come
His seed with deathless hatred chase:
Be that your gift to Dido's tomb:
No love, no league 'twixt race and race.

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Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde
To-day, to-morrow, through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword:
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are or e'er shall be!"

She ceased, and with her heart debates
How best to leave the life she hates.
Then to Sychæus' nurse she cried
(For hers erewhile at Tyre had died)
"Good nurse, my sister Anna bring:
O'er face and body bid her fling
Pure drops from lustral bough:
So sprinkled come, and at her side
The victims lead: you too provide
A fillet for your brow.
A sacrifice to Stygian Jove
I here perform, to ease my love,
And give to flame the fatal bed
Which pillowed once the Trojan's head."
Thus she: the aged dame gives heed,
And, feebly hurrying, mends her speed.

Then, maddening over crime, the queen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine streaks
Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through inner portals wildly fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bares,
Sad gift, for different uses meant.
She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And, pausing, thought awhile and wept:
Then pressed her to the couch, and spoke
Her last goodnight or ere she slept.

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"Sweet relics of a time of love,
When fate and heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind.
My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave.
A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend,
Chastised for blood of husband spilt
A brother, yet no friend.
Blest lot! yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore."
Then, as she kissed the darling bed,
"To die! and unrevenged!" she said,
"Yet let me die: thus, thus I go
Exulting to the shades below.
Let the false Dardan feel the blaze
That burns me pouring on his gaze,
And bear along, to cheer his way,
The funeral presage of to-day."

Thus as she speaks, the attendant train
Behold her writhing as in pain,
Her hands with slaughter sprinkled o'er,
And the fell weapon spouting gore.
Loud clamors thrill the lofty halls:
Fame shakes the town, confounds, appals:
Each house resounds with women's cries,
And funeral wails assault the skies:
E'en as one day should war o'erthrow
Proud Carthage or her parent Tyre,
And fire-flood stream with furious glow
O'er roof, and battlement, and spire.

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Her sister hears, and, wild with fears,
All breathless through the throng she flies:
Rends cheek of rose, beats breast of snows,
And loud on dying Dido cries:
"Ah sister! was it this you meant,
And am I trapped by guile?
Was this the innocent intent
Of altar-fire and pile?
What first arraign when all is drear?
And might not Anna tarry near
Her Dido's dying bed?
You should have bid me share your doom:
One pang had borne us to the tomb,
One hour the twain had sped.
Nay, with these hands the pile I reared
And called the gods our father feared,
That you might lay you down to die,
And I be absent, heartless I!
See here, yourself and me foredone,
Town, people, princes, all in one!
Bring water from yon running wave:
These bleeding wounds I yet can lave,
And fondly catch whate'er of breath
Is flickering on the lips of death."
She spoke, and speaking mounts the stair,
Clasps to her breast the expiring fair,
Enfolds her in her robe, and dries
The purple that her bosom dyes.
The dull eyes ope, as drowsed by sleep,
Then close: the death-wound gurgles deep.
Thrice on her arm she raised her head,
Thrice sank exhausted on the bed,
Stared with blank gaze aloft, around
For light, and groaned as light she found.

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Then Juno, pitying her long pain,
And all that agony of death,
Sent Iris down to part in twain
The clinging limbs and struggling breath.
For since she perished not by fate,
Nor fell by alien stroke deserved,
But rushed on death before her date,
By sudden spasm of frenzy nerved,
Not yet Proserpina had shred
The yellow ringlet from her head,
Nor stamped upon that pallid brow
The token of the powers below.
So down from Heaven fair Iris flies
On saffron wings impearled with dew,
That flash against the sunlit skies
Full many a varied hue;
Then stands at Dido's head, and cries:
"This lock to Dis I bear away
And free you from your load of clay:"
So shears the lock: the vital heats
Disperse, and breath in air retreats.

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BOOK V.

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ARGUMENT.

Æneas, setting sail from Africa, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily; where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honors; and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships; who, upon her instigation, set fire to them, — which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower, extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others who were either unfit for war or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot, Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

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BOOK V.

MEANTIME Æneas in his bark
Sails on, his purpose firm and fast,
And cuts the billows, glooming dark
Beneath the wintry northern blast:
Oft to the town he turns his eyes,
Whence Dido's fires already rise.
What cause has lit so fierce a flame
They know not: but the pangs of shame
From great love wronged, and what despair
Can make a baffled woman dare —
All this they know, and knowing tread
The paths of presage, vague and dread.

The ships had passed into the main,
And land no longer met the eye;
On every side the watery plain,
On every side the expanse of sky,
When o'er his head a cloud there stood,
With night and tempest in its womb,
And all the surface of the flood
Was ruffled by the incumbent gloom.
E'en Palinure his fear confessed,
As from the stern he cries,
"Ah! why do clouds so dark invest
The compass of the skies,
Or what has Neptune sire in store?"
This said, he bids them ply the oar,

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And brace each rope: himself the sail
Turns edgewise to the driving gale,
Then thus resumes: "My gallant lord,
Though Jove himself should pledge his word,
I could not look to stem the seas
To Italy 'neath skies like these.
The winds are changed, and cross our path:
The West is darkening into wrath;
The dull air lowers in thickest mist;
Nor can we struggle or resist;
Come, let us bow to Fortune's sway,
And, as she beckons, shape our way.
Not distant far, I judge, there lies
Your brother Eryx' friendly shore,
Sicania's port, if right my eyes
Retrace the stars they watched before."
Æneas spoke: "Long since 'tis plain
The wind gives law, your toil is vain:
Let go the sheet and turn.
What country can I hold so sweet,
So welcome to my weary fleet,
As where Acestes lives and reigns,
True Trojan, and my sire's remains
Are resting in their urn?"
This said, they haste them to the bay:
The favoring Zephyrs speed their way:
Swift rides the navy o'er the main,
And soon the well-known strand they gain.

From mountain-top Acestes marks
The coming of the friendly barks,
And hies him down, in woodland trim
Of hunting-spear and bearskin grim,
Born of a dame of Trojan blood
From union with Crimisus' flood.

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His fathers quicken in his veins:
He hails his kinsmen, come once more,
With rustic splendor entertains,
And cheers them from his friendly store.

Soon as the morrow's dawning light
Had put the vanquished stars to flight,
Æneas thus from grassy mound
Bespeaks his comrades gathering round:
"Brave Dardans, born of heavenly line,
A year its round of months has made
Since in the sepulchre we laid
The relics of my sire divine,
And mourning altars reared.
And now that day has come, to me
For ever more, by heaven's decree,
Embittered and endeared.
That day, though in Gætulian wild
It found me outcast and exiled,
Though tossing o'er the Ægæan foam
Or lurking in an Argive home,
That sacred day I still would keep
And high with gifts the altars heap.
And now, as time and place conspire,
E'en at the ashes of my sire,
Not unconducted by the hand
Of favoring gods, to-day we stand.
Then join we gladly in the rite:
Invoke the winds to speed our flight,
And pray that he we hold so dear
May take our offerings year by year,
Soon as our promised town we raise,
In temples sacred to his praise.
Acestes, Troy's descendant true,
Bestows to-day on every crew
Two fair and stately steers:

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Invite we then, the feast to grace,
The home-gods of our own proud race,
And those our host reveres.
Moreover, if the dawn dispense
Her light to earth nine morrows hence,
First for the Teucrians be decreed
A rivalry of naval speed:
Whose feet are swift to run the course,
Whose arm is nerved with manly force
To aim the dart and shaft aright
Or raw-hide gauntlets wield in fight,
Come all, bold hearts and eager eyes,
And he that earns, expect the prize.
Now hush your tongues from idle speech,
And take you garlands, all and each."

Thus having said, he wreathes his brow
With his maternal myrtle-bough:
So too does Helymus, and so
Acestes with his locks of snow,
And young Ascanius: and the rest
Obey the example and behest.
Then to the tomb he moves along,
The centre of a circling throng:
There, mindful of the rite divine,
Two cups he pours of purest wine,
Two of new milk, and two of gore
From victims, on the grassy floor,
And scatters flowers of dazzling red,
And thus salutes the mighty dead:
"Hail, sacred father! hail again,
Blest shade, blest ashes, snatched in vain
From foe, and fire, and sea!
Not mine with you the Italian shore
And Latian Tiber to explore,
Whoe'er that Tiber be!"

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He ceased, when from the tomb below
A serpent, clad in glittering scales,
Seven coils, seven giant volumes trails,
Winds smoothly round the mound of green,
And glides the altar-fires between,
His long back dappled with a glow
Half green, half golden, like the bow
That flashes 'gainst the sunlit skies
A thousand variegated dyes.
Then, as amazed Æneas stood,
'Twixt bowl and cup the reptile wound,
Took tithing of the sacred food,
And harmless vanished 'neath the mound.
With zeal renewed the duteous son
Applies him to the rite begun,
Unknowing in his wondering awe
How best to name the beast he saw,
The genius of the spot they tread,
Or menial follower of the dead:
At once he slays two fatted swine,
Two youngling sheep, two sable kine,
Pours out the sacrificial wine,
And on his mighty father calls,
The shade whom Pluto disenthralls.
Each from his store, the Trojans gay
Present their gifts, their victims slay,
Set on and heat the brimming brass,
Then stretch them careless on the grass:
Strow 'neath the spits a fiery bed,
And roast the flesh on embers red.

And now the expected day is here:
The ninth fair morn in lustre clear
Is driving o'er the sky:

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Acestes' name and rumor wide
Have summoned all the country-side:
They crowd the coast through breadth and length,
To see the feats of Trojan strength,
And some their own to try.
There in the midst the gifts are seen,
Rich tripods, meet for sacrifice,
And garlands of luxuriant green,
And sprays of palm, the conqueror's prize,
With arms, and purple robes of state,
And gold and silver, talent-weight:
And from a mound the trump proclaims
The festal onset of the games.

First for the naval prize compete
Four ships, the flower of all the fleet:
With stroke of oarsmen swift and strong
Brave Mnestheus speeds his Shark along,
Mnestheus, one day Ausonia's grace,
The founder of the Memmian race.
Chimæra moves in Gyas' charge,
Huge bulk, a city scarce so large,
With Dardan rowers in triple bank,
The tiers ascending rank o'er rank:
Sergestus, whence the Sergian name,
Commands the Centaur's mighty frame:
While Scylla is Cloanthus' care:
Cluentius his Italian heir.
Far in the sea a rock there lies,
And fronts the spray-beat coast:
High o'er its top the billows rise
And whelm it deep, what time the skies
In wintry storms are lost:
When wind and wave are laid to sleep,
It stands above the moveless deep,

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A level, on whose ample breast
The basking sea-birds love to rest.
Thereon an oak with leafy bole
Æneas plants, to form a goal,
That helmsman's eye the spot may mark
And prompt his hand to turn the bark.
Each takes the place his lot assigns:
Proud on the stern each captain shines
With gold and purple dye:
The crews are wreathed with poplar green:
Their naked shoulders oil makes sheen:
And now on rowing-bench they sit,
Bend to the oar their arms close knit,
And straining watch the sign to start;
While generous trembling thrills each heart
And thirst for victory.
Then, at the trumpet's piercing sound,
All from their barriers onward bound:
Upsoars to heaven the oarsman's shout:
The upturned billows froth and spout.
In level lines they plough the deep:
All ocean yawns, as on they sweep,
And three-toothed beak and plashing oar
Tear from its base the marble floor.
Less swift in heady two-horse race
The chariots scour the field apace,
When from their base they dash:
Less eager o'er the tossing manes
The charioteer flings out the reins,
And bends him o'er the lash.
With plaudits loud and clamorous zeal
Echoes the woodland round:
The pent shores roll the thunder-peal,
The stricken hills rebound.
'Mid hurry and tumultuous shout
First Gyas issues from the rout,

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And holds the foremost place:
Cloanthus next: his oarsmen row
More featly: but his bark is slow,
And checks him in the race.
Behind, at equal distance, strain
Centaur and Shark the lead to gain:
And now the Shark darts forth, and now
The Centaur has advanced her bow:
And now the twain move side by side,
Their long keels trailing through the tide.

At length the rock before them lay:
The goal was in their reach:
When Gyas, conqueror of the way,
His helmsman thus, Menœtes gray,
Plies with upbraiding speech:
"Why to the right so blindly push?
Here, take a narrower sweep:
Hug close the shore, nor fear its crush:
The cliff's left hand our oars should brush:
Let others hold the deep."
So Gyas: but Menœtes fears
The hidden rocks, and seaward steers.
"What? swerving still?" he shouts once more:
"The shore, Menœtes! seek the shore!"
And backward as he turns his eyes,
O death! — Cloanthus he descries
Close following, nearer and more near,
And all but springing on his rear.
'Twixt Gyas and the rocky shoal
The rival deftly glides,
Shoots to the forefront, turns the goal,
And gains the safer tides.
Grief flashed to flame in Gyas' soul:
Tears from his eyes were seen to roll:

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All reckless of his own true pride
And his imperilled crew
He seized the dilatory guide
And from the vessel threw:
Himself assumes the helm, and cheers
His merry men, and shoreward steers.
But old Menœtes, when the main
Gave him at length to light again,
Landward with feeble motion swims,
His wet clothes clinging to his limbs,
Ascends the rock, and sits on high
There on the summit, safe and dry.
To see him fall the Trojans laughed:
They laughed to see him float,
And laugh, as now the briny draught
He sputters from his throat.

Now Mnestheus and Sergestus feel
A dawning hope, a new-born zeal,
Chimæra to outstrip:
The choice of way Sergestus gets,
And toward the rock his helm he sets:
Not first by all his length of bark,
First but by part; a part the Shark
Just covers with her tip.
But Mnestheus, pacing through and through
His vessel, cheers the eager crew:
"Now, now, my men, now ply your oar,
Who fought at Hector's side of yore,
Whom in the day of Troy's despair
I chose my destiny to share:
Call up the valor in your souls
That made you thread Gætulian shoals,
Defy the Ionian main, and scape
The waves that buffet Malea's cape.

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'Tis not the palm that Mnestheus seeks:
No hope of victory fires his cheeks:
Yet O that thought! — but conquer they
To whom great Neptune wills the day:
Not to be last — make that your aim,
And triumph by averting shame."
Onward with vehement zeal they bound:
Beneath them vanishes the ground:
The mailed ship labors with their blows:
Thick pantings all their members shake,
And parching heats their dry lips bake,
While sweat in torrents flows.

Thus as they struggle, fortune's freak
Accords them the success they seek:
For while Sergestus, blindly rash,
Drives to the rock his vessel's head
And strives the perilous pass to thread,
On jutting crags behold him dash!
Loud crash the oars with shivering shock:
The wedged prow hangs upon the rock.
With shout and scream upstart the crew,
Condemned to halt where late they flew:
Ply steel-tipped poles and pointed staves,
And pick the crushed oars from the waves.
But joyous Mnestheus, made more keen
By vantage offering unforeseen,
With all his oars in rapid play
And winds to waft him on his way,
Darts forth into the shelving tides,
And o'er the sea's broad bosom glides.
So all at once a startled dove,
Who builds her nest in rocky cove,
Bursts forth, and in her wild affright
Loud flaps her fluttering wings for flight:

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Then launched in air, the smooth deep skims,
Nor stirs a pinion as she swims:
So Mnestheus: so his vessel flees
Along the residue of seas:
The very impulse of its flight
Conveys it on, how swift, how light!
And first Sergestus in the rear
He leaves, still struggling to get clear,
While vainly succor he implores,
And tries to row with shattered oars.
Chimæra next he puts in chase:
Her helmsman lost, she yields the race.
Cloanthus now alone remains
Just finishing the course;
Whom to o'ertake he toils and strains
With all ambition's force.
The cheers redouble from the shore;
Heaven echoes with the wild uproar:
Those blush to lose a conquering game,
And fain would peril life for fame:
These bring success their zeal to fan;
They can because they think they can.
And now perchance with vessels paired
The rivals twain the prize had shared,
When with his palms to ocean spread
Cloanthus breathed a prayer, and said:
"Ye gods who o'er the deep have sway,
Whose watery realm I plough,
Before your altar in the bay
A milk-white bull I stand to slay,
Amerced in this my vow,
Cast forth the entrails o'er the brine,
And pour a sacred stream of wine."
He said: there heard him 'neath the sea
The Nereid train and Panope,

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And with his hand divinely strong
Portunus pushed the bark along:
Swifter than wind or shaft it flies
To land, and in the haven lies.

Æneas then, assembling all,
Proclaims aloud by herald's call
Cloanthus victor of the day,
And wreaths his conquering brows with bay:
Three goodly bulls he bid him choose
(Such boon is given to all the crews)
With wine, and to his vessel bear
A silver talent, for its share.
The chiefs themselves receive beside
Rich gifts of more conspicuous pride:
A gold-wrought scarf of rare device
Upon the conqueror he bestows,
Around whose field meandering twice
A stream of Grecian purple flows:
Inwoven there the princely boy
Along the wooded hills of Troy
Is following on the flying deer
With eager foot and lifted spear,
So keen, his pants are all but heard:—
Down swoops the thunder-bearing bird,
And from the mountain bears away
In taloned claws the beauteous prey.
His aged guardians raise on high
Their hands: the fierce hounds bay the sky.
But he whose prowess in the race
Won for his bark the second place,
To him he gives a shirt of mail,
A three-piled work of golden scale,
Which from Demoleos' breast he tore
Victorious once on Simois' shore—

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A garniture of glorious show,
Nor fitted less to ward a blow.
Beneath that burden staggering strain
Two stalwart squires of Mnestheus' train,
Wherewith Demoleos erst endued
Troy's scattered sons on foot pursued.
With caldrons twain the third is graced,
And silver-bowls with figures chased.

The meeds were given; the rivals proud
Were moving stately through the crowd,
Each glorying in his several boon,
And wreathed with purple-bright festoon,
When lo! unhonored and forlorn,
Scarce from the rock with effort torn,
One tier destroyed, 'mid gibes and jeers
His wavering bark Sergestus steers.
E'en as a snake that on the way
Some wheel has mangled as it lay,
Or passer-by with stone well-aimed
Has left half-dying, crushed and maimed:
In slow retreat without avail
It strives its lengthening coils to trail:
One half erect the foe defies
With hissing throat and fiery eyes;
One, lame and wounded, backward holds
The surging spires and gathering folds:
So rows the bark on her slow way,
Yet sets her sail, and gains the bay.
Not less her chief receives his due
For ship brought back and rescued crew,
A Cretan slave, expert to spin,
And at her bosom children twin.

When ended now the naval race,
Æneas seeks a grassy space,

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Which winding hills encompass round,
Their shaggy tops with forests crowned;
There, as the deepening vale descends,
A rustic theatre extends,
Where, ringed with thousands round, he sate
On high-heaped throne in rural state.
Whoe'er in speed of foot would vie
He here invites, their chance to try
And earn reward: from diverse parts
They come, swift limbs and generous hearts,
Trojan and Sicel interspersed:
Euryalus and Nisus first:
That for his beauty and his youth
Conspicuous 'mid the sons of Troy,
This for his pure affection's truth
Concentred on the lovely boy.
Diores next them takes his place,
A princely branch of Priam's race:
Salius and Patron too succeed,
The one of Acarnanian breed,
While Tegea gave the other birth,
And Arcady his parent earth:
Then Helymus and Panopes,
Trinacria's youthful offspring these,
Trained in the woods to chase the boar
And comrades of Acestes hoar:
With many a candidate besides
Whom dim-eyed fame in darkness hides.
Whom, as around his seat they pressed,
Æneas thus in brief addressed:
"Vouchsafe your audience, and receive
My words with glad regard.
None of this train the field shall leave
Unguerdoned by reward:

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Two polished darts of Gnossian craft,
An axe with silver-studded haft,
Such boon be each one's share:
The three who prove them first in speed
Shall boast a more conspicuous meed,
And olive chaplets wear:
First to the victor of the day
A horse be given with trappings gay:
A quiver shall the second grace,
True Amazon, with shafts from Thrace,
A belt withal of broad bright gold
With jewelled clasp to clench its hold:
These for the second: on the third
This Argive helmet be conferred."

He said: at once they take their place,
And at the sign begin the race,
Pour from their base like rain-cloud dark,
And strain their eyes the goal to mark.
First, far before each flying form,
Comes Nisus rushing like the storm;
Then, nearest him where none are near,
Young Salius strains in full career;
Then with brief interval of space
Euryalus, the third in place;
Then Helymus: behind him, lo!
Diores, touching heel with toe,
Close hangs upon his rear,
And, had they run but few roods more,
Had passed him, shooting on before,
And made the vantage clear.

And now the race was all but o'er,
And panting to the goal they drew,
When Nisus trips in slippery gore
Chance-sprinkled on the grassy floor
From beasts the sacrificers slew:

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So late the conqueror, blithe and bold,
He fails to keep his foot's sure hold,
And falls in prone confusion flung
'Mid victim blood and loathly dung.
E'en then affection claims its part:
Euryalus is in his heart:
Uprising from the sodden clay,
He casts himself in Salius' way,
And Salius tripped and sprawling lay.
Euryalus like lightning flies
'Mid plaudits and assenting cries,
And through his friend attains the prize:
Next Helymus, and next comes in
Diores, thus the third to win.
Salius aloud his wrong proclaims
To all who sit to view the games:
Fills with his shouts the foremost seat,
Claims back the prize, and brands the cheat.
But more Euryalus finds grace:
So well the tears beseem his face,
And worth appears with brighter shine
When lodged within a lovely shrine.
Diores swells the general strain,
    Just ranged within the conquering list —
An empty preference, all in vain,
    Should Salius have the prize he missed.
Æneas thus: "Your rights are yours:
None stirs the palm my word assures:
Let me be suffered to extend
Compassion to a hapless friend."
So speaking, Salius he consoled
With lion's hide, its claws of gold.
Outspoke bold Nisus: "If defeat
Such vast requital needs must meet,
And falls win friends, what boon of grace
Were large enough for Nisus' case
Whose merit made him first in place?

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But fortune, with malicious glee,
That baffled Salius, baffled me."
And saying thus, his face he reared,
And showed his limbs with ordure smeared.
The good sire smiled, and bade be brought
A shield by Didymaon wrought,
A Danaan spoil, which erst he tore
From Grecian Neptune's temple door:
Then to the gallant youth presents
The guerdon, and his heart contents.

The foot-race done, the meeds assigned,
"Now for the prompt collected mind,
Stout heart, and watchful eye:
Stand forth, your wrists with gauntlets bind,
And lift your arms on high."
He said, and for the boxing-fray
Two prizes he proposed:
A bull for him that wins the day,
Its horns with gold enclosed:
A shining helmet and a glaive
To reassure the beaten brave.
At once, gigantic, broad, and strong,
Amid the plaudits of the throng
Uprises Dares, who alone
With Paris' skill dared match his own:
Nay, at the tomb where Hector lies,
The champion Butes, vast of size,
Who plumed him on an athlete's breed
From Amycus' Bebrycian seed,
Fell, stricken by his conquering hand,
And gasped expiring on the sand.
Such Dares in the lists appears,
His lofty head defiant rears,
The compass of his shoulders shows,
His arms by turns before him throws,
And on the air expends his blows.

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His match is sought, but sought in vain:
Not one of all that mighty train
Has nerve the champion to defy
And round his hands the gauntlets tie.
So, filled with overweening might,
And thinking all declined the fight,
Before the chief he takes his stand,
Lays on the bullock's horn his hand,
And thus in triumph cries:
"Why goddess-born, this vain delay?
If none dare venture on the fray,
How long shall justice be deferred?
'Twere decent now to give the word
And bid me take the prize."
With shouts the Trojan host agreed
And claimed their champion's promised meed.

Now with rebuke Acestes plies
Entellus, who beside him lies
Upon the grassy sward:
"Entellus, whom erewhile we thought
Our bravest hero, all for nought,
And will you then the strife forego,
And see borne off without a blow
The champion's proud reward?
Where now the pupil's loyal pride
In mighty Eryx deified,
The fame that spread Trinacria o'er,
The trophies hanging from your door?"
"Nay," cries the chief, "no coward dread
Has made ambition hide her head:
But strength is slack in limbs grown old,
And aged blood runs dull and cold.
Had I the thing I once possessed,
Which makes yon braggart rear his crest,

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Had I but youth, no need had been
Of gifts to lure me to the green:
No, though the bull were twice as fair,
'Tis not the prize should make me dare."
Then on the ground in open view
Two gloves of giant weight he threw
Which Eryx once in combat plied
And braced him with the tough bull-hide.
In speechless wonder all behold:
Seven mighty hides with fold on fold
Enwrap the fist: and iron sewed
And knobs of lead augment the load.
E'en Dares starts in sheer dismay,
And shuns the desperate essay;
The gauntlets' weight Æneas tries,
And handles their enormous size.
Then fetching speech from out his breast
The veteran thus the train addressed:
" What if the gauntlets you had seen
Alcides wore that day,
Had stood on this ensanguined green
And watched the fatal fray?
These gloves your brother Eryx wore,
Still stained, you see, with brains and gore.
With these 'gainst Hercules he stood:
With these I fought, while youthful blood
Supplied me strength, nor age had shed
Its envious winter on my head.
But if the arms Sicilians wield
Deter the Trojan from the field,
If so Æneas' thoughts incline,
And so my chief approves,
Let both be equal, side and side:
I spare you Eryx' grim bull-hide:
Dismiss that terror, and resign
In turn your Trojan gloves."

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He said; and from his shoulders throws
The robe he wont to use,
His mighty frame's contexture shows,
His mighty arms and thews,
And in the middle of the sand
In giant greatness takes his stand.

Then good Anchises' son supplies
Two pairs of gauntlets matched in size,
Equips the combatants alike,
And sets them front to front to strike.
Raised on his toes each champion stands,
And fearless lifts in air his hands.
Their heads, thrown back, avoid the stroke;
Their mighty arms the fight provoke.
That on elastic youth relies,
This on vast limbs and giant size;
But the huge knees with age are slack,
And fitful gasps the deep chest rack.
Full many a wound the heroes rain
Each on the other, still in vain:
Their hollow sides return the sound,
Their battered chests the shock rebound:
'Mid ears and temples come and go
The wandering gauntlets to and fro:
The jarred teeth chatter 'neath the blow.
Firm stands Entellus in his place,
A column rooted on its base;
His watchful eye and shrinking frame
Alone avoid the gauntlet's aim.
Like leaguer who invests a town
Or sits before a hill-fort down,
The younger champion tasks his art
To find the bulwark's weakest part,

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This way and that unwearied scans,
And vainly tries a thousand plans.
Entellus, rising to the blow,
Puts forth his hand: the wary foe
Midway in air the mischief spied,
And, deftly shifting, slipped aside.
Entellus' force on air is spent:
Heavily down with prone descent
He falls, as from its roots uprent
A pine falls hollow, on the side
Of Erymanth or lofty Ide.
Loud clamoring from their seats arise
Troy's and Trinacria's sons:
The shouts mount upward to the skies:
And first Acestes runs,
And tenderly from earth uprears
His ancient friend of equal years.
But not disheartened by his foil
The champion rises from the soil:
With wrath he goads his sluggard might,
And turns him fiercer to the fight:
The smouldering mass is stirred to flame
By conscious worth and glowing shame:
Ablaze with fury he pursues
The Trojan o'er the green,
And now his right hand deals the bruise,
And now his left as keen.
No pause, no respite: fierce and fast
As hailstones rattle down the blast
On sloping roofs, with blow on blow
He buffets Dares to and fro.
But good Æneas suffered not
The strife to rage too far:
Or ere Entellus waxed more hot,
He bade him cease the war,

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Delivered Dares, sore distressed,
And thus with soothing words addressed:
"Alas! what frenzy of the mind
Has made you, hapless friend, so blind?
Perceive you not the powers have changed,
And left the side where once they ranged?
Give way to Heaven." Such speech he made,
And as he spoke, the combat stayed.
But Dares by a friendly throng
All helplessly is dragged along;
Trailing his knees his weight beneath,
Swaying his head from side to side,
While clotted gore and loosened teeth
Pour from his mouth in mingled tide.
They bear him to the ships away:
Then at a call receive
The helm and sword: the bull and bay
They with Entellus leave.
With triumph kindling in his eyes
And glorying in the bull, his prize,
The victor to the concourse cries:
"Learn, goddess-born, and Ilium's host,
What strength my youthful arm could boast,
And what the death, from whose dark door
Your rescued Dares you restore."
He spoke, and stood before the bull,
Swung back his arm, and planted full
Between its horns the gauntlet's blow.
The brain came through the shattered skull:
Prone, quivering, dead, the beast lies low
While words like these the veteran said
In consecration of the dead:
"This better substitute I pay,
Eryx, to thee, for Dares' life,
And here renounce, as conqueror may,
The gauntlets and the strife."

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The champions next, who would compete
In archer skill with arrow fleet,
Æneas summons, and ordains
The gifts that shall reward their pains.
His mighty hand erects a mast
Plucked from Serestus' bark,
And to its top a dove makes fast
To be the bowman's mark.
The rivals gather to the spot:
A brazen helm receives each lot:
And first amid applauding cries
Hippocoon's name to daylight flies:
Next Mnestheus, wreathed with olive crown,
Mnestheus, whose vessel earned renown.
Third in the list Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, mighty name,
Whose arrow, charged to break the peace,
First fluttered through the ranks of Greece.
Last at the bottom of the casque
Acestes' lot appears,
He too adventuring to the task
That matches younger years.

They bend their bows like men of worth,
And from the case their shafts draw forth:
And first from off the twanging string
Hippocoon's feathered dart takes wing,
Achieves the passage, and sticks fast
Full in the centre of the mast.
The stout tree quivers: the scared bird
Flaps, and applauding peals are heard.
Then Mnestheus raises toward the sky
His bow, and levels shaft and eye —
But ah! the dove he might not wound:
His arrow cuts the flaxen ties

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Which to the mast had held her bound;
And forth into the clouds she flies.
With shaft already aimed for flight,
Eurytion to his brother vowed:
Triumphant as she wings the height,
He strikes the dove beneath a cloud.
Pierced to the heart, she leaves behind
Her life to mingle with the wind,
And as she tumbles to the ground,
The weapon in her side is found.

And now, of victory bereft,
Acestes at the end is left:
Yet still he shoots in air, to show
His veteran skill and sounding bow:
When sudden lo! the gazers see
A sign of mightiest augury:
The dire event the truth revealed,
And seers too late their warnings pealed.
E'en in the mid expanse of skies
The arrow kindles as it flies,
Behind it draws a fiery glare,
Then wasting, vanishes in air:
So stars, dislodged, athwart the night
Career, and trail a length of light.
In wonder either nation gazed,
Their souls to Heaven in prayer upraised:
Nor great Æneas dared disown
The omen by the gods foreshown;
Acestes to his heart he pressed,
With presents heaped, and thus addressed:
"Take this, my father! 'tis decreed
That yours should be a special meed:
So speak these signs above.
This bowl, enchased with figures, take,
And keep it for Anchises' sake:

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A gift which Cisseus, lord of Thrace,
Once gave my sire of his dear grace,
In token of their love."
Then round Acestes' temples hoar
He bound the wreath of bay,
And hailed him all his peers before
The conqueror of the day:
Nor good Eurytion grudged to see
The veteran's claim preferred,
Albeit that he, and none but he,
Struck down the soaring bird.
Next his who cut the cord, and last
The champion's turn who struck the mast.

But good Æneas, e'en before
The archers' rivalry was o'er,
In private summoned to his side
The young Iulus' trusted guide,
Old Periphas Epytides,
And gently whispered words like these:
"Go now, and if Ascanius' band
Of boyish knights is here at hand,
Bid him on this his grandsire's day
Himself and them in arms display."
This said, he bids the company
Retire, and leave the circus free.
They enter, glittering side by side,
And rein their steeds with youthful pride,
As 'neath their fathers' eyes they ride,
While all Trinacria's host and Troy's
With plaudits greet the princely boys.
Each has his hair by rule confined
With stripped-off leaves in garland twined:
Some ride with shapely bows equipped:
Two cornel spears they bear, steel-tipped:

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And wreaths of twisted gold invest
The neck, and sparkle on the breast.
Three are the companies of horse,
And three the chiefs that scour the course:
Twelve gallant boys each chief obey,
And shine in tripartite array.
Young Priam first, Polites' heir,
Well-pleased his grandsire's name to bear,
Leads his gay troop, himself decreed
To raise up an Italian seed:
He prances forth, all dazzling bright,
On Thracian steed with spots of white:
White on its fetlock's front is seen,
And white the space its brows between.
Then Atys, next in place, from whom
The Atian family descend:
Young Atys, fresh with life's first bloom,
The boy Iulus' sweet boy-friend:
Iulus last, in form and face
Preeminent his peers above,
A courser rides of Tyrian race,
Memorial gift of Dido's love.
Sicilian steeds the rest bestride
From old Acestes' stalls suplied.
The Dardanids with mingling cheers
Relieve the young aspirants' fears,
And gaze delighted, as they trace
A parent's mien in each fair face.

And now when all from first to last
Beneath their kinsfolk's eyes had past,
Before the assembled crowd,
Epytides shrills forth from far
His signal-shout, as if for war,
And cracks his whip aloud.

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In equal parts the bands divide,
And gallop off on either side:
Then wheeling round in full career
Charge at a call with levelled spear.
Again, again, they come and go
Through adverse spaces to and fro;
Circles in circles interlock,
And, sheathed in arms, the gazers mock
With mimicry of battle-shock.
And now they turn their backs in flight,
Now put their spears in rest,
And now in amity unite,
And ride the field abreast.
E'en as of old the Cretan maze
With blind blank walls its secret hid,
A tangle of a thousand ways,
Which whoso sought by signs to thrid
Went wandering, baffled and involved,
Through paths returnless and unsolved:
Such tangle make the youths of Troy
As o'er the champaign they deploy,
And deftly weave in sportive play
A mingled web of fight and fray,
As dolphins at their sport with ease
The expanse of ocean sweep
'Twixt Libyan and Carpathian seas
And gambol o'er the deep.
This pageantry of mimic strife
Ascanius called again to life,
What time with wall and rampart strong
He girdled Alba, named the Long,
And to the elder Latins showed
The celebration and the mode
Which erst he practised when a boy,
And, 'neath his lead, the youth of Troy.

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Young Alba learned the lesson set:
From Alba queenly Rome
Received the lore, and honors yet
The custom of her home,
And Troy's hereditary name
Still marks the players and the game.

Thus far the pageant rites were paid
To blest Anchises' hallowed shade.
Now Fortune first with wayward guile
Changed for a frown her former smile.
Fell Juno, while before the mound
The games perform their festal round,
Despatches Iris from the sky
And gives her wings of wind to fly,
Deep plotting ill, her ancient pride
Yet festering and unpacified.
Adown her bow of myriad dyes,
Unseen of all, the maiden hies,
The mighty concourse she surveys,
Then turns her to the sea:
A port forsaken meets her gaze,
A fleet from tendance free.
But on a sheltered beach alone
The dames of Troy are making moan
For their lost sire, and as they weep
Look wistful, woful o'er the deep.
O weary, weary length of foam!
O watery waste whereon to roam!
So, one and all, they cry:
A settled city they implore:
'Twere pain and heaviness once more
The ocean's toils to try.
So now, not ignorant of harm,
The goddess veils each heavenly charm,

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And sudden stands before their eyes
In Beroe's simulated guise,
Beroe, Doryclus' aged dame,
Who once had children, place and name:
And thus transfigured she proclaims
Her presence to the assembled dames:
"O wretches, whom in Ilium's day
The Argive conqueror spared to slay!
O race long exercised in ill!
For what extreme has Fortune's will
Preserved you living, suffering still?
Now, since our country was no more,
Seven summers nigh have flown,
And we, still tossing ocean o'er,
'Mid reefs of cold bare stone,
O'erarched by alien stars above,
All homeless and unfriended rove,
While through the billows we pursue
Italia, flying from the view,
And down the tides are blown.
Lo, here is Eryx' brother coast,
Acestes too, our kingly host:
Why make not here our home, and bless
With city walls the cityless?
O country! O ye home-god powers
Snatched from the foe in vain!
Shall never town of Troy be ours
In all the world again?
Xanthus and Simois, Hector's streams,
Shall I behold them but in dreams?
Come, share my counsel, and conspire
To wrap these ill-starred ships in fire.
E'en as I slept last night, methought
New-lighted brands Cassandra brought,
And 'Here,' she cried, 'conclude your quest:
Here find your Troy, your home of rest.'
This hour the deed demands.

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Shall man's supineness mock the skies?
See, altars four to Neptune rise:
The God, the God himself supplies
The fury and the brands."

She seized a torch, and o'er her head
Waved it with backdrawn arm, and sped.
With kindling hearts and senses dazed
The mothers of Dardania gazed.
Then one, in reverend years the first,
Pyrgo, who Priam's sons had nurst,
"No Beroe, matrons, have you here:
Not this Doryclus' wife:
See, breathing in her face appear
Signs of celestial life:
Observe her eyes, how bright they shine:
Mien, accent, walk, are all divine.
Beroe herself I left but now
Sick and outworn, with clouded brow,
That she alone should fail to pay
Due reverence to Anchises' day."

In doubt at first the matrons stand,
And scan the ships with eyes malign,
Divided 'twixt their present land
And that which beckons o'er the brine,
When lo! her wings the goddess spread,
And skyward on her rainbow fled.
Then all as one to madness driven
By portents manifest from heaven,
A shout of loud acclaim they raise,
Live embers snatch from hearths ablaze,
The fuel on the altars seize,
Hurl stocks and brands, and boughs of trees:
The fire-god darts from mast to keel
O'er bench and oar, and figured deal.

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Swift breaks Eumelus on the games
With tidings of the fleet in flames,
And, looking back, the gazers spy
The smoke-clouds blackening on the sky.
Ascanius first, as o'er the mead
He leads his young array,
Spurs to the camp his fiery steed,
Nor can his guardians, blown with speed,
His headlong impulse stay:
And "Wretched countrywomen! whence"
He cries "this rage that robs your sense?
No Greek encampment you consume:
No — 'tis your own dear hopes ye doom.
Look! your Ascanius speaks!" before
His feet upon the sand
He flung the helm he lately wore
While marshalling his band.
Æneas and the Trojan host
Come hurrying, hasting to the coast.
The guilty matrons, winged with dread,
Along the devious shores are fled,
Hide in the tangles of the grove,
Or huddling seek some rocky cove:
Their frenzied enterprise they rue,
And loathe the blessed light of heaven;
With sobering eyes their friends they view,
And Juno from their souls is driven.
Yet still with unabated power
The fire continues to devour:
'Twixt the soaked timbers oozes slow
Thick vapor from the smouldering tow;
The threads of pestilential flame
Steal downward through each vessel's frame;
Nor all the efforts of the brave
Nor streaming floods avail to save.

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In desperate grief Æneas rends
His raiment, and his hands extends:
"Dread Sire, if Ilium's lorn estate
Deserve not yet thine utter hate,
If still thine ancient faithfulness
Give heed to mortals in distress,
O let the fleet escape the flame!
O save from death Troy's dying name!
Or, if my deeds the stroke demand,
Then, Father, bare thy red right hand,
Send forth thy lightning, and o'erwhelm
The poor remainder of our realm!"
Scarce had he ended, when from high
Pours down a burst of rain,
And thunder rolling round the sky
Shakes rising ground and plain:
All heaven lets loose its watery store;
The clouds are massed, the south winds roar:
With sluicing rain the ships are drenched,
Till every spark at last is quenched,
And all the barks, save only four,
Escape the fiery conqueror.

But good Æneas, all distraught
By that too cruel blow,
In dire perplexity of thought,
Alternates to and fro,
Still doubting should he take his rest,
Unmindful of the fates' behest,
In Sicily, or make once more
An effort for the Italian shore.
Then Nautes, whose experienced mind
Pallas made sage beyond his kind,
Interpreting what Heaven's dread ire
Might threaten, or the fates require,

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Breathes counsel in Æneas' ear,
And strives his anxious soul to cheer:
"My chief, let Fate cry on or back,
'Tis ours to follow, nothing slack:
Whate'er betide, he only cures
The stroke of fortune who endures.
Lo here Acestes the divine,
Himself a prince of Dardan line:
Invite his counsel; bid him share
(He will not grudge) your load of care.
Give to his charge the homeless band
That erst our four lost vessels manned,
Whoe'er from high emprise recoils
And sickens to partake your toils,
Old men and wayworn dames, and all
That faints and shrinks at danger's call;
Here let the weary set them down,
And build them a Sicilian town:
Let courtesy assert her claim,
And give the place Acestes' name."

With kindling soul he meditates
The counsel of his friend,
And fiercer still the dire debates
His troubled bosom rend.
Now sable night invests the sky,
When lo! descending from on high
The semblance of Anchises seemed
To give him counsel as he dreamed:
"My son, more dear, while life remained,
E'en than that life to me,
My son, long exercised and trained
In Ilium's destiny,
My errand is from Jove the sire,
Who saved your vessels from the fire,

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And sent at last from heaven above
The wished-for tokens of his love.
Hear and obey the counsel sage
Bestowed by Nautes' reverend age:
Picked youths, the bravest of the brave,
Be these your comrades o'er the wave,
For haughty are the tribes and rude
That Latium has to be subdued,
But ere you yet confront the foe,
First seek the halls of Dis below,
Pass deep Avernus' vale, and meet
Your father in his own retreat.
Not Tartarus' prison-house of crime
Detains me, nor the mournful shades:
My home is in the Elysian clime,
With righteous souls, 'mid happy glades.
The virgin Sibyl with the gore
Of sable sheep shall ope the door.
Then shall you learn your future line,
And what the walls the fates assign.
And now farewell: dew-sprinkled Night
Has scaled Olympus' topmost height:
I catch their panting breath from far,
The steeds of Morning's cruel star."
He said, and vanished out of sight,
Like thinnest smoke, and mixed with night;
While "Whither now?" Æneas cries:
"What makes thee hurry thus apace?
Whom fliest thou? what constraint denies
A father to his son's embrace?"
With that he wakes the slumbering fire,
Adores the home-god of his sire,
And worships Vesta's awful power
With frankincense and wheaten flour.

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At once he summons to his side
Acestes and his comrades tried,
Jove's mandate and his sire's unfolds,
And how at length his purpose holds.
No long debates the deed delay,
Nor good Acestes says him nay.
Forthwith the matrons they enrol,
First dwellers in the new-planned town,
And disembark each weary soul
That thirsts no more for high renown.
Themselves the fire-charred planks renew,
The benches and the decks repair,
Equip with oars each vessel's crew,
And rig the masts with studious care,
A gallant band, in number few,
In spirit resolute to dare.

Meantime Æneas draws the lines
Of the new town, its homes assigns:
Each place receives a name to bear,
And here 'tis Troy, and Ilium there.
Acestes, genuine son of Troy,
Assumes the sovereignty with joy,
Holds trial of each doubtful cause,
And gives the infant senate laws.
On Eryx' top a fane they raise
To mate the stars, in Venus' praise,
And with a priest and grove they grace
Anchises' hallowed resting-place.

And now the nine days' feast is o'er,
The sacred rites complete;
The hushed gales smooth the watery floor;
The south-wind, freshening from the shore,
Invites the lingering fleet.

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Along the winding coast arise
Loud sounds of grief and tearful cries.
Locked in each other's arms they stay,
And clog the wheels of night and day.
Nay, e'en the matrons, e'en the crew
Who shuddered at the ocean's view
And loathed its name, now fain would flee
And brave the hardships of the sea.
With kindliness of gentle speech
The good Æneas comforts each,
And to their kinsman prince commends
With tears his subjects and his friends.
Three calves to Eryx next he kills;
A lambkin's blood to Tempest spills,
And bids them loose from land:
With olive-leaves he binds his brow,
Then takes his station on the prow,
A charger in his hand,
Flings out the entrails on the brine,
And pours a sacred stream of wine.
Fair winds escort them o'er the deep:
With emulous stroke the waves they sweep.

But Venus, torn by many a fear,
Thus breathes her plaint in Neptune's ear:
"Fell Juno's persecuting ire,
Still raging with unsated fire,
Compels me, Neptune, to abase
My pride, and humbly sue for grace.
No lapse of time, how long soe'er,
Nor all the force of duteous prayer,
Nor hest of Jove, nor will of fate
That changeless rancor can abate.
'Tis not enough to have devoured
A queenly city, walled and towered,

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And made the wretched captives drain
E'en to its dregs the cup of pain:
She still pursues the flying rout,
And strives to stamp the last spark out;—
Strange mystery of hatred, known
To none but to herself alone!
Thyself wast there when lately she
Raised tumult in the Libyan sea;
Thou saw'st in what confusion blent
She mingled main and firmament,
Armed with Æolian storms in vain,
In bold defiance of thy reign.
Now, working on the Trojan dames,
She foully wraps our fleet in flames,
And drives the crews, their vessels lost,
To settle on an unknown coast.
Thus then, for what remains, I crave
Thine own safe conduct o'er the wave,
That so, emerging from the main,
Laurentian Tiber they may gain,
If what I ask is ruled in Heaven,
If there the city Fate has given."
Great Ocean's lord replied: "'Tis just
Cythera's queen my realm should trust,
Which erst her being gave:
And oft-times too has Neptune won
Her confidence by service done
In calming wind and wave:
Nor e'en on earth (let Xanthus speak
And Simois) has my arm been weak
Thy gallant son to save.
When fierce Achilles from the coast
Drove to their walls Troy's panting host,
While the choked rivers gasped for breath,
And gave whole multitudes to death,

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And laboring Xanthus strove in vain
To roll his waters to the main,
Then, as Æneas, undismayed,
With weaker strength and feebler aid
Pelides met, I barred the fray,
And bore him in a cloud away,
Though all my will was to destroy
My own creation, perjured Troy.
And now as then my heart is set
To work him good: thy fears forget.
Avernus' haven he shall see
In safety, where he fain would be.
One life alone shall glut the wave;
One head shall fall the rest to save."

Thus having soothed the goddess' cares,
His fiery steeds the Father pairs,
With foamy bit each fierce mouth checks,
Then flings the reins upon their necks.
Along the surface of the tides
His sea-green chariot smoothly glides:
Hushed by his wheels the billows lie;
The storm-clouds vanish from the sky.
His vassals follow in his wake,
Sea-monsters of enormous make,
Palæmon, child of Ino's strain,
With Glaucus' venerable train,
And Tritons, swift to cleave the flood,
And Phorcus' finny multitude.
Then Thetis comes, and Melite,
Nesæe, Spio, Panope,
Thalia and Cymodoce.

A pleasing joy succeeds to fear
In good Æneas' mind:

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He bids them all their masts uprear,
And spread their sails to wind.
All at the word throughout the fleet
Stretch out the canvass on the sheet,
Now left, now right, alike they shift:
The gales are kind, the barks fly swift;
First Palinurus leads the way;
The rest observe him, and obey.
Now Night's fleet coursers almost reach
The summit of the sky:
The weary oarsmen, all and each,
Along the benches lie,
When lo! false Sleep, on pinions light,
Drops down from heaven and cleaves the night;
Sad dreams to thee beneath his wings,
Unhappy Palinure, he brings,
Lights on the stern in Phorbas' guise,
And thus with soft enticement plies:
"See, Palinure, the vessels glide
E'en with the motion of the tide;
The breeze with steady current blows;
The very hour invites repose:
Rest your tired head, and for awhile
Those hard-tasked eyes of toil beguile;
Myself will take, for that short space,
The rudder, and supply your place."
Scarce lifting from the heaven his eyes,
The wary Palinure replies:
"What? I the dupe of Ocean's wiles?
I trust this fiend that fawns and smiles?
Commit Æneas to the gale,
Who oft have proved how false its tale?"
Thus as he speaks, his hand and eye
Cleave to the rudder and the sky;
When lo! the god a slumberous bough
With dews of Styx and Lethe wet

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Shakes gently o'er the watcher's brow,
And seals those eyes, so firmly set.
Scarce had the loosening limbs given way,
The demon falls upon his prey,
And hurls him, dragging wood-work rent
And rudder in his prone descent,
With headlong ruin to the main,
Invoking friendly aid in vain:
Himself resumes his wings, and flies
Aloft into the buoyant skies.
Yet still the fleet by Neptune's aid
Floats onward, safe and undismayed,
Till as they near the Sirens' shore,
A perilous neighborhood of yore
And white with mounded bones,
Where the hoarse sea with far-heard roar
Keeps washing on the stones,
The good chief feels the vessel sway,
No steersman to direct its way,
And takes himself the helm, and guides
Their progress through the darkling tides.
Full many a heart-fetched groan he heaved,
Thus of his hapless friend bereaved:
"Ah fatal confidence, too prone
To trust in sea and sky!
A naked corpse on shores unknown
Shall Palinurus lie!"

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BOOK VI.

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ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in the sublime mysteries of the soul, of the world, and the transmigration, and shows him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

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BOOK VI.

So cries he while the tears run down,
And gives his fleet the rein,
Till, sailing on, the Euboic town
Of Cumæ they attain:
Toward the sea they turn their prores;
Each weary bark the anchor moors:
The crooked sterns invest the shores.
With buoyant hearts the youthful band
Leap out upon the Hesperian strand;
Some seek the fiery sparkles, sown
Deep in the veins of cold flint-stone:
Some fell the silvan-haunted woods,
And point with joy to new-found floods.

But to the height Æneas hies
Where Phœbus holds his seat,
And seeks the cave of wondrous size,
The Sibyl's dread retreat,
The Sibyl, whom the Delian seer
Inspires to see the future clear,
And fills with frenzy's heat:
The grove they enter, and behold
Above their heads the roof of gold.

Sage Dædalus, so runs the tale,
From Minos bent to fly,
On feathery pinions dared to sail
Along the untravelled sky,

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Flies northward through the polar heights,
Nor stays till he on Cumæ lights.
First landed here, he consecrates
The wings whereon he flew
To Phœbus' power, and dedicates
A fane of stately view.
Androgeos' death the gates portray:
Then Cecrops' sons appear,
Condemned the price of blood to pay,
Seven children year by year;
There, standing by the urn they wait
The drawing of the lots of fate.
Emergent on the other side
The isle of Gnossus crests the tide;
Pasiphae shows her sculptured face.
And Minotaur, of mingled race,
Memorial of her foul disgrace.
There too develops to the gaze
The all inextricable maze;
But Dædalus, with pity moved
For her who desperately loved,
Himself his own dark riddle read,
And gave a clue to guide the tread.
Thou too, poor Icarus, there hadst filled
No narrow room, if grief had willed:
Twice strove the sire thy tale to tell:
Twice the raised hands grew slack and fell.
So had they viewed the sculptures o'er,
But now Achates, sent before,
Returned, his errand done,
And at his side Deiphobe,
Phœbus and Dian's priestess she,
Who thus her speech begun:
"Not this the time, like idle folk,
The hungry gaze to feed:

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Haste, doom ye to the victim-stroke
Seven bulls, unconscious of the yoke,
Seven ewes of choicest breed."

This to Æneas; nor his band
Neglects the priestess' high command;
And now she bids the Teucrian train
Attend her to the lofty fane.
Within the mountain's hollow side
A cavern stretches high and wide:
A hundred entries thither lead;
A hundred voices thence proceed,
Each uttering forth the Sibyl's rede.
The sacred threshold now they trod:
"Pray for an answer! pray! the God,"
She cries, "the God is nigh!"
And as before the doors in view
She stands, her visage pales its hue,
Her locks dishevelled fly,
Her breath comes thick, her wild heart glows,
Dilating as the madness grows,
Her form looks larger to the eye,
Unearthly peals her deep-toned cry,
As breathing nearer and more near
The God comes rushing on his seer.
"So slack" cries she "at work divine?
Pray, Trojan, pray! not else the shrine
Its spell-bound silence breaks."
A shudder through the Dardans stole:
Their chieftain from his inmost soul
His supplication makes:

"Phœbus, who ever hadst a heart
For Ilium's woe to feel,
Who guided Paris' Dardan dart
True to Achilles' heel,

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So many seas round shores spread wide
Beneath thy conduct have I tried,
Massylian tribes, the ends of earth,
And climes which Libyan sands engirth;
Now scarce at last we lay our hand
On Italy's receding land:
Suffice it, Troy's malignant star
Has followed on our path thus far!
You too, ye Gods, may now forbear
And these our hapless relics spare,
Whom Ilium in her prosperous hour
Affronted with o'er-weening power.
And thou, dread maiden, who canst see
The vision of the things to be,
Vouchsafe the boon for which I sue —
My fates demand no lighter due —
That Troy and Troy's lorn gods may find
In Latium rest from wave and wind.
Then to thy patron gods a fane
Of solid marble's purest grain
My hand shall build, and festal days
Preserve in life Apollo's praise.
Thee too in that my promised state
August observances await:
For there thy words I will enshrine
Delivered to my race and line,
And chosen ministers ordain,
Custodians of the sacred strain.
But O commit not, I implore,
To faithless leaves thy precious lore,
Lest by the wind's wild eddies tost
Abroad they fly, their sequence lost.
Thyself the prophecy declare."
He said, and speaking closed his prayer.

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The seer, impatient of control,
Raves in the cavern vast,
And madly struggles from her soul
The incumbent power to cast:
He, mighty Master, plies the more
Her foaming mouth, all chafed and sore,
Tames her wild heart with plastic hand,
And makes her docile to command.
Now, all untouched, the hundred gates
Fly open, and proclaim the fates:
"O freed at length from toils by sea!
But worse on land remain.
The warrior-sons of Dardany
Lavinium's realm shall gain;
That fear dismiss; but fortune cross
Shall make them wish their gain were loss.
War, dreadful war, and Tiber flood
I see incarnadined with blood.
Simois and Xanthus and the plain
Where Greece encamped shall rise again:
A new Achilles, goddess born,
The destinies provide,
And Juno, like a rankling thorn,
Shall never quit your side,
While you, distressed and desolate,
Go knocking at each city's gate.
The old, old cause shall stir the strife,
A stranger bed, a foreign wife.
Yet still despond not, but proceed
Along the path where Fate may lead.
The first faint gleam that gilds your skies
Shall from a Grecian city rise."

Such mystic oracles divine
Shrills forth the priestess from her shrine,

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And wraps her truth in mystery round,
While all the cave returns the sound;
Still the fierce power her hard mouth wrings,
And deep and deeper plants his stings.
Soon as the frenzy-fit was o'er,
And foamed the savage lips no more,
The chief begins: "No cloud can rise
Unlooked for to Æneas' eyes:
My prescient soul has all forecast,
And seen the future as the past.
One boon I crave: since here, 'tis said,
The path leads downward to the dead,
Where Acheron's brimming waters spread,
There let me go, and see the face
Of him, the father of my love;
Thyself the dubious journey trace,
And the dread gates remove.
Him through the fire these shoulders bore,
And from the heart of battle tore:
He shared my travel, braved with me
The menaces of every sea,
The ocean's roar, the tempest's rage,
With feeble strength transcending age.
Nay, 'twas his voice that bade me seek
Thy presence, and thine aid bespeak.
O pity son and father both,
Blest maid! for naught to thee is hard,
Nor vainly sworn was Dian's oath
That placed thee here, these shades to guard.
If Orpheus back to light and life
Could summon his departed wife,
Albeit he owned no other spell
Than the soft breathings of his shell;
If Pollux ransomed from the tomb
His brother's shade, and halved his doom,

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And trod and trod again the way —
Why talk of Theseus? why
Of great Alcides? I, as they,
Descend from Jove most high."

So spoke he, hand on altar laid:
The priestess took the word, and said:
"Inheritor of blood divine,
Preserver of Anchises' line,
The journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light:
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night:
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
There comes the stress of labor; this
May task a hero's might.
A few, whom heaven has marked for love
Or glowing worth has throned above,
Themselves of seed divine conceived,
The desperate venture have achieved.
Besides, the interval of ground
Is clothed with thickest wood,
And broad Cocytus winds around
Its dark and sinuous flood.
But still should passionate desire
Stir in your soul so fierce a fire,
Twice o'er the Stygian pool to swim,
Twice look on Tartarus' horrors dim,
If naught will quench your madman's thirst,
Then learn what duties claim you first.
Deep in a mass of leafy growth,
Its stems and foliage golden both,
A precious bough there lurks unseen,
Held sacred to the infernal queen:

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Around it bends the whole dark grove,
And hides from view the treasure-trove.
Yet none may reach the shades without
The passport of that golden sprout:
For so has Proserpine decreed
That this should be her beauty's meed.
One plucked, another fills its room,
And burgeons with like precious bloom.
Go, then, the shrinking treasure track,
And pluck it with your hand:
Itself will follow, nothing slack,
Should Fate the deed command:
If not, no weapon man can wield
Will make its dull reluctance yield.
Then too, your comrade's breathless clay
(Alas! you know not) taints the day
And poisons all your fleet,
While on our threshold still you stay
And Heaven's response entreat.
Him to his parent earth return
Observant, and his bones inurn.
Lead to the shrine black cattle: they
Will cleanse whate'er would else pollute:
Thus shall you Acheron's banks survey,
Where never living soul found way."
She ended, and was mute.

With downcast visage, sad and grave,
Æneas turns him from the cave,
And ponders o'er his woe:
Still by his side Achates moves,
Companion to the chief he loves,
As thoughtful and as slow.
Much talked they on their onward way,
Debating whose the senseless clay
That claims a comrade's tomb;

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When on the naked shore, behold,
They see Misenus, dead and cold,
Destroyed by ruthless doom;
The son of Æolus, than who
None ere more skilled the trumpet blew,
To animate the warrior crew
And martial fire relume.
Once Hector's comrade, in the fray
He mingled, proud the sword to sway
Or bid the clarion sound:
When Hector 'neath the conqueror died,
He joined him to Æneas' side,
Nor worse allegiance found.
Now, as he sounds along the waves
His shell, and Heaven to conflict braves,
'Tis said that Triton heard his boast
And 'mid the billows on the coast
Sunk low his drowning head.
So all the train with cries of grief
Assailed the skies, Æneas chief:
Then, as the Sibyl bade, they ply
Their mournful task, and heap on high
With timber rising to the sky
The altar of the dead.

First to the forest they repair,
The silvan prowler's leafy lair:
The pitch-tree falls beneath the stroke;
The sharp axe rings upon the oak:
Through beechen core the wedge goes deep:
The ash comes rolling down the steep.
Æneas stirs his comrade's zeal,
And foremost wields the workman steel.
In moody silence he surveys
The boundless grove: at last he prays:

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"Ah! would some God but show me now
In all that wood the golden bough!
My poor, poor friend! in thee, alas,
The Sibyl's words have come to pass."
Scarce had he said, when lo! there flew
Two snow-white doves before his view,
And on the sward took rest;
His mother's birds the hero knew,
And joyful prayer addrest:
"Hail, gentle guides! before me fly,
And mark my pathway on the sky:
So lead me where the bough of gold
Glooms rich above its parent mould.
And thou, my mother, aid my quest,
Nor leave me doubtful and distrest."
He stayed his steps, intent to know
What signs they give, which way they go.
By turns they feed, by turns they fly,
Just in the range of human eye;
Till when they scent the noisome gale
Which dark Avernus' jaws exhale
Aloft they rise in rapid flight:
Then on the tree at once alight
Where flashing through the leaves is seen
The golden bough's contrasted sheen.
As in the depth of winter's snow
The parasitic mistletoe
Bursts with fresh bloom, and clothes anew
The smooth bare stems with saffron hue:
So 'mid the oak's umbrageous green
The gleam of leafy gold was seen:
So 'mid the sounds of whispering trees
The thin foil tinkled in the breeze.
At once Æneas grasps the spray:
His haste o'ercomes its coy delay,

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And laden with the new-won prize
Beneath the Sibyl's roof he hies.

Nor less meanwhile the Trojans pay
To dead Misenus' thankless clay
The last memorial rite:
And first a giant pile they raise
With oak and fir to feed the blaze,
With dark-leaved boughs its sides enlace,
Sad cypresses before it place,
And deck with armor bright.
Some fix the caldron, heat the wave,
And oil the corpse which first they lave.
Loud wails are heard: then on his bed,
The weeping done, they stretch the dead,
And heap above, the cold limbs o'er,
The purple robes the living wore:
Some lend their shoulders to the bier,
A ministration sad and drear,
And, as their fathers wont, apply
The firebrands with averted eye:
While streaming oil and offered spice
Blaze up with flesh of sacrifice.
And now, when sank the embers down,
And ceased the flame to burn,
The smouldering heap with wine they drown,
And Corynæus from the pyre
Collects the bones, charred white by fire,
And stores in brazen urn:
Then to his comrades thrice he gave
Lustration from the flowing wave,
With showery dew and olive bough
Besprinkling each polluted brow,
And spoke the last acclaim.
But good Æneas bids arise
A funeral mound of mighty size;

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There plants the arms the warrior bore,
The trumpet and the shapely oar,
Beneath a mountain high in air,
Which bears, and evermore shall bear
From him Misenus' name.

This done, he hastens to fulfil
The dictates of the Sibyl's will.
Before his eyes a monstrous cave
Expands its yawning womb,
Protected by the lake's dark wave
And forest's leafy gloom:
O'er that dread space no flying thing
Unjeopardied could ply its wing;
Such noisome exhalations rise
From out its darkness to the skies.
Here first the priestess sets in view
Four goodly bulls of sable hue,
And 'twixt their horns pours forth the wine:
The topmost hairs she next plucks out,
That bristling on the forehead sprout,
An offering to the flame divine;
On Hecate the while she cries,
The Mighty One of shades and skies.
Some 'neath the throat thrust in the knife
And catch in cups the stream of life.
To Earth, and Night, the Furies' dam,
Æneas slays a black ewe-lamb,
And bids a barren heifer bleed,
For thee, dread Proserpine, decreed.
To Pluto then he sets alight
High altars, flaming through the night,
And on the embers lays
Whole bulls, denuded of their hide,
Still pouring oil in copious tide
To feed the surging blaze.

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When lo, as morning's orient red
Just brightens o'er the sky,
The firm ground bellows 'neath their tread,
The wooded summits rock and sway,
And through the shade the hell-hounds' bay
Proclaims the goddess nigh.
"Back, ye unhallowed" shrieks the seer
"And leave the whole wide forest clear:
Come, great Æneas, tread the way,
And keep your falchion bared:
Now for a heart that scorns dismay:
Now for a soul prepared."
This said, with madness in her face
She plunged into the cave:
He with her lengthening stride keeps pace,
As fearless and as brave.

Eternal Powers, whose sway controls
The empire of departed souls,
Ye too, throughout whose wide domain
Black Night and grisly Silence reign,
Hoar Chaos, awful Phlegethon,
What ear has heard let tongue make known:
Vouchsafe your sanction, nor forbid
To utter things in darkness hid.

Along the illimitable shade
Darkling and lone their way they made,
Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
An empty void, though tenanted:
So travellers in a forest move
With but the uncertain moon above,
Beneath her niggard light,
When Jupiter has hid from view
The heaven, and Nature's every hue
Is lost in blinding night.

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At Orcus' portals hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care;
And pale Diseases cluster there,
And pleasureless Decay,
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
A ghastly presence they:
Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep:
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
And deadly War are at the door;
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddens and rebels;
Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip gore.

Full in the midst an aged elm
Broods darkly o'er the shadowy realm:
There dream-land phantoms rest the wing,
Men say, and 'neath its foliage cling.
And many monstrous shapes beside
Within the infernal gates abide;
There Centaurs, Scyllas, fish and maid,
There Briareus' hundred-handed shade,
Chimæra armed with flame,
Gorgons and Harpies make their den,
With the foul pest of Lerna's fen,
And Geryon's triple frame.
Alarmed, Æneas grasps his brand
And points it at the advancing band;
And were no Sibyl there
To warn him that the goblin swarm
Are empty shades of hollow form,
He would be rushing on the foe,
And cleaving with an idle blow
The unsubstantial air.

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The threshold passed, the road leads on
To Tartarus and to Acheron.
At distance rolls the infernal flood,
Seething and swollen with turbid mud,
And into dark Cocytus pours
The burden of its oozy stores.
Grim, squalid, foul, with aspect dire,
His eye-balls each a globe of fire,
The watery passage Charon keeps,
Sole warden of those murky deeps:
A sordid mantle round him thrown
Girds breast and shoulder like a zone.
He plies the pole with dexterous ease,
Or sets the sail to catch the breeze,
Ferrying the legions of the dead
In bark of dusky iron-red,
Now marked with age; but heavenly powers
Have fresher, greener eld than ours.
Towards the ferry and the shore
The multitudinous phantoms pour;
Matrons, and men, and heroes dead,
And boys and maidens, yet unwed,
And youths who funeral fires have fed
Before their parents' eye:
Dense as the leaves that from the treen
Float down when autumn first is keen,
Or as the birds that thickly massed
Fly landward from the ocean vast,
Driven over sea by wintry blast
To seek a sunnier sky.
Each in pathetic suppliance stands,
So may he first be ferried o'er,
And stretches out his helpless hands
In yearning for the further shore:
The ferryman, austere and stern,
Takes these and those in varying turn,

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While other some he scatters wide,
And chases from the river side.

Æneas, startled at the scene,
Cries, "Tell me, priestess, what may mean
This concourse to the shore?
What cause can shade from shade divide
That these should leave the river side,
Those sweep the dull waves o'er?"
The ancient seer made brief reply:
"Anchises' seed, of those on high
The undisputed heir,
Cocytus' pool and Styx you see,
The stream by whose dread majesty
No God will falsely swear.
A helpless and unburied crew
Is this that swarms before your view:
The boatman, Charon: whom the wave
Is carrying, these have found their grave.
For never man may travel o'er
That dark and dreadful flood, before
His bones are in the urn.
E'en till a hundred years are told
They wander shivering in the cold:
At length admitted they behold
The stream for which they yearn."
In deep thought paused Anchises' seed
And pondered o'er their cruel need.
Tombless and sad, there meet his view
Leucaspis and Orontes true
Who Lycia's navy led:
With him they left their Eastern home;
The southwind whelmed them 'neath the foam,
And men and bark were sped.

Lo! pilot Palinurus' ghost
Was wandering restlessly,

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Who, voyaging that fatal night,
While on the stars he bent his sight,
Was tumbled headlong from his post
And flung upon the sea.
Scarce in the gloom the godlike man
His lost friend knew; then thus began:
"Ah Palinure! what God was he
That snatched you from my fleet and me
And plunged you in the deeps?
Apollo, true in all beside,
Here only has his word belied;
He promised you should 'scape and reach
In safety the Ausonian beach;
Lo! thus his faith he keeps!"
Then he: "Nor false was Phœbus' shrine,
Nor godhead whelmed me in the brine.
I slipped: the helm by which I steered
Still to my tightening grasp adhered,
Broke off, and with me fell.
The ruthless powers of ocean know
'Twas not my fate that feared me so,
As lest your ship, of help forlorn,
Her pilot lost, her helm down-torn,
Should fail in such a swell.
Three long cold nights 'neath southwinds' sweep
I drifted o'er the unmeasured deep:
Scarce on the fourth dim dawn I sight
Italia from the billow's height.
Stroke after stroke I swam to shore;
And peril now was all but o'er,
When, as in cumbering garments wet
I grasped the steep with talon clutch,
With swords the barbarous natives set
On my poor life, my gear to touch.

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Now o'er the ocean am I blown,
Or tossed on shore from stone to stone.
O, by the genial light of day,
By those soft airs on earth that play,
By your loved sire I make my prayer,
By the sweet promise of your heir,
Respect our friendship: give relief
From these my ills, unconquered chief:
And either heap, as well you can,
Some earth upon a wretched man —
'Twill cost you but to measure back
To Velia's port your watery track —
Or if perchance some way be known,
Some path by your blest mother shown,
For not unhelped of heaven, I trow,
O'er those dread floods you hope to go,
Vouchsafe the pledge my misery craves,
And take me with you o'er the waves,
That so in resting-place of peace
My wandering life at length may cease."
His piteous plaint was scarcely done
When thus the prophetess begun:
"Whence, Palinure, this wild desire?
What, still unburied, you aspire
To see the stream that Furies guard,
And tread, unbid, the bank's pale sward?
No longer dream that human prayer
The will of Fate can overbear.
Yet take and in your memory store
This cordial for your sorrow sore.
For know, that cruel country-side,
Alarmed by portents far and wide,
Shall lay your spirit, raise a mound,
And send down offerings underground:
And all the coast, while time endures,
Shall link its name with Palinure's."

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He hears, and feels his grief no more,
But glories in the namesake shore.

Once more upon their way they go
And near the stream of sulphurous flow.
Whom when the gloomy boatman saw
Still nigher through the forest draw
And touch the bank, with warning tone
He hails the visitants unknown:
"Whoe'er you are that sword in hand
Our Stygian flood approach,
Your errand speak from where you stand,
Nor further dare encroach.
These climes the spectres hold of right,
The home of Sleep and slumberous Night;
My laws forbid me to convey
Substantial forms of breathing clay.
'Twas no good hour that made me take
Alcides o'er the nether lake,
Nor found I more auspicious freight
In Theseus and his daring mate;
Yet all were Heaven's undoubted heirs,
And prowess more than man's was theirs.
That from our monarch's footstool dragged
The infernal watchdog, bound and gagged:
These strove to force from Pluto's side
Our mistress, his imperial bride."
Then briefly thus the Amphrysian seer:
"No lurking stratagems are here;
Dismiss your qualms: the sword we draw
Imports no breach of Stygian law:
Still let your porter from his den
Scare bloodless shades that once were men
With baying loud and deep:
Let virtuous Proserpine maintain
Her uncle's bed untouched by stain,
And still his threshold keep.

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'Tis Troy's Æneas, brave and good,
To see his sire would cross the flood.
If nought it soften you to see
Such pure heroic piety,
This branch at least" — and here she showed
The branch within her raiment stowed —
"You needs must own." At once the swell
Of anger in his bosom fell.
He answers not, but eyes the sheen
Of the blest bough, so long unseen,
Turns round the vessel, dark as ink,
And brings it to the river's brink;
Then bids the shadowy spectres flit
That up and down the benches sit,
Frees from its load the bark's deep womb,
And gives the great Æneas room.
Groans the strained craft of cobbled skin,
And through rent seams the ooze drinks in.
At length wise seer and hero brave
Are safely ferried o'er the wave,
And landed on the further bank,
'Mid formless slime and marshweed dank.

Lo! Cerberus with three-throated bark
Makes all the region ring,
Stretched out along the cavern dark
That fronts their entering.
The seer perceived his monstrous head
All bristling o'er with snakes uproused,
And toward him flings a sop of bread
With poppy-seed and honey drowsed.
He with his triple jaws dispread
Snaps up the morsel as it falls,
Relaxes his huge frame as dead,
And o'er the cave extended sprawls.

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The sentry thus in slumber drowned,
Æneas takes the vacant ground,
And quickly passes from the side
Of the irremeable tide.

Hark! as they enter, shrieks arise,
And wailing great and sore,
The souls of infants uttering cries
At ingress of the door,
Whom, portionless of life's sweet bliss,
From mother's breast untimely torn,
The black day hurried to the abyss
And plunged in darkness soon as born.
Next those are placed whom slander's breath
By false arraignment did to death.
Nor lacks e'en here the law's appeal,
Nor sits no judge the lots to deal.
Sage Minos shakes the impartial urn,
And calls a court of those below,
The life of each intent to learn
And what the cause that wrought them woe.
Next comes their portion in the gloom
Who guiltless sent themselves to doom,
And all for loathing of the day
In madness threw their lives away:
How gladly now in upper air
Contempt and beggary would they bear,
And labor's sorest pain!
Fate bars the way: around their keep
The slow unlovely waters creep
And bind with ninefold chain.

Next come, wide stretching here and there,
The Mourning Fields: such name they bear.

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Here those whose being tyrant love
With slow consumption has devoured
Dwell in secluded paths, embowered
By shade of myrtle grove.
Not e'en in death may they forget
Their pleasing pain, their fond regret.
Phædra and Procris here are seen,
And Eriphyle, hapless queen,
Still pointing to the death-wound made
By her fell son's unbated blade.
Evadne and Pasiphæ too
Within that precinct meet the view:
Laodamia there is found,
And Cæneus, woman now, once man,
Condemned by fate's recurrent round
To end where she began.

'Mid these among the branching treen
Sad Dido moved, the Tyrian queen,
Her death-wound ghastly yet and green.
Soon as Æneas caught the view
And through the mist her semblance knew,
Like one who spies or thinks he spies
Through flickering clouds the new moon rise,
The teardrop from his eyelids broke,
And thus in tenderest tones he spoke:
"Ah Dido! rightly then I read
The news that told me you were dead,
Slain by your own rash hand!
Myself the cause of your despair!
Now by the blessed stars I swear,
By heaven, by all that dead men keep
In reverence here 'mid darkness deep,
Against my will, ill-fated fair,
I parted from your land.

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The gods, at whose command to-day
Through these dim shades I take my way,
Tread the waste realm of sunless blight,
And penetrate abysmal night,
They drove me forth: nor could I know
My flight would work such cruel woe.
Stay, stay your step awhile, nor fly
So quickly from Æneas' eye.
Whom would you shun? this brief space o'er,
Fate suffers us to meet no more."
Thus while the briny tears run down
The hero strives to calm her frown,
Still pleading 'gainst disdain:
She on the ground averted kept
Hard eyes that neither smiled nor wept,
Nor bated more of her stern mood
Than if a monument she stood
Of firm Marpesian grain.
At length she tears her from the place
And hies her, still with sullen face,
Into the embowering grove,
Where her first lord, Sychæus, shares
In tender interchange of cares,
And gives her love for love;
Æneas tracks her as she flies,
With bleeding heart and tearful eyes.

Then on his journey he proceeds:
And now they gain the furthest meads,
The place which warriors haunt;
There sees he Tydeus, and the heir
Of the Arcadian nymph, and there
Adrastus pale and gaunt.
There Trojan ghosts in battle slain,
Whose dirge was loud in upper sky:

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The chieftain knows the shadowy train,
And heaves a melancholy sigh:
Glaucus and Medon there they meet,
Antenor's offspring, famed in war,
Thersilochus and Polyphete
Who dwelt in Ceres' hallowed seat,
And old Idæus, holding yet
The armor and the car.
They cluster round their ancient friend;
No single view contents their eye:
They linger, and his steps attend,
And ask him how he came, and why.
But Agamemnon's chivalry,
When gleaming through the shade
The hero and his arms they see,
Are wildered and dismayed:
Some huddle in promiscuous rout
As erst at Troy they sought the fleet:
Some feebly raise the battle-shout;
Their straining throat the thin tones flout,
Unformed and incomplete.

Now Priam's son confronts his sight,
Deiphobus, in piteous plight,
His body gashed and torn,
His ears cut off, his comely face
Seamed o'er with wounds that mar its grace,
Ears lopped, and nostrils shorn.
Him, as he cowered, and would conceal
The ravage of the cruel steel,
The chief scarce knew: then, soon as known,
He hails him thus in friendly tone:
"Deiphobus armipotent,
Of mighty Teucer's high descent,
What foe has had his will so far
Your person thus to maim and mar?

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Fame told me that with slaying tired
Upon the night of Troy's last sleep,
You sank exhausted on a heap
Of Grecian carnage, and expired.
Then I upon Rhœtean ground
Upraised an empty funeral mound
And called your shade thrice o'er.
Your name, your arms the spot maintain:
Yourself, poor friend, I sought in vain,
To give you, ere I crossed the main,
A tomb on Ilium's shore."
"Nay, gentle friend" said Priam's son
"Your duty nought has left undone:
Deiphobus's dues are paid
And satisfied his mournful shade.
No; 'twas my fate and the foul crime
Of Sparta's dame that plunged me here:
She bade me bear through after time
These memories of her dalliance dear.
In what a dream of false delight
We Trojans spent our latest night
You know: nor need I idly tell
What recollection minds too well.
When the fell steed with fatal leap
Sprang o'er Troy's wall and scaled the steep,
And brought in its impregnate womb
The armed host that wrought our doom,
An orgie dance she chose to feign,
Led through the streets a matron train,
And from the turret, torch in hand,
Gave signal to the Grecian band.
I, wearied out, had laid my head
On our unhappy bridal bed,
Sunk in a lethargy of sleep,
Most like to death, so calm, so deep.

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Meantime my virtuous wife removed
All weapons from the house away;
My sword, so oft in need approved,
She took from where the bolster lay:
Then opes the palace-door, and calls
Her former lord within the walls,
Thinking, forsooth, so fair a prize
Would blind a dazzled lover's eyes,
And patriot zeal might thus efface
The memory of her old disgrace.
Why lengthen out the tale? they burst
The chamber-door, that twain accurst,
Æolides his comrade, still
The ready counsellor of ill.
Ye gods, to Greece the like repay,
If pious are these lips that pray!
But you, what chance, I fain would know,
Has led you living down below?
Come you by ocean-wanderings driven,
Or sent by warning voice from heaven?
What stress of fortune brings you here
Through sunless regions, waste and drear?"

Thus while they talked, day's car on high
Had passed the summit of the sky;
And so perchance had worn away
The period of the travellers' stay,
But the good Sibyl thus in brief,
As comrade might, bespoke the chief:
"Æneas, night approaches near:
While we lament, the hours career.
Here, at the spot where now we stand,
The road divides on either hand;
The right, which skirts the walls of Dis,
Conducts us to the fields of bliss:

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The left gives sinners up to pain,
And leads to Tartarus' guilty reign."
"Dread seer," Deiphobus replies,
"Forgive, nor let thine anger rise.
The shadowy circle I complete,
And seek again my gloomy seat.
Pass on, proud boast of Ilium's line,
And find a happier fate than mine."
Thus he; and as the words he said
He turned, and in an instant fled.

Sudden Æneas turns his eyes,
When 'neath the left-hand cliff he spies
The bastions of a broad stronghold,
Engirt with walls of triple fold:
Fierce Phlegethon surrounds the same,
Foaming aloft with torrent flame,
And whirls his roaring rocks:
In front a portal stands displayed,
On adamantine columns stayed:
Nor mortal nor immortal foe
Those massy gates could overthrow
With battle's direst shocks.
An iron tower of equal might
In air uprises steep:
Tisiphone, in red robes dight,
Sits on the threshold day and night
With eyes that know not sleep.
Hark! from within there issue groans,
The cracking of the thong,
The clank of iron o'er the stones
Dragged heavily along.
Æneas halted, and drank in
With startled ear the fiendish din:

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"What forms of crime are these?" he cries
"What shapes of penal woe?
What piteous wails assault the skies?
O maid! I fain would know."
"Brave chief of Troy," returned the seer,
"No soul from guilt's pollution clear
May yon foul threshold tread:
But me when royal Hecat made
Controller of the Avernian shade,
The realms of torture she displayed,
And through their horrors led.
Stern monarch of these dark domains,
The Gnosian Rhadamanthus reigns:
He hears and judges each deceit,
And makes the soul those crimes declare
Which, glorying in the empty cheat,
It veiled from sight in upper air.
Swift on the guilty, scourge in hand,
Leaps fell Tisiphone, and shakes
Full in their face her loathly snakes,
And calls her sister band.
Then, not till then, the hinges grate,
And slowly opes the infernal gate.
See you who sits that gate to guard?
What presence there keeps watch and ward?
Within, the Hydra's direr shape
Sits with her fifty throats agape.
Then Tartarus with sheer descent
Dips 'neath the ghost-world twice as deep
As towers above earth's continent
The height of heaven's Olympian steep.
'Tis there the eldest born of earth,
The children of Titanic birth,
Hurled headlong by the lightning's blast,
Deep in the lowest gulf are cast.

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Aloeus' sons there met my eyes,
Twin monsters of enormous size,
Who stormed the gate of heaven, and strove
From his high seat to pull down Jove.
Salmoneus too I saw in chains,
The victim of relentless pains,
While Jove's own flame he tries to mock
And emulate the thunder-shock.
By four fleet coursers chariot-borne
And scattering brands in impious scorn
Through Elis' streets he rode,
All Greece assisting at the show,
And claimed of fellow-men below
The honors of a God:
Fond fool! to think that thunderous crash
And heaven's inimitable flash
Man's puny craft could counterfeit
With rattling brass and horsehoofs' beat.
Lo! from the sky the Almighty Sire
The levin-bolt's authentic fire
'Mid thickest darkness sped
(No volley his of pine-wood smoke),
And with the inevitable stroke
Despatched him to the dead.
There too is Tityos the accurst,
By earth's all-fostering bosom nurst:
O'er acres nine from end to end
His vast unmeasured limbs extend:
A vulture on his liver preys:
The liver fails not nor decays:
Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,
With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
And searches for her food;
Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
Nor lets the filaments have rest,
To endless pain renewed.

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Why should I name the Lapith race,
Pirithous and Ixion base?
A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,
Which ever nods and almost drops:
Couches where golden pillars shine
Invite them freely to recline,
And banquets smile before their eyne
With kingly splendor proud:
When lo! fell malice in her mien,
Beside them lies the Furies' queen:
From the rich fare she bars their hand,
Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,
And thunders hoarse and loud.
Here those who wronged a brother's love,
Assailed a sire's grey hair,
Or for a trustful client wove
A treachery and a snare,
Who wont on hoarded wealth to brood,
In sullen selfish solitude,
Nor called their friends to share the good
(The most in number they),
With those whom vengeance robbed of life
For guilty love of other's wife,
And those who drew the unnatural sword,
Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,
Await the reckoning-day.
Ask not their doom, nor seek to know
What depth receives them there below.
Some roll huge rocks up rising ground,
Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound:
There in the bottom of the pit
Sits Theseus, and will ever sit:
And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,
Proclaiming through the shades aloud,
'Behold, and learn to practise right,
Nor do the blessed gods despite.'

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This to a tyrant master sold
His native land for cursed gold,
Made laws for lucre and unmade:
That dared his daughter's bed to climb:
All, all essayed some monstrous crime,
And perfected the crime essayed.
No—had I e'en a hundred tongues
A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,
Those types of guilt I could not show,
Nor tell the forms of penal woe."

So spoke the wise Amphrysian dame:
"Now to the task for which we came:
Come, make we speed" she cries:
"I see the work of Cyclop race:
The archway fronts us, face to face,
Where custom wills that we should place
Our precious golden prize."
She ended: side by side they pace
Along the region drear,
Pass swiftly o'er the mediate space,
And to the gate draw near.
Æneas takes the entrance-way,
Grasps eagerly the lustral spray,
With pure dew sprinkles limbs and brow
And on the door sets up the bough.

Thus having soothed the queen of Dis,
They reached the realms of tranquil bliss,
Green spaces, folded in with trees,
A paradise of pleasances.
Around the champaign mantles bright
The fulness of purpureal light;
Another sun and stars they know,
That shine like ours, but shine below.

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There some disport their manly frames
In wrestling and palæstral games,
Strive on the grassy sward, or stand
Contending on the yellow sand:
Some ply the dance with eager feet
And chant responsive to its beat.
The priest of Thrace in loose attire
Makes music on his seven-stringed lyre;
The sweet notes 'neath his fingers trill,
Or tremble 'neath his ivory quill.
Here dwell the chiefs from Teucer sprung,
Brave heroes, born when earth was young,
Ilus, Assaracus, and he
Who gave his name to Dardany.
Marvelling, Æneas sees from far
The ghostly arms, the shadowy car.
Their spears are planted in the mead:
Free o'er the plain their horses feed:
Whate'er the living found of charms
In chariot and refulgent arms,
Whate'er their care to tend and groom
Their glossy steeds, outlives the tomb.
Others along the sward he sees
Reclined, and feasting at their ease
With chanted Pæans, blessed souls,
Amid a fragrant bay-tree grove,
Whence rising in the world above
Eridanus 'twixt bowering trees
His breadth of water rolls.

Here sees he the illustrious dead
Who fighting for their country bled;
Priests, who while earthly life remained
Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained;
Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear;

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Inventors, who by arts refined
The common life of human kind,
With all who grateful memory won
By services to others done:
A goodly brotherhood, bedight
With coronals of virgin white.
There as they stream along the plain
The Sibyl thus accosts the train,
Musæus o'er the rest, for he
Stands midmost in that company,
His stately head and shoulders tall
O'ertopping and admired of all:
"Say, happy souls, and thou, blest seer,
In what retreat Anchises bides:
To look on him we journey here,
Across the dread Avernian tides."
And answer to her quest in brief
Thus made the venerable chief;
"No several home has each assigned;
We dwell where forest pathways wind,
Haunt velvet banks 'neath shady treen,
And meads with rivulets fresh and green.
But climb with me this ridgy hill,
Yon path shall take you where you will."
He said, and led the way, and showed
The fields of dazzling light:
They gladly choose the downward road,
And issue from the height.

But sire Anchises 'neath the hill
Was calmly scanning at his will
The souls unborn now prisoned there,
One day to pass to upper air;
There as he stood, his wistful eye
Marked all his future progeny,

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Their fortunes and their fates assigned,
The shape, the mien, the hand, the mind.
Soon as along the green he spied
Æneas hastening to his side,
With eager act both hands he spread,
And bathed his cheeks with tears, and said:
"At last! and are you come at last?
Has love the perilous road o'erpast,
That love, so tried of yore?
And may I hear that well-known tone,
And speak in accents of my own,
And see that face once more?
Ah yes! I knew the hour would come:
I pondered o'er the days' long sum,
Till anxious care the future knew:
And now completion proves it true.
What lands, what oceans have you crossed!
By what a sea of perils tossed!
How oft I feared the fatal charm
Of Libya's realm might work you harm!"
But he: "Your shade, your mournful shade,
Appearing oft, my purpose swayed
To visit this far place:
My ships are moored by Tyrrhene brine:
O father, link your hand with mine,
Nor fly your son's embrace!"
He said, and sorrow, as he spoke,
In torrents from his eyelids broke.
Thrice strove the son his sire to clasp;
Thrice the vain phantom mocked his grasp,
No vision of the drowsy night,
No airy current, half so light.

Meantime Æneas in the vale
A sheltered forest sees,
Deep woodlands, where the evening gale
Goes whispering through the trees,

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And Lethe river, which flows by
Those dwellings of tranquillity.
Nations and tribes, in countless ranks,
Were crowding to its verdant banks:
As bees afield in summer clear
Beset the flowerets far and near
And round the fair white lilies pour:
The deep hum sounds the champaign o'er.
Æneas, startled at the scene,
Asks wondering what the noise may mean,
What river this, or what the throng
That crowds so thick its banks along.
His sire replies: "The souls are they
Whom Fate will reunite to clay:
There stooping down on Lethe's brink
A deep oblivious draught they drink.
Fain would I muster in review
Before your eyes that shadowy crew.
That you, their sire, may joy with me
To think of new-found Italy."
"O father! and can thought conceive
That happy souls this realm would leave,
And seek the upper sky,
With sluggish clay to reunite?
This direful longing for the light,
Whence comes it, say, and why?"
"Learn then, my son, nor longer pause
In wonder at the hidden cause,"
Replies Anchises, and withdraws
The veil before his eye.

"Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,
Are nourished by a soul,
A bright intelligence, which darts
Its influence through the several parts
And animates the whole.

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Thence souls of men and cattle spring,
And the gay people of the wing,
And those strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides.
A fiery strength inspires their lives,
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay,
And the dull 'vesture of decay.'
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears:
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light.
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay;
Full many a long contracted stain
Perforce must linger deep in grain.
So penal sufferings they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure:
Some hang aloft in open view
For winds to pierce them through and through,
While others purge their guilt deep-dyed
In burning fire or whelming tide.
Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain;
Then to Elysium we repair,
The few, and breathe this blissful air:
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And nought remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light.
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheel of destiny have rolled,
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river-side,

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That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return."

Anchises spoke, and with him drew
Æneas and the Sibyl too
Amid the shadowy throng,
And mounts a hillock, whence the eye
Might form and countenance descry
As each one passed along.
"Now listen what the future fame
Shall follow the Dardanian name,
What glorious spirits wait
Our progeny to furnish forth:
My tongue shall name each soul of worth,
And show you of your fate.
See you yon gallant youth advance
Leaning upon a headless lance?
He next in upper air holds place,
First offspring of the Italian race
Commixed with ours, your latest child
By Alban name of Silvius styled,
Whom to your eye Lavinia fair
In silvan solitude shall bear,
King, sire of kings, by whom comes down
Through Trojan hands the Alban crown.
Nearest to him see Procas shine,
The glory of Dardania's line,
And Numitor and Capys too,
And one that draws his name from you,
Silvius Æneas, mighty he
Alike in arms and piety,
Should Fate's high pleasure e'er command
The Alban sceptre to his land.

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Look how they bloom in youth's fresh flower!
What promise theirs of martial power!
Mark you the civic wreath they wear,
The oaken garland in their hair?
These, these are they, whose hands shall crown
The mountain heights with many a town,
Shall Gabii and Nomentum rear,
There plant Collatia, Cora here,
And leave to after years their stamp
On Bola and on Inuus' camp:
Names that shall then be far renowned,
Now nameless spots of unknown ground.
There to his grandsire's fortune clings
Young Romulus, of Mars' true breed;
From Ilia's womb the warrior springs,
Assaracus' authentic seed.
See on his helm the double crest,
The token by his sire impressed,
That marks him out betimes to share
The heritage of upper air.
Lo! by his fiat called to birth
Imperial Rome shall rise,
Extend her reign to utmost earth,
Her genius to the skies,
And with a wall of girdling stone
Embrace seven hills herself alone —
Blest in an offspring wise and strong:
So through great cities rides along
The mighty Mother, crowned with towers,
Around her knees a numerous line,
A hundred grandsons, all divine,
All tenants of Olympian bowers.

Turn hither now your ranging eye:
Behold a glorious family,
Your sons and sons of Rome:

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Lo! Cæsar there and all his seed,
Iulus' progeny, decreed
To pass 'neath heaven's high dome.
This, this is he, so oft the theme
Of your prophetic fancy's dream,
Augustus Cæsar, Jove's own strain;
Restorer of the age of gold
In lands where Saturn ruled of old:
O'er Ind and Garamant extreme
Shall stretch his boundless reign.
Look to that land which lies afar
Beyond the path of sun or star,
Where Atlas on his shoulder rears
The burden of the incumbent spheres.
Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear
The muttered voice of many a seer,
And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,
Their coming conqueror know:
Alcides in his savage chase
Ne'er travelled o'er so wide a space,
What though the brass-hoofed deer he killed,
And Erymanthus' forest stilled,
And Lerna's depth with terror thrilled
At twanging of his bow:
Nor stretched his conquering march so far,
Who drove his ivy-harnessed car
From Nysa's lofty height, and broke
The tiger's spirit 'neath his yoke.
And shrink we in this glorious hour
From bidding worth assert her power,
Or can our craven hearts recoil
From settling on Ausonian soil?

But who is he at distance seen
With priestly garb and olive green?
That reverend beard, that hoary hair
The royal sage of Rome declare,

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Who first shall round the city draw
The limitary lines of law,
Called forth from Cures' petty town
To bear the burden of a crown.
Then he whose voice shall break the rest
That lulled to sleep a nation's breast,
And sound in languid ears the cry
Of Tullus and of victory.
Then Ancus, all too fain to sail
E'en now before a favoring gale.
Say, shall I show you face to face
The monarchs of Tarquinian race,
And vengeful Brutus, proud to wring
The people's fasces from a king?
He first in consul's pomp shall lift
The axe and rods, the freeman's gift,
And call his own rebellious seed
For menaced liberty to bleed.
Unhappy father! howsoe'er
The deed be judged by after days,
His country's love shall all o'erbear,
And unextinguished thirst of praise.
There move the Decii, Drusus here,
Torquatus too with axe severe,
And great Camillus: mark him show
Rome's standards rescued from the foe!
But those who side by side you see
In equal armor bright,
Now twined in bonds of amity
While yet they dwell in night,
Alas! how terrible their strife,
If e'er they win their way to life,
How fierce the shock of war,
This kinsman rushing to the fight
From castellated Alpine height,

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That leading his embattled might
From furthest morning star!
Nay, children, nay, your hate unlearn,
Nor 'gainst your country's vitals turn
The valor of her sons:
And thou, do thou the first refrain;
Cast down thy weapons on the plain,
Thou, born of Jove's Olympian strain,
In whom my lifeblood runs!

One, victor in Corinthian war,
Up Capitol shall drive his car,
Proud of Achæans slain:
And one Mycenæ shall o'erthrow,
The city of the Atridan foe,
And e'en Æacides destroy,
Achilles' long-descended boy,
In vengeance for his sires of Troy,
And Pallas' plundered fane.
Who, mighty Cato, Cossus, who
Would keep your names concealed?
The Gracchi, and the Scipios two,
The levins of the field,
Serranus, o'er his furrow bowed,
Or thee, Fabricius, poor yet proud?
Ye Fabii, must your actions done
The speed of panting praise outrun?
Our greatest thou, whose wise delay
Restores the fortune of the day.
Others, I ween, with happier grace
From bronze or stone shall call the face,
Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
And tell when planets set or rise:
But ye, my Romans, still control
The nations far and wide

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Be this your genius — to impose
The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
Show pity to the humbled soul,
And crush the sons of pride."

He ceased; and ere their awe was o'er,
Took up his prophecy once more:
"Lo, great Marcellus! see him tower
With kingly spoils, in conquering power,
The warrior host above!
He in a day of dire debate
Shall 'stablish firm the reeling state,
The Carthaginian bands o'erride,
Break down the Gaul's insurgent pride,
And the third trophy dedicate
To Rome's Feretrian Jove."
Then spoke Æneas, who beheld
Beside the warrior pace
A youth, full-armed, by none excelled
In beauty's manly grace,
But on his brow was nought of mirth,
And his fixed eyes were dropped on earth: —
"Who, father, he, who thus attends
Upon that chief divine?
His son, or other who descends
From his illustrious line?
What whispers in the encircling crowd!
The portance of his steps how proud!
But gloomy night, as of the dead,
Flaps her sad pinions o'er his head."
The sire replies, while down his cheek
The teardrops roll apace:
"Ah son! compel me not to speak
The sorrows of our race!
That youth the Fates but just display
To earth, nor let him longer stay:

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With gifts like these for aye to hold.
Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.
Ah! what a groan from Mars's plain
Shall o'er the city sound!
How wilt thou gaze on that long train,
Old Tiber, rolling to the main
Beside his new-raised mound!
No youth of Ilium's seed inspires
With hope as fair his Latian sires:
Nor Rome shall dandle on her knee
A nursling so adored as he.
O piety! O ancient faith!
O hand untamed in battle scathe!
No foe had lived before his sword,
Stemmed he on foot the war's red tide
Or with relentless rowel gored
His foaming charger's side.
Dear child *of pity! shouldst thou* burst
The dungeon-bars of Fate accurst,
Our own Marcellus thou!
Bring lilies here, in handfuls bring:
Their lustrous blooms I fain would fling:
Such honor to a grandson's shade
By grandsire hands may well be paid:
Yet O! it 'vails not now!"

Mid such discourse, at will they range
The mist-clad region, dim and strange.
So when the sire the son had led
Through all the ranks of happy dead,
And stirred his spirit into flame
At thought of centuries of fame,
With prophet power he next relates
The war that in the future waits,
Italia's fated realm describes,
Latinus' town, Laurentum's tribes,

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And tells him how to face or fly
Each cloud that darkens o'er his sky. —
Sleep gives his name to portals twain:
One all of horn, they say,
Through which authentic spectres gain
Quick exit into day,
And one which bright with ivory gleams,
Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.
Conversing still, the sire attends
The travellers on their road,
And through the ivory portal sends
From forth the unseen abode.
The chief betakes him to the fleet,
Well pleased again his crew to meet:
Then for Caieta's port sets sail,
Straight coasting by the strand:
The anchors from the prow they hale:
The sterns are turned to land.

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BOOK VII.

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ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favored by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighboring princes, whose forces, and the names of their commanders, are particularly related.

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BOOK VII.

Thou too, Æneas' nurse of yore,
In death hast glorified our shore,
Caieta, honored dame:
Still glory haunts thy place of rest:
Marked by thy name, thy relics blest
In the great country of the west
Repose — if that be fame.
But good Æneas, soon as paid
Due tribute to the well-loved shade
And funeral mound upreared,
Waits till the seas grow calm at eve,
Then spreads his sail, constrained to leave
The haven, thus endeared.
The breezes freshen toward the night,
Nor doth the moon refuse
Her guiding lamp: its tremulous light
The glancing deep bestrews.
Next, skirting still the shore, they run
Fair Circe's magic coast along,
Where she, bright daughter of the sun,
Her forest fastness thrills with song,
And for a nightly blaze consumes
Rich cedar in her stately rooms,
While, sounding shrill, the comb is sped
From end to end adown the thread.

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Thence hear they many a midnight roar:
The lion strives to burst his cell:
The raging bear, the foaming boar
Alternate with the gaunt wolf's yell:
Whom from the human form divine
For malice' sake the ruthless queen
Had changed by pharmacy malign
To bristly hide and bestial mien.
So lest the pious Trojan train
Such dire enormity sustain,
The harbor should they reach, or land
On that inhospitable strand,
The Ocean-god inflates their sails
With breath of favorable gales,
And speeds their flight, and bears them safe
Where angry waves no longer chafe.

The sea was reddening with the dawn:
The queen of morn on high
Was seen in rosy chariot drawn
Against a saffron sky,
When on the bosom of the deep
The Zephyrs dropped at once to sleep,
And, struck with calm, the tired oars strain
Against the smooth unmoving main.
Now from the deep Æneas sees
A mighty grove of glancing trees.
Embowered amid the silvan scene
Old Tiber winds his banks between,
And in the lap of ocean pours
His gulfy stream, his sandy stores.
Around, gay birds of diverse wing,
Accustomed there to fly or sing,
Were fluttering on from spray to spray
And soothing ether with their lay.

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He bids his comrades turn aside
And landward set each vessel's head,
And enters in triumphant pride
The river's shadowy bed.

Be with me, Goddess, while I tell
What chiefs bore rule, what deeds befell,
What Latium's early time, before
The stranger landed on her shore,
And wake the memory of the feud
Which first her arms in blood imbued.
O be thy poet's guide, and aid
His recollection, heavenly maid!
I sing of War's tempestuous tide,
Of kings who perished in their pride,
The Tyrrhene chivalry, and all
Hesperia roused by battle's call.
A loftier task the bard assays:
The horizon broadens on his gaze.

Latinus, old at length and grey,
O'er town and realm held peaceful sway,
Born of a nymph of Latian race
From kingly Faunus' loved embrace.
Picus was Faunus' sire: and he,
Great Saturn, owes his birth to thee.
No manly heir, so Heaven decreed,
Preserved in life the royal seed;
E'en as it rose, in youth's fair day
That progeny was reft away.
One daughter stood to guard the throne,
To bridal age already grown:
Full many a prince from Latian land
And all Ausonia sought her hand,
Young Turnus chief, to kings allied
And comelier far than all beside,

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Much favored of the queen, who strove
With earnest zeal to speed his love:
But prodigies with dire alarms
Deny the maiden to his arms.
Within the palace' centre bred
An ancient tree of laurel stood:
Long years of reverential dread
Had gathered round its sacred wood:
Men say 'twas by Latinus found
When first he traced the castle's bound:
He reared it from its native sod,
Devoted to the Delphian god,
And taught his settlers thence to claim
For their new town Laurentum's name.
To its high top a swarm of bees
Came warping on the summer breeze:
And, linking feet with feet, they sway
In pendent cluster from the spray.
"A stranger comes" exclaimed the seer
"A foreign host: I see them near:
The same the quarter of their flight,
The same the region where they light:
E'en now in plenitude of power
They hold the city's topmost tower."
Then too, as standing by her sire
Lavinia tends the altar-fire,
Her tresses — prodigy untold —
Catch the fierce flame with eager hold,
And on her beauteous head-tire preys
The crackling stream of torrent blaze.
Her royal locks are all alight,
Her coronal, with jewels bright:
Till, wrapt in smoke and glare, she showers
Live sparkles through the palace bowers.
With mingled wonder and affright
The boding seers proclaimed the sight:

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Her fame, they said, should proudly blaze
A streaming light to after days,
But dim should be the nation's star,
O'erclouded by a mighty war.

The king, by prodigies distraught,
His father Faunus' temple sought,
A sacred grove displayed to sight
Beneath Albunea's frowning height,
Which echoes with a brawling stream,
And breathes aloft sulphureous steam.
Hither Œnotria's tribes repair,
To seek heaven's help in man's despair:
Then, when the minister divine
Has placed the offering on the shrine,
And, seeking sleep, at midnight lain
On the stripped skins of cattle slain,
Strange shapes before his eyes appear,
Strange voices whisper in his ear,
He communes with the sons of bliss,
Or talks with Acheron's dark abyss.
So now, when king Latinus came
His parent god's response to claim,
A hundred sheep he slew, and lay
Stretched on their wool till night's decay,
When sudden from the grove's deep gloom
Burst on his ear the voice of doom:
"Ambition not, my son, to pair
With Latian prince thy royal heir,
Nor satisfy an easy quest
With nuptial bowers already drest:
Lo! foreign bridegrooms come, whose fame
To heaven shall elevate our name:
The sons who from their loins have birth
Shall see one day the whole broad earth,

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From main to main, from pole to pole
Beneath them bow, beneath them roll."
These words, at night's still hour addrest,
Latinus locks not in his breast:
Along Ausonia's country side
The voice of fame had spread them wide
Already when the Trojans moored
Their fleet on Tiber's river-board.

Æneas and the chiefs of Troy,
And Ilium's hope, the princely boy,
Their weary limbs at leisure laid
Under a tree's alluring shade,
Set forth the banquet, and bespread
The sward beneath with cakes of bread
(Jove gave the thought), and heap with store
Of wilding fruit their wheaten floor.
So when, all else consumed, at last
The failure of their scant repast
Compelled the wanderers to devour
Their slender garniture of flour,
Attack the fated round, nor spare
The impress of the sacred square,
"What! eating up our boards beside?"
In merry vein Iulus cried.
That word at once dissolved the spell:
The father caught it as it fell,
With warning look all utterance stilled,
And marvelled at the sign fulfilled.
Then "Hail, auspicious land" he cries
"So long from Fate my due!
All hail, ye Trojan deities,
To Trojan fortunes true!
At length we rest, no more to roam.
Here is our country, here our home.

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For well I mind, my sire of old
This secret of the future told:
'Whene'er on unknown shores you eat
Your very boards for lack of meat,
Then count your home already found:
There build your town and bank it round.'
Ay, this the lack his words forecast,
And these the horrors of that fast,
Which waited all the while, to close
Our dreary catalogue of woes.
Come then, and with the morrow's ray
Explore we each his diverse way,
The natives who, and what the place,
And where the city of the race.
Now with full cups libation pour
To mighty Jove, whom all adore.
Invoke Anchises' blessed soul,
And once again set on the bowl."
Thus having said, he wreaths his brow
With cincture of a leafy bough,
Invokes the Genius of the spot,
And Earth, of Gods the first begot,
The Nymphs and Floods as yet unknown,
And Night and Stars that gem her throne,
And Ida's monarch Jove,
And the great Mother, Phrygia's fear,
And last, his own two parents dear,
One nether, one above.
Thrice, as he prayed, from azure skies
The Thunderer pealed aloud,
And flushing shook before their eyes
A red and golden cloud.
Through Ilium's ranks the fame flies fast,
The day has come shall found at last
Their city's promised towers:

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Exulting in the mighty sign,
They spread the board, set on the wine,
And crown the cup with flowers.

Soon as the moon at earliest birth
Diffused her lustre o'er the earth,
Each by a different path explores
The town, the frontier, and the shores:
And here they find Numicius' spring,
Here Tiber flows, here dwells the king.
This done, the monarch's grace to gain,
Æneas sends a goodly train,
A hundred chiefs of each degree,
With wool-wreathed boughs from Pallas' tree,
Rich presents to their hand commends,
And bids them crave the dues of friends.
At once the ambassadors obey:
Their hasty steps despatch the way.
Himself with narrow trench defines
The rampart's meditated lines,
And camp-like girds his city round
With palisade and sloping mound.
And now the chiefs, the way o'ercome,
Before them rising tall
See roofs and towers, the Latins' home,
And pass beneath the wall.
Before the town the youth at play
In mimic contests speed the day,
Direct the rapid car, or train
The courser on the dusty plain,
With vigor bend the pliant bow,
Or to its mark the javelin throw,
Ply the swift foot, or plant the blow:
When riding up in full career
A herald to the monarch's ear

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Reports that valiant chiefs are here
Attired in garb unknown:
He, hearing, gives the word to call
The strangers to the audience-hall,
And seats him on his throne.

Upon the city's highest ground,
With hundred columns compassed round,
There rose a fane sublime;
'Twas Picus' palace long ago,
And sacred woods around it throw
The awe of elder time.
Here wont the monarchs to receive
The royal staff, the fasces heave,
An omen of their reign:
Here met the council of debate,
Here on high days the seniors sate
At lengthening tables ranged in state
To feast on cattle slain.
There, formed of ancient cedar wood,
A line of old forefathers stood;
Here Italus, Sabinus here
Who taught them first the vine to rear
(The mimic semblance still preserved
The hook for pruning deftly curved);
There ancient Saturn holds his place,
And Janus with his double face,
And many another hoary king
E'en from the nation's earliest spring,
And many a warrior, strong and brave,
Who poured his blood his land to save.
There too were spoils of bygone wars
Hung on the portals, captive cars,
Strong city-gates with massy bars,
And battle-axes keen,

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And plumy cones from helmets shorn,
And beaks from vanquished vessels torn,
And darts, and bucklers sheen.
There with his bowed augurial wand
And scanty robe with purple band,
The sacred buckler in his hand,
Sat Picus, horseman king,
Who stirred of old the jealous flame
Of Circe, wonder-working dame,
And by her potent drugs became
A bird of dappled wing.
Such was the fane within whose walls
The king enthroned the Trojans calls,
And, thronging round him as they stand,
With tranquil mien accosts the band:

"Say, Dardans, for we know your name,
Nor sail ye hither strange to Fame,
What need has power to waft you o'er
Such length of seas to this our shore?
If stress of wind, or way mista'en,
Or other suffering on the main,
Has made you thread our stream, and moor
Your vessels from its pleasant shore,
Disdain not this our Latin cheer,
But know the race to Saturn dear,
Not righteous by constraint or fear,
But freely virtuous, self-controlled
By memory of the age of gold.
Ay, now I mind, in earlier day
Auruncan elders wont to say
'Twas hence that Dardanus your king
For Phrygian land of old took wing,
And reached the towns at Ida's base
And northern Samos, styled of Thrace:

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From Corythus he went, and now
He suns him on Olympus' brow,
And when to heaven our altars fume,
'Mid other powers he claims his room."

"Great King" Ilioneus made reply
"Sage Faunus' princely progeny,
We come not to your friendly coast
By random gale o'er ocean tost,
Nor land nor star has made us stray
From our determined line of way:
Of steady purpose one and all
We flock beneath your city wall,
Driven from an empire, greater none
Within the circuit of the sun.
Jove is our sire: to Jove's high race
We, Dardans born, our lineage trace:
Jove's seed, the monarch we obey,
Æneas, sends us here to-day.
How fierce a storm from Argos sent
On Ida's plains its fury spent,
How Fate in dire collision hurled
The eastern and the western world,
E'en he has heard, whom earth's last verge
Just separates from the circling surge,
And he who, to his kind unknown,
Dwells midmost 'neath the torrid zone.
Swept by that deluge o'er the foam
For our lorn gods we ask a home:
A belt of sand is all we crave,
And man's free birthright, air and wave.
We shall not shame your Latin crown,
Nor light shall be your own renown,
Nor time obliterate the debt,
Nor Italy the hour regret
When Troy with outstretched arms she met.

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I swear it by Æneas' fate,
By that right hand which makes him great,
In peace and war approved alike
A friend to aid, a foe to strike,
Full oft have mighty nations — nay,
Scorn not a suppliant's mean array,
Nor deem that wreaths and lowly speech
The freedom of our boast impeach —
Full oft with zeal and earnest prayers
Have nations wooed us to be theirs;
But heaven's high fate, with stern command,
Impelled us still to this your land.
Here Dardanus was born, and here
Apollo bids our race return:
To Tyrrhene Tiber points the seer
And pure Numicius' hallowed urn.
These presents too our hands convey,
Scant relics of a happier day,
From burning Ilium snatched away.
From this bright gold before the shrine
His sire Anchises poured the wine:
With these adornments Priam sate
'Mid gathered crowds in kingly state,
The sceptre and the diadem:
Troy's women wrought the vesture's hem."

Thus as Ilioneus moves his suit,
Latinus' face is fixed and mute;
He sits as rooted to the ground,
And turns his eyes in wonder round.
Not Priam's crown nor purple wrought
So deeply stirs his princely thought:
His daughter's bed — on that he dwells,
And Faunus' riddle spells and spells:
Ay, this the chief the Fates prepare
From foreign parts his throne to share,

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And hence the warrior race, whose sway
Should make a subject world obey.
At length with gladness he exclaims:
"Speed, gracious Heaven, a parent's aims
And thine own sign! I grant your prayer,
Kind guest, nor scorn the gifts you bear.
You shall not lack, while mine the throne,
Rich soil and plenty like your own.
Let but Æneas, if he feel
For us and ours so warm a zeal,
Would he be friend and firm ally,
Approach, nor shun our kindly eye:
For know, that treaty may not stand
Where king greets king and joins not hand.
Now list, and to your monarch take
What further answer here I make.
A maiden child is mine, whose hand
May mate with none of this our land,
Thus heaven declares with many a sign,
And voices from my father's shrine:
Our fate, they say, has yet in store
A bridegroom from a foreign shore,
Whose mingling blood shall raise our name
Above the empyrean frame.
That he, your chief, is fortune's choice,
So speaks my heart, my hope, my voice."
He ceased, and bade be brought for all
Fleet horses from his royal stall:
Three hundred in the stable stood
With glossy coat and fiery blood:—
The servants hear, and straightway lead
For every chief a gallant steed:
A purple cloak each courser decks,
And golden poitrels grace their necks:
For Venus' son the monarch's care
Provides a car and princely pair,

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Twin horses of ethereal seed,
Their nostrils breathing flames of fire,
Derived from that clandestine breed
By Circe stolen from her sire.
So, cheered with gifts and courteous phrase,
The Trojans take their homeward ways,
And, mounted as they ride, report
A friendly welcome from the court.

Meantime from Argos journeying
The consort of the almighty King,
O'er far Pachynus as she flies,
Looks down in prospect from the skies:
She sees them in their hour of joy,
Æneas and the crews of Troy:
Already at their walls they toil,
And trust them to the friendly soil,
And leave the fleet behind:
She halts, by keenest anguish stung,
Shakes her dark brows, and thus gives tongue
To her infuriate mind:
"O thrice abhorred, accursed brood!
O Phrygian fates, with mine at feud!
And fell they on Sigean plain
Those all innumerable slain?
And were the captives truly ta'en,
And were the bondmen bound?
The flame that fell on Ilium's tower,
Say, could it Ilium's sons devour?
Through circling fires and steely shower
Their passage have they found.
Aye, sooth, my arts have spent their strength;
My hate, full gorged, has slept at length —
I, who could hound them o'er the foam
When tossed and shaken from their home:
On every sea, 'neath every sky,
Where'er they turned them, there was I.

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The armories of air and main
Were loosed on Troy, and loosed in vain.
What vantaged me those powers of hurt,
Charybdis, Scylla, and the Syrt?
In Tiber's port they ride at ease
And laugh at Juno and her seas.
Yet Mars could sweep from earth's wide face
All vestige of the Lapith race:
Old Calydon the eternal Sire
Surrendered to Diana's ire:
What sin so grievous had they done,
The Lapith race or Calydon?
But I, the Thunderer's awful bride,
Who left, poor wretch, no art untried,
Who dared a thousand arms to wield,
Must yield, and to Æneas yield.
If strength like mine be yet too weak,
I care not whose the aid I seek:
What choice 'twixt under and above?
If Heaven be firm, the shades shall move.
Grant that I cannot bar the way
That leads him to his Latian sway,
That fixed in destiny must stand
The promise of Lavinia's hand:
Yet just it were events so great
For slow accomplishment should wait;
Yet may I make the monarchs twain
Each mourner for a nation slain.
So let them give and take them wives,
The wedding's cost their people's lives.
Behold your marriage dower, fair maid!
In Latium's blood and Troy's 'tis paid:
Bellona at the appointed hour
Shall light you to your bridal bower.
Not Hecuba the only dame
Whose womb bore fruit in nuptial flame:

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Venus shall see her offspring dear
Another Paris reappear,
A torch rekindled to destroy
E'en now the second birth of Troy."

This said, with vengeance in her eyes
From heaven to earth the goddess flies,
And from the Furies' Stygian halls
Alecto's baleful presence calls,
To whom grim war and jealous strife
And treacheries are the breath of life.
E'en Pluto hates his offspring, e'en
Her sister fiends the monster dread,
So multiform her hideous mien,
So thick the serpents round her head.
Whom Juno then for aid entreats
With words that kindle fiercer heats:
"Vouchsafe me, virgin child of Night,
This boon for my peculiar right,
A service all thine own,
Lest Juno's praise and worship fall
From their exalted pedestal,
Should Troy Italia's bounds beset
And weave her hymenæal net
About Latinus' throne.
Thou canst in hostile arms array
Two brothers of one will,
With rancorous hate and burning fray
A peaceful homestead fill:
Scourges are thine and funeral flames:
Thou gloriest in a thousand names,
A thousand means of ill.
Stir up thy breast, with malice rife,
Break the formed league, sow seeds of strife:
Let youth and age with one accord
Desire, demand, and seize the sword."

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Then, steeped in venom's direst gall,
Alecto spreads her wing
For Latium and the stately hall
Of the Laurentian king,
Alights, and sits her down before
Amata's silent chamber-door:
Who, musing on the new-come host
And Turnus' hopes malignly crossed,
Was seething o'er, unhappy queen,
With woman's passion, woman's spleen.
The goddess snatched a serpent, bred
'Mid the dark ringlets of her head,
And hurled it at the dame,
That she, made frantic by the smart
Deep working in her inmost heart,
Might set the house on flame.
In glides the snake, unfelt, unseen,
Thin robe and ivory breast between,
And breathing in its poisonous breath,
Enwraps her in a dream of death:
Now with her golden necklace blends,
Now from her fillet's length depends,
With serpent gold her tresses binds,
And smoothly round her person winds.
So, when the viperous influence
Is first distilling o'er the sense,
Nor yet the soul has caught entire
The fever of contagious fire,
Gently, as mother might, she speaks,
The hot tears rolling down her cheeks,
Tears for her hapless daughter shed
And Phrygia's hated bridal bed:
"And shall a Dardan fugitive,
O father, with Lavinia wive?
And will you not compassion take
For daughter's, sire's, or mother's sake?

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Ay, well I know, the first fair gale
Shall see the faithless pirate sail,
And bear from home the weeping maid,
The prize of his triumphant raid.
Not thus, forsooth, the Phrygian swain
Made stealthy progress o'er the main,
To Sparta won his way, and bore
Fair Helen to the Idæan shore.
Where now your sacred promise? where
The love you wont your own to bear,
Or where that hand, whose friendly grasp
The hand of Turnus oft would clasp?
If nought will serve for Latium's need
But bridegroom sprung from foreign seed,
And father Faunus' solemn hest
Sits heavy on your anxious breast,
All climes that own not our command,
So read I Fate, are foreign land.
And Turnus, if enquiry trace
The first beginnings of his race,
Counts with his grandsires Argive kings,
And from Mycenæ's midmost springs."

But when, essaying oft, she sees
Latinus proof against her pleas,
And now the deadly poison thrills
Her veins, and all the woman fills,
Then, maddened with its furious heats,
She rages through the crowded streets,
Like top that whirling 'neath the thong
Is scourged by eager boys along
Bent on their gamesome strife:
With eddying motion it careers
Round empty courts in circling spheres;
The beardless troop in strange amaze
Upon the winged boxwood gaze:
The lashes lend it life.

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So wildly, furiously she flies
Through peopled towns 'neath wolfish eyes.
Nay more, with fiercer frenzy spurred,
She feigns herself by Bacchus stirred,
Betakes her to the woods, and hides
The maid in leafy mountain-sides,
To balk the Trojans and delay
The dreaded hymenæal day:
And "Evoe Bacchus! thou alone"
(So shrills her wild ecstatic tone)
"Art worthy of the fair:
For thee she wields the ivied wand,
For thee leads forth the dancers' band,
For thee she tends her hair."
Swift flies the heraldry of fame,
And many another frenzied dame
Comes forth, her spirit all on flame
A new abode to seek:
Their ancient homes they leave behind,
Spread hair and shoulders to the wind,
Or clad in skins from fawns new doffed
Their vine-branch javelins raise aloft,
With shrill ear-piercing shriek.
She in the midst with frantic hand
Uplifts a blazing pine-wood brand,
And hymns aloud in solemn lay
Her child and Turnus' marriage day;
Then rolling red her bloodshot eyes
"Ho, Latian mothers!" fierce she cries,
"Give ear, where'er ye be:
If, still to poor Amata kind,
A mother's wrongs ye bear in mind,
The fillet from your brows unbind,
And rove the woods with me."
Thus, armed with Bacchus' handspears keen,
Alecto goads the ill-starred queen,

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And drives her far from home of men.
'Mid silvan haunt and wild-beast's den.

So when she sees the seeds of ill
Have thriven obedient to her will,
The royal house, the royal thought
Alike to dire confusion brought,
On dusky wings the goddess flies
Where the bold Daunian's ramparts rise,
The town which Danæ built of yore,
By headlong tempest blown ashore.
Ardea the name that bygone race
Bestowed upon their dwelling-place,
And Ardea's name is honored yet,
But Ardea's sun in gloom is set.
There in his home at midnight deep
Was Turnus lying wrapped in sleep.
At once the crafty fiend lays by
All signs of baleful deity:
No Fury now, she makes her own
The likeness of a wrinkled crone,
Binds with a fillet tresses grey
And twines them round with olive spray:
She stands, transformed to Calybe,
Priestess of Juno's temple she,
And thus in simulated guise
Presents her to the warrior's eyes:
"Can Turnus rest and see his pain,
His generous toil bestowed in vain?
Lie still and see his kingly sway
To Dardan settlers signed away?
Latinus robs you of the fair,
Withholds perforce her blood-bought dower,
And searches out a foreign heir
To throne him in the seat of power.

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Go, fight your fights that win no thanks,
Seek scorn amid the embattled field;
Go, mow them down, the Tuscan ranks,
And Latium's tribes with safety shield.
These words Saturnia's awful power
Breathes in your ear in midnight's hour.
Come, sound the glad alarm, and call
The youth to arms without the wall;
Consume the Phrygian ships, that ride
At anchor in our pleasant tide:
'Tis heaven's high will that gives command,
And prompts to fight your ready hand.
Nay, let Latinus' self, if yet
He grudge the fair, nor own his debt,
From late experience learn, and feel
The might of Turnus, sheathed in steel."

With scornful laughter in his eye
The haughty youth thus made reply:
"The fleet arrived in Tiber's stream
Has not escaped me, as you deem:
Why feign these terrors? well I ween
Turnus is watched by Juno queen:
'Tis you, good dame, effete and old,
Whom purblind age, o'ergrown with mould,
Bemocks with visions of alarms
Amid the clang of monarchs' arms.
Yours is the task to tend the shrine
And make your image look divine;
But leave to men, whose care they are,
The mysteries of peace and war."

These taunts enkindled into fire
The furnace of Alecto's ire.
Or ere he ceased, a trembling takes
His frame; his eyes are fixed as stone;

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So dire the hissing of her snakes,
So ghastly grim the features shown;
She thrusts him back with angry glare
As, faltering, further speech he tries,
Uprears two serpents from her hair,
And cracks her scorpion whip, and cries:
"Behold the dame, grown o'er with mould,
Whom dotage, impotent and old,
Bemocks with visions of alarms
Amid the clang of monarchs' arms!
My home is with the infernal king,
And death and war in hand I bring."

A fire-brand at the youth she throws:
Lodged in his breast the pinewood glows
With lurid light and dim:
A giant terror breaks his sleep,
And, bursting forth, big sweat-drops steep
His body, bone and limb.
"My sword! my sword!" he madly shrieks;
His sword he through the chamber seeks
And all the mansion o'er:
Burns the fierce fever of the steel,
The guilty madness warriors feel,
And jealous wrath yet more:
As when piled high a caldron round
The wood-fire sends a crackling sound,
And makes the waters start and bound,
In wild turmoil with smoke and steam
Seethes, hisses, froths the imprisoned stream,
Till the vexed wave o'erleaps control,
And vaporous clouds to heaven uproll.
So, proudly trampling treaties down,
He sounds a march to Latium's town:
To king Latinus he will go,
Protect the realm, expel the foe:

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Though Latium's force unite with Troy's
Himself will bring the counterpoise.
This said, to Heaven he makes appeal:
The Rutule hosts with emulous zeal
Their martial rage inflame:
And one the chief's young beauty fires,
One kindles at his hero sires,
One at his deeds of fame.

While Turnus thus to fury fans
The Rutules' warlike might,
Alecto on her Stygian vans
Turns to Troy's camp her flight.
New cunning in her breast, a place
She in the distance eyed,
Where young Iulus led the chase
Along the river-side:
Then sudden to his hounds' keen smell
Presents the lure they know so well,
A gallant stag to start:
'Twas thence a nation's sorrow flowed,
And kindling into madness glowed
The savage rustic heart.
Of beauteous form and branching head
A stag in human haunts was bred,
From mother's milk withdrawn,
By Tyrrheus and his children reared,
Tyrrheus, who ruled the royal herd,
The ranger of the lawn.
Fair Silvia, daughter of the race,
Its horns with wreaths would interlace,
Comb smooth its shaggy coat, and lave
Its body in the crystal wave.
Tame and obedient, it would stray
Free through the woods a summer's day,

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And home again at night repair
E'en of itself, how late soe'er.
So now 'twas wandering when the pack
Gave tongue and followed on its track,
As sheltered from the noontide beam
It floated listless down the stream.
Ambition fired Ascanius too;
The shaft he aimed, the bow he drew:
Fate guides his hand: with whirring speed
Through flank and belly flies the reed.
Homeward the wounded creature fled,
Took refuge in the well-known shed,
And bleeding, crying as for aid,
Through all the house its moaning made.
With flat hand smiting on each arm
Poor Silvia gives the first alarm,
And calls the rural folk:
They — for the fury-pest unseen
Is lurking in the woodland green —
Or ere she deems, are close at hand;
One grasps a charred and hardened brand,
And one a knotted oak:
Whate'er the seeker's haste may find
Does weapon's work for fury blind.
Stout Tyrrheus, as he splits in four
With wedge on wedge a tree's tough core,
Leaps forth, his hatchet still in hand,
And, breathing rage, arrays his band.
The goddess from her vantage tower
Perceives, and seizes mischief's hour,
Flies to the summit of the stall,
And thence shrills out the shepherd's call,
With harsh Tartarean voice in air
Pitching on high the horn's hoarse blare.
That sound the forest line convulsed;
The long vibration throbbed and pulsed
Through all the depth of wood:

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'Twas heard by Trivia's lake afar,
Heard by the sulphurous waves of Nar
And Velia's fountain flood;
And terror-stricken mothers pressed
Their children closer to their breast.

Now, gathering at the hideous scund,
The rustics from the country round
Snatch up their arms and run:
The Trojan youth, their gates displayed,
Stream forth to give Ascanius aid,
And battle is begun.
No longer now 'tis village feud,
Waged with seared stakes and truncheons rude:
Another game they try:
'Tis two-edged iron: swords and spears
Bristle the field with spiky ears:
Responsive to the sun's appeal
Flash glittering brass and burnished steel,
And fling their rays on high:
As when beneath the winds' first sweep
The white foam gathers on the deep,
The waters gradual rise,
High and more high the billows grow,
Till from the very depth below
They mount into the skies.
Young Almo, Tyrrheus' heir till then,
Falls mid the foremost fighting men,
By whizzing shaft laid low:
Deep in his gullet lodged the death
And choked the ways of voice and breath
With life-blood's gushing flow:
Around him many a warrior bleeds,
And old Galæsus, as he pleads
In vain for peace: no juster son
Had fair Ausonia, richer none:

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Each night within his cotes were penned
Five flocks of sheep, five herds of cows,
And his broad lands from end to end
Were furrowed by a hundred ploughs.

While these are killing thus and killed,
The fiend, her promise now fulfilled,
Soon as the first hot blood is drawn
And war in thunder 'gins to dawn,
Up from Hesperia flies,
And riding on the rack of cloud,
Thus with triumphant voice and proud
To mighty Juno cries:
"Behold, 'tis finished! strife full-blown
Has issued forth in fight:
Now bid the hosts their hate atone
And friendly treaty plight.
The hands of Troy, thou seest, are dyed
Deep in Ausonian blood;
A guerdon I will add beside,
If so thy will holds good:
The neighboring cities I will fill
With thick-sown rumors rife,
And wake in each unruly will
The frantic lust of strife,
Till aid they bring from every side,
And battle's seeds be scattered wide."
Juno returns: "Enough is spread
Of treachery and panic dread:
The roots of war are firmly set:
The fight is raging hilt to hilt:
The arms that chance supplied are wet
With taint of carnage newly spilt.
Such be the hymenæal ties
That Venus' son shall solemnize
With Latium's easy king!

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For thee, heaven's monarch may not bear
That longer thou in upper air
Shouldst ply thine errant wing.
Give place: if further chance betide,
Myself the circumstance will guide."
Saturnia spoke: the Fury spread
Her serpent wings for flight,
Dives to the regions of the dead,
And leaves the upper light.
In mid Italia lies a place
Retiring 'neath a mountain's base,
Amsanctus' vale, pent in between
Two wooded slopes of dusky green,
While in the midst a torrent raves,
As 'twixt the rocks it winds its waves.
An awful cavern there men show,
The very gorge of Dis below,
And gulfs whence Acheron bursts to sight
Ope jaws of pestilential night:
There plunged the hateful fiend beneath,
And earth and sky again took breath.

Juno takes up the unfinished plan
And perfects what the fiend began.
Straight to the city from the plain
The shepherds speed, and bear the slain,
Young Almo in his comely grace
And old Galæsus' mangled face,
Make street and home with clamor ring,
Implore the gods, adjure the king.
Fierce Turnus takes the tide at flood:
His loud voice swells the cry for blood
That blazes up to heaven:
"Strange slips defile the royal stem:
The Phrygians share the diadem,
Himself from Latium driven."

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Then they whose dames are footing still
In Bacchic frenzy wood and hill
(Such power is in Amata's name)
Come forth, and fan the martial flame.
'Gainst omens flashed before their eyes,
'Gainst warnings thundered from the skies,
They cry for war, and early and late
Besiege Latinus' palace-gate.
Like rock engirdled by the sea,
Like rock immovable is he
Before the roaring tide:
The wild waves bark about its base:
Its mass sustains it still in place:
Crags echo round: it gives no heed:
And scattered foam and rent seaweed
Fall from its rugged side.
Powerless at length their rage to check,
As things whirl on at Juno's beck,
Appealing oft to soulless skies
And deaf dumb gods, the father cries:
"Alas! the destinies prevail:
We drift and drift before the gale:
Ah wretched children! yours the guilt,
And yours the blood must needs be spilt.
Thee, Turnus, thee the grim fiends wait:
Thine agonizing vows too late
Shall knock at heaven's relentless gate.
For me, my rest is all assured,
My bark within the haven moored:
The shock that parts my aged breath
But robs me of a happy death."
He speaks, and in his chamber hides,
While from his hand the sceptre slides.

In Latium's old Hesperian day
An ancient rule of yore had sway;

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To Alba's cities thence it passed;
Now Rome, earth's mistress, holds it fast,
Whether 'gainst Thrace they turn their spears,
Or bring the Arab blood and tears,
Or, following on the daystar's track,
From Parthia claim the standards back.
Two gates there stand of War — 'twas so
Our fathers named them long ago —
The war-god's terrors round them spread
An atmosphere of sacred dread:
A hundred bolts the entrance guard,
And Janus there keeps watch and ward.
These, when his peers on war decide,
The consul, all in antique pride
Of Gabine cincture deftly tied
And purple-striped attire,
With grating noise himself unbars,
And calls aloud on Father Mars:
The warrior train takes up the cry,
And horns with brazen symphony
Their hoarse assent conspire.
'Twas thus they bade the king proclaim
Fierce war against the Trojan name,
And ope the gates of doom:
The good old sire with hand and eye
Shrank from the hated ministry
And deeper plunged in gloom.
When lo! in person from above
Descends the imperial spouse of Jove,
Smote the barred gates, and backward rolled
On jarring hinge each bursten fold.
Ausonia, all inert before,
Takes fire and blazes to the core:
And some on foot their march essay,
Some, mounted, storm along the way;
To arms! cry one and all:

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With unctuous lard their shields they clean
And make their javelins bright and sheen,
Their axes on the whetstone grind;
Look how that banner takes the wind!
Hark to yon trumpet's call!
Five mighty towns, their anvils set,
With emulous zeal their weapons whet:
Crustumium, Tibur the renowned,
And strong Atina there are found,
And Ardea, and Antemnæ crowned
With turrets round her wall.
Steel caps they frame their brows to fit,
And osier twigs for bucklers knit:
Or twist the hauberk's brazen mail
And mould them greaves of silver pale:
To this has shrunk the homage paid
Erewhile to ploughshare, scythe, and spade:
Each brings his father's battered blade
And smelts in fire anew:
And now the clarions pierce the skies:
From rank to rank the watchword flies:
This tears his helmet from the wall,
That drags his war-horse from the stall,
Dons three-piled mail and ample shield,
And girds him for the embattled field
With falchion tried and true.

Now, Muses, ope your Helicon,
The gates of song unfold,
What chiefs, what tribes to war came on
In those dim days of old,
What sons were then Italia's pride,
And what the arms that blazed so wide:
For ye are goddesses: full well
Your mind takes note, your tongue can tell:

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The far-off whisper of the years
Scarce reaches our bewildered ears.

Mezentius first from Tyrrhene coast,
Who mocks at heaven, arrays his host,
And braves the battle's storm;
His son, young Lausus, at his side,
Excelled by none in beauty's pride,
Save Turnus' comely form:
Lausus, the tamer of the steed,
The conqueror of the silvan breed,
Leads from Agylla's towers in vain
A thousand youths, a valiant train:
Ah happy, had the son been blest
In hearkening to his sire's behest,
Or had the sire from whom he came
Had other nature, other name!

Next drives along the grassy meads
His palm-crowned car and conquering steeds
Fair Aventinus, princely heir
Of Hercules the brave and fair,
And for his proud escutcheon takes
His father's Hydra and her snakes.
'Twas he that priestess Rhea bare,
A stealthy birth, to upper air,
'Mid shades of woody Aventine
Mingling her own with heavenly blood,
When triumph-flushed from Geryon slain
Alcides touched the Latian plain,
And bathed Iberia's distant kine
In Tuscan Tiber's flood.
Long pikes and poles his bands uprear,
The shapely blade, the Sabine spear.
Himself on foot, with lion's skin,
Whose long white teeth with ghastly grin
Clasp like a hemlet brow and chin,

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Joins the proud chiefs in rude attire,
And waves the emblem of his sire.

From Tibur's walls twin brothers came,
The town that bears Tiburtus' name,
Bold Coras and Catillus strong:
Through thick-rained darts they storm along,
The foremost in the fray:
As when two cloud-born Centaurs leap
Down Homole or Othrys' steep,
The forest parts before their sweep,
And crashing trees give way.

Nor lacked there to the embattled power
The founder of Præneste's tower,
Brave Cæculus, by all renowned
As Vulcan's son, 'mid embers found
And monarch of the rustics crowned.
Beneath him march his rural train,
Whom high Præneste's walls contain,
Who dwell in Gabian Juno's plain,
Whose haunt is Anio's chilly flood
And Hernic rocks, by streams bedewed,
Who till Anagnia's bosom green
Or drink of father Amasene.
Not all are furnished for the war
With ample shield or sounding car.
Some sling lead bullets o'er the field,
Some javelins twain in combat wield.
A cap of fur protects their head
By spoil of tawny wolf supplied;
Their left foot bare, on earth they tread:
The right is cased in raw bull-hide.

Messapus, tamer of the steed,
The Ocean-monarch's mighty seed,

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Whom none might harm, so willed his sire,
With force of iron or of fire,
Awakes his people's slumbering zeal
Long time unused to war's appeal,
And from the scabbard bares the steel.
With him Fescennia's armed train,
The dwellers in Falerii's plain,
Who hold Soracte's lofty hill
Or fair Flavinia's cornland till,
Capena's woods their dwelling make
Or haunt Ciminius' mount and lake.
With measured pace they march along,
And make their monarch's deeds their song;
Like snow-white swans in liquid air,
When homeward from their food they fare,
And far and wide melodious notes
Come rippling from their slender throats,
While the broad stream and Asia's fen
Reverberate to the sound again.
Sure none had thought that countless crowd
A mail-clad company;
It rather seemed a dusky cloud
Of migrant fowl, that, hoarse and loud,
Press landward from the sea.

Lo! Clausus there, the Sabines' boast,
Leads a great host, himself a host:
From whom the Claudii fill the land
Since Rome with Sabines joined her hand.
With him the Amiternians came
And Cures' sons of ancient name,
The squadron that Eretum guards
And green Mutusca's olive-yards,
Those whom Nomentum's city yields,
Who till Velinus' Rosean fields,
Who Tetrica's rude summit climb
Or on Severus sit sublime,

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Or dwell where runs Himella by
Casperia's walls and Foruli,
Who Tiber haunt and Fabaris' banks,
Whom Nursia sends to battle down
From her cold home, Hortinian ranks
And Latian tribes of old renown,
With those whom Allia's stream ill-starred
Flows through, dividing sward from sward:
Thick as the Libyan billows swarm
When fell Orion sets in storm,
Or as the sun-baked ears of grain
In Hæmus' field or Lycia's plain:
Their bucklers rattle, and the ground
Quakes, startled by their footfall's sound.

Halæsus, Agamemnon's seed,
Sworn foe to all of Trojan breed,
Yokes his swift horses to the car,
And brings his hosts to Turnus' war,
The rustic tribes whose ploughshare tills
The vine-clad slopes of Massic hills,
Or whom from plain or mountain height
Auruncan fathers send to fight,
Who fertile Cales leave behind
Or where Vulturnian waters wind,
The dwellers on Saticule's rock
And all the hardy Oscan stock.
Bright javelins they are wont to fling,
But fit them with a leathern string:
A shield protects the good left hand,
And curved like pruner's hook the brand
They wield when foot to foot they stand.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou pass by
Unnamed in this our minstrelsy,

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Born to old Telon, Capreæ's king,
By Naiad of Sebethus' spring:
The son contemned his sire's domain,
And stretched o'er neighboring lands his reign.
Sarrastes' tribes his rule obey,
And fields where Sarnus' waters play,
Who Batulum and Rufræ hold
Or till Celennæ's fruitful mould,
Or those whom fair Abella sees
Down-looking through her apple-trees,
All wont in Teuton sort to throw
Long beamy lances 'gainst the foe:
Their helm of bark from cork-tree peeled,
Of brass their sword, of brass their shield.

Thee too steep Nersæ sends to war,
Brave Ufens, born 'neath happy star:
Hard as their clods the Æquian race,
Inured to labor in the chase:
In armor sheathed, they till their soil,
Heap foray up, and live by spoil.

Came too from old Marruvia's realm,
An olive-garland round his helm,
Bold Umbro, priest at once and knight,
By king Archippus sent to fight:
Who baleful serpents knew to steep
By hand and voice in charmed sleep,
Soothed their fierce wrath with subtlest skill,
And from their bite drew off the ill.
But ah! his medicines could not heal
The death-wound dealt by Dardan steel:
His slumberous charms availed him nought
Nor herbs on Marsian mountains sought
And cropped with magic shears:

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For thee Anguitia's woody cave,
For thee the glassy Fucine wave,
For thee the lake shed tears.

From green Aricia, bent on fame,
Hippolytus' fair offspring came,
In lone Egeria's forest reared,
Where Dian's shrine is loved and feared.
For lost Hippolytus, 'tis said,
By cruel stepdame's cunning dead,
Dragged by his frightened steeds, to sate
His angry sire's vindictive hate,
Was called once more to realms above,
By Pæon's skill and Dian's love.
Then Jove, incensed that man should rise
From darkness to the upper skies,
The leech that wrought such healing hurled
With lightning down to Pluto's world.
But Trivia kind her favorite hides
And to Egeria's care confides,
To live in woods obscure and lone,
And lose in Virbius' name his own.
'Tis thence e'en now from Trivia's shrine
The horn-hoofed steeds are chased,
Since, scared by monsters of the brine,
The chariot and the youth divine
They tumbled on the waste.
Yet ne'ertheless with horse and car
His dauntless son essays the war.

In foremost rank see Turnus move,
His comely head the rest above:
On his tall helm with triple cone
Chimæra in relief is shown;
The monster's gaping jaws expire
Hot volumes of Ætnæan fire:

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And still she flames and raves the more
The deeper floats the field with gore.
With bristling hide and lifted horns
Io, all gold, his shield adorns,
Memorial grave and stern;
There Argus stands, her guard and foe,
And Inachus her sire lets flow
The river from his urn.
A cloud of footmen at his back,
And shielded hosts the plain make black:
Auruncans, Argives, brave and bold,
Rutulians and Sicanians old,
Sacranians thirsting for the field,
Labici with enamelled shield;
Who Tiber's lawns with ploughshare score
And pure Numicius' hallowed shore,
Subdue Rutulian slopes, and till
Circeii's venerable hill:
Where Anxur boasts her guardian Jove
And greenly blooms Feronia's grove;
Where Satura's unlovely pool
In sullen quiet sleeps,
And Ufens winds through valleys cool
And plunges in the deeps.

Last marches forth for Latium's sake
Camilla fair, the Volscian maid,
A troop of horsemen in her wake
In pomp of gleaming steel arrayed;
Stern warrior queen! those tender hands
Ne'er plied Minerva's ministries:
A virgin in the fight she stands
Or winged winds in speed outvies.
Nay, she could fly o'er fields of grain
Nor crush in flight the tapering wheat,

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Or skim the surface of the main
Nor let the billows touch her feet.
Where'er she moves, from house and land
The youths and ancient matrons throng,
And fixed in greedy wonder stand
Beholding as she speeds along:
How fair her scarf in purple dipped,
How clasps the gold her tresses' flow:
Her pastoral wand with steel is tipped,
And Lycian are her shafts and bow.

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BOOK VIII.

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ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomede; Æneas goes in person to beg succors from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

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BOOK VIII.

When Turnus had war's ensign shown
From high Laurentum's tower,
And made the horns with hoarse harsh tone
Give forth their voice of power,
His fiery coursers chafed, and pealed
The din of battle on his shield,
Dull hearts are startled from their sloth;
All Latium joins in solemn oath,
And kindles in an hour.
Messapus, Ufens, 'mid the first,
And fierce Mezentius, scoffer cursed,
Raise succor, and from cultured plains
Sweep to the camp the sturdy swains.
And Venulus betimes is sped
On embassy to Diomed,
To crave for help, and tell the tale
That Troy has entered Latium's pale,
Æneas with his gods is there,
And boasts himself the kingdom's heir,
While many a nation joins his side,
And Latium feels his name spread wide.
What prize he seeks from war, what end,
Should Fortune smile, his hopes intend,
King Diomed may fitlier scan
Than Turnus or Latinus can.

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So Latium fares: the Trojan sees,
And fluctuates in perplexities:
By thousand warring cares distraught
This way and that he whirls his thought.
As flashes light upon the face
Of water in a brazen vase
From sun or lunar rays:
From spot to spot behold it dart,
And now it takes an upward start
And on the ceiling plays.
Night came: all life was buried deep,
Man, beast, and bird, in placid sleep:
The chief beneath the cope of heaven,
His heart with thought of battle riven,
His limbs beside the river throws
And courts the quiet of repose.
When rising through the poplar wood
Appears the genius of the flood:
A grey gauze mantle wrapped him round;
With shadowy reed his brows were crowned:
Then thus he spoke, and laid to rest
The cares that racked the hero's breast.

"O seed of Heaven, who bring once more
Lost Pergamus to this our shore,
And keep old Troy in life,
Long looked for on Laurentian ground,
Behold your home, your mansion found,
Nor fear though foemen hem you round
With menaces of strife.
Heaven's anger is at length assuaged,
And ceased the feud of Gods enraged.
E'en now, lest haply you should deem
My words the coinage of a dream,
On woody banks before your eye
A thirty-farrowed sow shall lie,

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Her whole white length on earth stretched out,
Her young, as white, her teats about,
Sign that when thirty years come round
White Alba shall Ascanius found.
Not vain my song: now, how to speed
In prosperous sort your pressing need,
'Tis mine to tell and yours to heed.
Arcadians here, from Pallas born,
To king Evander's service sworn,
On mountain heights have built and walled
A city, Pallanteum called.
With Latium constant war they wage:
Make them your friends, their aid engage.
Myself will be your journey's guide
And teach your oars to climb the tide.
Up, goddess-born, this instant rise,
And ere the starlight leaves the skies
Make vows to Juno: overbear
Her angry soul with gift and prayer.
When conquest crowns you in the fight,
I too will claim a patron's right.
'Tis I whose brimming flood you see
Careering through the fruitful lea,
Cerulean Tiber, first in love
And dearest to the gods above.
Lo here, arising from my bed,
My stately home, the nations' head."

He said, and sought the river's pit,
While night and sleep Æneas quit.
Up starts the chief, and turns his eyes
In reverence to the orient skies,
In hollowed palm the water takes,
And thus his supplication makes:
"Laurentian Nymphs, from whose pure blood
The rivers have their birth,

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Thou Tiber, with thy sacred flow,
The beauty of the earth,
Receive Æneas, and at length
Abate the toils that waste his strength.
Whate'er the source where, calm and still,
Thou givest a thought to this our ill,
Where'er thou spring'st to life divine,
My gifts, my worship shall be thine,
Blest power, o'er each Italian stream
The horned monarch crowned supreme.
Be near to succor us, and seal
The omen that thy words reveal."
This said, he chooses biremes two,
Provides them oars, and arms the crew:
When lo! a sudden prodigy:
A milk-white sow is seen
Stretched with her young ones, white as she,
Along the margent green.
Æneas takes them, dam and brood,
And o'er the altar pours their blood,
To thee, great Juno, e'en to thee,
High heaven's majestic queen.
All night the Tiber calmed his flood,
And stayed its onward course, and stood,
That smooth might lie the watery floor,
Nor aught impede the toiling oar.
So speed they on 'mid joyful cries;
Careened, the vessels glide;
And waves and woods with strange surprise
See glittering steel and painted keel
Advancing up the tide.
Still rowing on, they wear away
The energies of night and day,
O'erpass full many a lengthy reach,
'Neath alder shade or spreading beech,

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And gently wind thick groves between
That lend the wave a deeper green.
The sun was at his midday height,
When tower and rampire loom in sight,
And dwellings thinly strown:
Now to the skies Rome's power makes soar
That city: then 'twas scant and poor,
Evander's humble throne.
Soon as they see, to land they steer
Their ships, and to the town draw near.

The Arcadian monarch chanced that day
A high solemnity to pay
Before the city, in a grove,
To Hercules, the seed of Jove.
His rustic senators are there,
And Pallas too, his kingdom's heir,
With censers charged: the spilt life-stream
Sends up a sacrificial steam.
Soon as the gallant ships they saw
Mid the thick forest nearer draw
In still swift cadence oared,
A sudden terror takes their eyes:
In wild confusion all uprise
And quit the banquet-board.
Bold Pallas chides their panic start,
Takes in his hand a beamy dart,
And from a mound afar
"Speak, gallant youths! what cause" he cries
"Has driven you here on strange emprise?
What seek you as your journey's aim?
Say, what your home, your race, your name:
Or bring you peace, or war?"
Æneas from the lofty stern
With outstretched olive makes return:

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"Born Trojans we: our warlike gear
Your Latian enemies may fear:
Driven from their coast by sword and spear
Evander's court we seek.
Go, tell your king, Dardania's power
Has sent us here, the nation's flower,
His succor to bespeak."
That mighty name struck Pallas dumb:
"Whoe'er you are" he answers "come,
Speak with my father face to face,
Our welcome take, our mansion grace."
With friendly grasp he took and pressed
The hand of his illustrious guest:
Advancing, through the grove they wind,
And leave the river's bank behind.

And now with many a courteous word
The prince of Troy his suit preferred.
"Worthiest and best of Danaan race,
Whom Fortune bids me sue for grace
With signs of suppliant need,
I feared not to approach you, I,
Though sprung from Grecian Arcady,
Allied to Atreus' seed.
Heaven's oracles and conscious worth,
Your own fair fame, that fills the earth,
And kindred ancestry — 'tis these
Have made us one in sympathies,
And driven me to your royal gate,
The willing instrument of fate.
Old Dardanus, Troy's founder styled,
Declared by Greece Electra's child,
To Teucer's nation came;
And Atlas was Electra's sire,
Whose sinewy strength, unused to tire,
Supports the starry frame.

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Your sire is Mercury, whom of yore
Maia, his radiant mother, bore
In cold Cyllene's air:
But Maia, if report say true,
Her birth from that same Atlas drew
Whose shoulders heaven upbear.
'Tis thus one fountain-head contains
The stream that flows in either's veins.
Thus armed, I made no first essay
By embassies to sound the way:
My life I jeopardied, my own,
And came in person to your throne,
The Daunian hunts us as his prey,
Your own inveterate foe:
If us they banish, nought, they say,
Shall save Hesperia from their sway;
The upper sea shall soon obey,
And that which rolls below.
Exchange we friendship: martial powers,
Stout hearts, and practised arms are ours."

He said. Evander's keen eyes scan
Eyes, features, mien, and all the man:
Then thus he speaks: "How great my joy
To hail you, bravest son of Troy!
How truly, fondly I recall
Anchises' look, voice, language, all!
I mind, when Priam came to see
His sister's realm, Hesione,
On to Arcadia's bounds he passed
And breathed our cold inclement blast.
A boy was I, a stripling lad,
My cheek with youth's first blossom clad;
I gazed at Priam and his train
Of Trojan lords, and gazed again:

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But great Anchises, princely tall,
Was more than Priam, more than all.
With boyish zeal I schemed and planned
To greet the chief, and grasp his hand.
I ventured, and with eager zest
To Pheneus brought my honored guest.
A Lycian quiver he bestowed
At parting, with its arrowy load,
A gold-wrought scarf, and bridle reins
Of gold, which Pallas still retains.
So now the troth you ask I plight,
And soon as morning lends her light
A troop shall lead you on your way
And ample stores your need purvey.
Meanwhile, since happy chance invites
Your presence, share these annual rites
Which Heaven forbids us to postpone,
And make our friendly boards your own."
Once more he calls for wine and meats,
And sets the chiefs on grassy seats,
Æneas first on maple throne
With lion's shaggy hide bestrown;
While youths attendant on the priest
Bring roasted flesh of victim beast,
Wrought Ceres' gifts in baskets pile,
And make the cups with Bacchus smile.
So, plied with food, the strangers dine
On entrails and on bullock's chine.

When hunger's rage at length was stayed,
And craving appetite allayed,
Evander speaks: "This solemn day,
The feast we serve, the rites we pay,
Not these the freaks of fancy strange,
Blind to the past and bent on change:
No, Trojan guest; deliverance wrought
From direful ill the lesson taught:

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The yearly honors we renew
But render thanks where thanks are due.
Behold yon beetling cliff o'erhung,
Those crags in wild confusion flung,
That mountain-dwelling, all forlorn,
And rocks from their foundations torn.
Beneath the hill a cavern ran
Where Cacus lived, half beast, half man:
No sunbeam e'er came in:
The wet ground reeked with fresh-spilt gore,
And human heads adorned the door
With foul and ghastly grin.
Dark Vulcan was the monster's sire:
He vomited Vulcanian fire,
And, glorying in so proud a birth,
Shook with his bulk the solid earth.
We, too, when yearning to be freed,
Found heavenly succor in our need.
At length a strong avenger came,
Alcides, in the glow of fame
From Geryon spoiled and killed:
His captured bulls he led this way
Victorious, and the stately prey
Bank-side and valley filled.
But Cacus, spurred by Furies on
To leave no wickedness undone,
Four bulls, four heifers, beauteous all,
Bears off in plunder from the stall:
And these, to hide their track, he trails
Back through the valley by their tails,
And thus, the footprints all reversed,
Conceals them in his lair accursed.
No sign, no mark the foray gave
To lead the seeker to the cave:
Till when at last Amphitryon's son
Removed his herd, their pasture done,
And stood prepared to go,

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The oxen at departing fill
With noisy utterance grove and hill,
And breathe a farewell low:
When hark! a heifer from the den
Makes answer to the sound again,
And mocks her wily foe.
Black choler filled Alcides' heart:
He snatches club and bow and dart,
And scales the mountain's height:
Then, nor till then, was Cacus seen
With quailing eye, and troubled mien:
Swifter than swiftest wind he flies
At once, and to the cavern hies,
While terror wings his flight.
Scarce had he gained the cavern door
And lowered the rock that hung before
Fixed by his father's art: the strain
Makes the stout doorposts start again:
When lo! the fierce Tirynthian came,
His vengeful spirit all on flame,
Darts here and there his blazing eye,
If haply entrance he may spy,
And grinds for rage his teeth;
And thrice the mountain he surveyed,
Thrice the blocked gate in vain essayed,
Thrice rested, and took breath.
A pointed rock, on all sides steep,
Rose high above that dungeon-keep,
Abrupt and craggy, fitted best
For noisome birds to build their nest.
This, as it frowned above the tide,
He pushed from the remoter side,
And from its socket tore:
Then hurled it down: the high heavens crack,
The river to its source runs back,
And shore recoils from shore.

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Then Cacus' mansion stood displayed;
The cave revealed its depth of shade;
As though by some strange might
Earth, parting to her inmost core,
Should show the realms that gods abhor,
The vast abyss lie bare to day,
And spectres huddle in dismay
At influx of the light.
There as surprised with sudden glare
The monster, pent within his lair,
In hideous fashion roars,
Alcides plies him from on high
With all his dread artillery,
And trunk and millstone pours.
He, powerless to elude or flee,
Black smoke disgorges, dire to see,
With darkness floods the room,
Blots out all prospect from the sight,
And makes another, deeper night,
Half lightning and half gloom.
Alcides, chafing as for shame,
Dashed onward headlong through the flame,
Where thickest spout the jets of smoke,
And blackest clouds the cavern choke.
There, as in vain he fumed and hissed,
He locked him in a deadly twist,
And cleaving, clinging, throttling, strained
His starting eyes, his throat blood-drained.
The victor now, the doors down-torn,
The loathsome den reveals,
Displays the oxen, late forsworn,
And the foul carcase drags in scorn
To daylight by the heels.
The rustics view with wild surprise
The body o'er and o'er,

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That shaggy breast, those dreadful eyes,
Those jaws that flame no more.
Henceforth our tribes observance pay
And keep with joy this solemn day,
Potitius foremost, and the line
Pinarian, warders of the shrine.
'Twas here he fixed this altar-stone,
In name and fact our greatest known.
Come then, in memory of such worth
The garland don, the cup hold forth,
Invoke the god we both revere,
And pour the wine with hearty cheer."
He ceased: the poplar's sacred shade,
The blended white and green,
Hung from his brow: the cup displayed
High in his hand was seen:
With equal zeal his guests outpour
The votive wine, the gods adore.

Meantime the sun has stooped from high,
And nears the downfall of the sky.
Potitius and the priestly band
Come, clad in skins, with torch in hand.
Once more the banquet is restored;
Rich dainties grace the second board;
The victim's choicest parts, bestowed
On bending plates, the altars load.
The Salian minstrels come, their brows
Engarlanded with poplar boughs,
Two bands, one old, one young:
The deeds of Hercules they sing,
How, o'er his stepdame triumphing,
The serpents' neck he wrung;

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How mighty towns he overthrew,
Great Troy and great Œchalia too;
What countless tasks, assigned
By king Eurystheus, he fulfilled,
When haughty Juno, iron-willed,
With Destiny combined.
"Thy conquering arm the cloud-born twain,
Hylæus, Pholus, both has slain;
Thou lay'st the Cretan monster low,
And that fell beast, that met his foe
In Nemea's mountain glen.
The Stygian lake beheld and feared,
And Orcus' warder, blood-besmeared,
Growling o'er gory bones half-cleared
Down in his gloomy den.
No grisly shape thy soul could fright,
Nor e'en Typhoeus, as for fight
In arms he towered erect;
No lack was thine of counsel shrewd,
When like a legion round thee stood
The Hydra hundred-necked.
All hail, great Jove's authentic race,
Who e'en to heaven canst lend a grace!
Vouchsafe thy presence here to-day
To us and to the rites we pay."
So mingle they their praise and prayer,
And add, to crown his fame,
Grim Cacus in his robber-lair
Outbreathing smoke and flame.
The sacred forest, thrilled with sound,
Re-echoes and the hills rebound.

And now the train, their worship o'er,
Back to the city wend once more.

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Heavy with age, the king moves on,
And keeps Æneas and his son
Close at his side, while various talk
Makes light the burden of the walk.
Admiringly the Trojan plies
From side to side his glancing eyes,
Feels every charm, and asks and hears
Each record of departed years.
Then spoke the venerable king,
From whom, O Rome, thy glories spring:
"This forest ground, from time's first dawn,
Was held by natives, Nymph and Faun,
Men who from stocks their birth had drawn
And oaks of hardest grain:
No arts were theirs: they knew not how
To couple oxen to the plough,
To store their treasured goods or spare:
The teeming boughs supplied their fare
And beasts in hunting slain.
Then from Olympus' height came down
Good Saturn, exiled from his crown
By Jove, his mightier heir:
He brought the race to union first,
Erewhile on mountain-tops dispersed,
And gave them statutes to obey,
And willed the land wherein he lay
Should Latium's title bear.
That was the storied age of gold,
So peacefully, serenely rolled
The years beneath his reign;
At length stole on a baser age,
And war's indomitable rage,
And greedy lust of gain.
Ausonians and Sicanians came,
And Saturn's land oft changed her name:

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Came too the monarchs, Tibris grim,
The royal giant, large of limb,
Whose name thenceforth the river bore,
And Albula was known no more.
Myself, an exile from my home,
Went wandering far along the foam,
Till mighty chance and destined doom
Constrained my errant choice:
So came I to these regions, driven
By warning from my mother given
And Phœbus' awful voice."
Then, as they take their onward ways,
A gate and altar he displays,
Rome's own Carmental gate:
In after years such honor found
Evander's mother, nymph renowned,
Carmentis, first of seers who sung
The heroes from Æneas sprung
And Pallanteum's fate.
Next at the grove their feet are stayed
Which Romulus the Asylum made:
Lupercal's gelid cave they see,
Named from the god of Arcady.
Then shows he Argiletum's wood,
Appealing to the scene of blood,
And tells the tale of Argus' end,
Perfidious Argus, once his friend.
Then to Tarpeia's dread abode
And Capitol he points the road.
Now all is golden; then 'twas all
O'ergrown with trees and brushwood tall.
E'en then rude hinds the spot revered:
E'en then the wood, the rock they feared.
"Here in this grove, these wooded steeps
Some god unknown his mansion keeps:
Arcadia's children deem

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Their eyes have looked on Jove's own form,
When oft he summons cloud and storm,
And seen his ægis gleam.
See you yon towers in hoar decay,
The relics and memorials grey
Of old ancestral fame?
This Janus, that king Saturn walled,
And this Janiculum was called,
That bore Saturnia's name."
So talking on, at length they come
To poor Evander's lowly home:
There, where Carinæ's mansions shine,
Where spreads the Forum, lowed the kine.
The palace reached, "These gates" he cried
"Alcides entered in his pride,
This house the god contained:
Thou too take courage, wealth despise,
And fit thee to ascend the skies,
Nor be a poor man's courtesies
Rejected or disdained."
He spoke, and through the narrow door
The great Æneas led,
And heaped a couch upon the floor
With leaves and bear-skin spread.

Night falls, and earth and living things
Are folded in her sable wings.
But Venus, with a mother's dread
At Latium's wild alarm,
To Vulcan on the golden bed
Spoke, breathing on each word she said
Sweet love's enticing charm:
"When Greece was laboring to destroy
The fated battlements of Troy,
No aid from thee I cared to ask
For Troy's unhappy race,

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Nor chose in vain for arms to task
Thy labor or thy grace,
Though much to Priam's sons I owed,
And oft my tears of pity flowed
For my Æneas' case.
And now his foot, by Jove's command,
Is planted on Rutulian land.
Thus then behold me suppliant here,
Low at those knees I most revere:
Behold a tender mother plead:
Arms are the boon, her son's the need.
Not vainly Nereus' daughter pled:
Not vain the tears Aurora shed.
What nations, see, what towns combine,
To draw the sword 'gainst me and mine!"
She ceased: her snowy arms enwound
Her faltering husband round and round.
The wonted fire at once he feels:
Through all his veins the passion steals,
Swift as the lightning's fiery glare
Runs glimmering through the thunderous air.
His spouse in conscious beauty smiled
To see his heart by love beguiled.
Smit to the core with heavenly fire
In fondling tone returns the sire:
"Why stray so far thy pleas to seek?
Has trust in Vulcan grown so weak?
Had such, my queen, been then thy bent,
E'en then to Troy had arms been lent,
Nor Jove nor Fate refused to give
To Priam ten more years to live.
And now, if war be in the air
And battle's need thy present care,
What molten gold or iron can
With fire to fuse and winds to fan,

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All shall be thine: thy power confess,
Nor seek by prayers to feign it less."
He said, and to his bosom pressed
His beauteous queen, and sank to rest.

The night had crowned the cope of heaven,
And sleep's first fading bloom had driven
The slumber from men's eyes;
E'en at the hour when prudent wife,
Who day by day, to eke out life,
Minerva's distaff plies,
Relumes her fire, o'erreaching night,
And tasks her maidens by its light,
To keep her husband's bed from stain
And for their babes a pittance gain;
So, nor less swift, at labor's claim
Springs from his couch the Lord of flame.
Fast by Æolian Lipare
And fair Sicania's coast
An island rises from the sea
With smoking rocks embossed;
Beneath, a cavern drear and vast,
Hollowed by Cyclopëan blast,
Rings with unearthly sound;
Bruised anvils clang their thunder-peal,
Hot hissing glows the Chalyb steel,
And fiery vapor fierce and fast
Pants up from underground;
The centre this of Vulcan's toil,
And Vulcan's name adorns the soil.
Here finds he, as he makes descent,
The Cyclops o'er their labor bent:
Brontes and Steropes are there,
And gaunt Pyracmon, stripped and bare.
The thunderbolt was in their hand,
Which Jove sends down to scourge the land;

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A part was barbed and formed to kill,
A part remained imperfect still.
Three rays they took of forky hail,
Of watery cloud three rays,
Three of the winged southern gale,
Three of the ruddy blaze:
Now wrath they mingle, swift to harm,
And glare, and noise, and loud alarm.
Elsewhere for Mars they plan the car
Wherewith he maddens into war
Strong towns and spearmen bold,
And burnish Pallas' shirt of mail,
The Ægis, bright with dragon's scale
And netted rings of gold:
The twisted serpent-locks they shape
And Gorgon's head, lopped at the nape:
Her dying eyes yet rolled.
"Away with these" he cried "away,
My sons, and list what now I say:
A mighty chief of arms has need:
Now prove your skill, your strength, your speed.
Begone, delay!" No further speech:
Each takes the part assigned to each,
And plies the work with zeal:
In streams the gold, the copper flows,
And in the mighty furnace glows
The death-inflicting steel.
A shield they plan, whose single guard
May all the blows of Latium ward,
And fold on fold together bind,
Seven circles round one centre twined.
Some make the windy billows heave,
Now give forth air, and now receive:
The copper hisses in the wave:
The anvils press the groaning cave.

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With measured cadence each and all
The giant hammers rise and fall:
The griping pincers, deftly plied,
Turn the rough ore from side to side.

While thus in distant caves the sire
Bestirs the brethren of the fire,
The gracious dawn, the vocal bird
Beneath his eaves at daybreak heard
Bid old Evander rise:
A linen tunic he indues,
And round his feet Tyrrhenian shoes
In rustic fashion ties:
A sword he fastens to his side,
And wears for scarf a panther's hide.
Two watch-dogs from the palace gate
Come forth, and on their master wait.
So, mindful of his plighted word,
He seeks his guest, the Trojan lord.
Æneas too with willing feet
As early moves his host to meet.
Achates on his chief attends:
Beside Evander walks his son:
Each, guest and host, his hand extends:
They sit them down, and talk as friends,
When thus the king begun:
"Great chief of Troy, whose safety shows
That Ilium still survives her foes,
Albeit a mighty name be ours,
Yet scanty are our martial powers;
Here Tiber bounds us, there the din
Of Rutule warfare hems us in:
Strong succor ne'ertheless I bring,
Great nations, rich with many a king:
By chance they stand before our gate:
You join us at the call of fate.

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Far hence Agylla's city stands,
Built, like our own, by alien hands:
There warlike Lydia's ancient stock
Is planted on the Etruscan rock.
Long years of prosperous empire past,
Mezentius took the throne at last,
By arms compelled them to obey,
And governed with a tyrant's sway.
Why tell the blood the monster spilt,
Each freak of madness or of guilt?
Nay — Heaven return it on his head! —
He chained the living to the dead,
Hand joined to hand and face to face
In noisome pestilent embrace;
So trickling down with foul decay
They wore their lingering lives away.
But wearied out with tyrannies
In arms at length his people rise,
Besiege his gates, his guards lay low,
And firebrands to his roof-tree throw.
He 'mid the tumult of the strife,
So Fortune willed, escapes with life,
To haughty Turnus' kingdom flies,
And hides him with his old allies.
Etruria glows with righteous ire:
All, sheathed in arms, his head require.
Now gallant guest, this numerous band
I offer to your sole command:
Around the shore their vessels crowd
And call for action, fierce and loud:
An aged seer their speed restrains,
Rehearsing things which Heaven ordains:
'Brave sons of brave Mæonian sires,
Whom dark Mezentius' rule inspires
With wrath and righteous grief,

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No leader of Italian blood
May head so vast a multitude:
Choose ye a foreign chief.'
Scared by Heaven's voice, the Etruscan train
Sits down in arms in yonder plain.
An envoy, sent from Tarchon, brings
The sceptre of Etruria's kings,
And bids me join the camp, and wear
The crown, and be the kingdom's heir.
But envious age, for war too late,
Forbids Evander to be great.
My son perchance the host might lead,
But, born of Sabine mother's seed,
A half Italian he:
You, blest alike in age and race,
Assume, brave prince, the chieftain's place
O'er Troy and Italy.
Nay more, my hope, my only joy,
I give you too, my noble boy:
The martial lore of service stern
Beneath your conduct he shall learn,
With reverence on your actions gaze,
And tread your steps from earliest days.
Two hundred men, with each his steed,
I send with him, Arcadia's breed,
And Pallas from his own good store
Shall furnish forth two hundred more."

He ended, and in musing mood
Æneas and Achates stood:
Dark thoughts came thick, when lo! from heaven
A sudden sign, by Venus given.
Swift runs athwart the sky's clear field
A thunder and a glare:

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All Nature to her centre reeled,
And east and west through ether pealed
The Tyrrhene trumpet's blare.
They look: yet once and once again
Deep growls the thunder in his den;
And armor veiled in cloud is seen
High in the azure space serene
To glimmer with a ruddy sheen
And hurtle in the air.
The rest are fixed in awe profound:
Æneas hails the expected sound
And owns his mother's hand.
"Ask not" he cries "much honored friend,
What chance these prodigies portend:
'Tis I the skies demand:
This sign to send my mother vowed,
If war was on the wing:
Herself to aid me through the cloud
Vulcanian arms would bring.
Alas! what havoc soon shall seize
Laurentum's wretched families!
What reckoning, Turnus, yours to pay!
What burdens shalt thou roll,
Helmets and shields and mangled clay
Where dwelt a warrior's soul,
Hoar Tiber! Call to arms, and break
With treacherous ease the leagues ye make!"

He said, and from his throne upleapt,
Awakes the altar-fires that slept;
And pays the rites of morning hours
To Hercules and home-god powers.
The Trojans and Arcadia's king
Alike their chosen victims bring.
Then, turning shoreward, he reviews
His vessels, and arrays the crews:

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Of these the first in martial might
He takes to follow him in fight:
The rest drop down the stream, to bear
Iulus tidings how they fare,
His father and the cause.
Each has his steed of all the train
That marches to the Tuscan plain:
A charger for the chief is led
With tawny lion's hide bespread
That shines with gilded claws.
Fame to the little town relates
The horse are marching to the gates.
The matrons with redoubled zeal
Make vows to Heaven in wild appeal:
Fear closer treads on danger's heel,
And larger looms the fray:
The tears roll down Evander's face,
He holds his child in strict embrace,
And thus begins to say:
"Ah! would but Jupiter restore
The strength I had in days of yore,
When conqueror in Prænestе's fields
I fired a pile of foemen's shields,
And hurried with my own right hand
King Erulus to the darksome land:
Three lives inspired that monstrous frame
When from Feronia's womb he came:
Three swords he wielded 'gainst the foe:
Three deaths it cost to lay him low:
Yet thrice this hand shed out his gore,
And thrice stripped off the arms he wore.
Ah! never then should war's alarms
Dispart me from my darling's arms,
Nor had Mezentius done despite
So foully to a neighbor's right,
Or made my widowed city feel
The havoc of his ruthless steel.

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Yet O ye gods, and O great Jove,
Have pity on a father's love
And hear Evander's prayer:
If 'tis your purpose to restore
My Pallas to my arms once more;
If living is to see his face,
Then grant me life, of your dear grace:
No toil too hard to bear.
But ah! if Fortune be my foe,
And meditate some crushing blow,
Now, now the thread in mercy break,
While hope sees dim and cares mistake,
While still I clasp thee, darling boy,
My latest and my only joy,
Nor let assurance, worse than fear,
With cruel tidings wound my ear."
His speech grows faint, his limbs give way;
His slaves their master home convey.

Now through the open gates at last
The mounted company had passed:
Æneas and Achates lead:
The other lords of Troy succeed.
Young Pallas in the midst is seen
With broidered scarf and armor sheen:
Like Lucifer, the day-spring's star,
To radiant Venus dearest far
Of all the sons of light,
When, bathed in ocean's wave, he rears
His sacred presence 'mid the spheres,
And dissipates the night.
The matrons on the ramparts stand:
Their straining eyes pursue
The dusty cloud, the mail-clad band
Far flashing on the view.

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Through thicket and entangled brake
The nearest road the warriors take,
And hark! the war-cry's sound;
The line is formed, and horny feet
Recurrently the champaign beat
And shake the crumbling ground.
A grove by Cære's river grows;
Ancestral reverence round it throws
A terror far and wide:
The shelving hills around have made
A girdle for the pine-wood shade,
Set close on every side.
'Twas there Pelasgian tribes, men say,
Who dwelt in Latium's clime of old,
Kept good Silvanus' holiday,
The guardian god of field and fold.
Hard by encamped there held their post
Brave Tarchon and his Tyrrhene host,
And from the hill-top might be seen
Their legions stretching o'er the green:
The Trojans join them on the mead,
And seek refreshment, man and steed.

But careful Venus, heavenly fair,
Had journeyed through the clouds of air,
Her present in her hands:
Deep in the vale her son she spied
Reposing by the river-side,
And thus before him stands:
"Lo, thus the gods their word fulfil:
Behold the arms my husband's skill
Has fashioned in a day:
Fear not conclusions soon to try
With Latium's braggarts, but defy
E'en Turnus to the fray."

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Then to her son's embrace she flew:
The armor 'neath an oak in view
She placed, all dazzling bright.
He, glorying in the beauteous prize,
From point to point quick darts his eyes
With ever-new delight.
Now wondering 'twixt his hands he turns
The helm that like a meteor burns,
The sword that rules the war,
The breastplate shooting bloody rays,
As dusky clouds in sunlight blaze,
Refulgent from afar,
The polished greaves of molten gold,
The spear, the shield with fold on fold,
A prodigy of art untold.
There, prescient of the years to come,
Italia's times, the wars of Rome,
The fire's dark lord had wrought:
E'en from Ascanius' dawning days
The generations he portrays,
The fights in order fought.
There too the mother wolf he made
In Mars's cave supinely laid:
Around her udders undismayed
The gamesome infants hung,
While she, her loose neck backward thrown,
Caressed them fondly, one by one,
And shaped them with her tongue.
Hard by, the towers of Rome he drew
And Sabine maids in public view
Snatched 'mid the Circus games:
So 'twixt the fierce Romulean brood
And Tatius with his Cures rude
A sudden war upflames.
And now the kings, their conflict o'er,
Stand up in arms Jove's shrine before,

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From goblets pour the sacred wine,
And make their peace o'er bleeding swine.
There too was Mettus' body torn
By four-horse cars asunder borne;
Ah, well for thee, had promise sworn,
False Alban, held thee true!
And Tullus dragged the traitor's flesh
Through wild and wood: the briars looked fresh
With sprinkled gory dew.
Porsenna there with pride elate
Bids Rome to Tarquin ope her gate:
With arms he hems the city in:
Æneas' sons stand firm to win
Their freedom with their blood:
Enraged and menacing his air,
That Cocles dares the bridge to tear,
And Clœlia breaks her bonds, bold fair,
And swims across the flood.
There Manlius on Tarpeia's steep
Stood firm, the Capitol to keep:
The ancient palace-roof you saw
New bristling with Romulean straw.
A silver goose in gilded walls
With flapping wings announced the Gauls;
And through the wood the invaders crept,
And climbed the height, while others slept.
Golden their hair on head and chin:
Gold collars deck their milk-white skin:
Short cloaks with colors checked
Shine on their backs: two spears each wields
Of Alpine make; and oblong shields
Their brawny limbs protect.
Luperci here of raiment stripped
And dancing Salii move,
And flamens with their caps wool-tipped,
And shields that fell from Jove;

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And high-born dames parade the streets
In pensile cars with cushioned seats.
Far off he sets the gates of Dis,
And Tartarus' terrible abyss,
And dooms to guilt assigned:
There Catiline on frowning steep
Hangs poised above the infernal deep
With Fury-forms behind:
And righteous souls apart he draws,
With Cato there to give them laws.
'Twixt these in wavy outline rolled
The swelling ocean, all of gold,
Though hoary showed the spray:
Gay dolphins, sheathed in silver scales,
Lash up the water with their tails,
And 'mid the surges play.
There in the midmost meet the sight
The embattled fleets, the Actian fight:
Leucate flames with warlike show,
And golden-red the billows glow.
Here Cæsar, leading from their home
The fathers, people, gods of Rome,
Stands on the lofty stern:
The constellation of his sire
Beams o'er his head, and tongues of fire
About his temples burn.
With favoring gods and winds to speed
Agrippa forms his line:
The golden beaks, war's proudest meed,
High on his forehead shine.
There, with barbaric troops increased,
Antonius, from the vanquished East
And distant Red-sea side,
To battle drags the Bactrian bands
And Egypt; and behind him stands
(Foul shame!) the Egyptian bride.

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Each from his moorings, on they pour,
And three-toothed beak and back-drawn oar
Plough up in foam the marble floor.
Who saw had deemed that Cyclads, torn
From their firm roots, were onward borne
Colliding on the surge,
That hills with hills in conflict meet:
The mighty chiefs their tower-armed fleet
With such propulsion urge.
With hand or enginery they throw
Live darts ablaze with fiery tow:
The sea-god's verdant fields look red,
Incarnadined with heaps of dead.
Her native timbrel in her hand,
The queen to battle calls her band,
Infatuate! — nor perceives as yet
Two snakes behind with fangs a-whet.
Anubis and each monster strange
That Egypt's land reveres
'Gainst Neptune, Venus, Pallas range,
And shake their uncouth spears.
There where they battle, host and host,
Raves grisly Mars, in steel embossed:
The Furies frown on high:
With mantle rent glad Discord walks,
Bellona fierce behind her stalks,
Her scourge of crimson dye.
Then Actian Phœbus bends his bow:
Scared by that terror, flies the foe,
Arabia, Egypt, Ind:
The haughty dame in wild defeat
Is shaking out her loosened sheet,
And standing to the wind.
She, wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through corpses flies, devoted queen,
By wave and Zephyr sped:

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While mighty Nile, through all his frame
Deep shuddering for his people's shame,
His ample vesture opened wide,
Invites the vanquished host to hide
Within his azure bed.
Cæsar, of triple triumph proud,
Pays to Rome's gods the gift he vowed,
Three hundred fanes of stone:
The live streets ring with shouts and games:
Each shrine is thronged by grateful dames,
Each floor with victims strown.
Himself, bright Phœbus' gate before,
At leisure tells the offerings o'er,
And fastens on the gorgeous door
The first-fruits of the prey:
There march the captives, all and each,
In garb as diverse as in speech,
A multiform array.
The houseless Nomad there is shown,
And Afric tribes that wear no zone,
And Morini, extreme of men,
And Dahæ, masterless till then:
Gelonians too, with bended bows,
And Leleges, and Carian foes:
Euphrates droops his head, and flows
With less of billowy pride:
Old Rhine extends his branching horns,
And passion-chafed Araxes scorns
The bridge that spans his tide.
Such legends traced on Vulcan's shield
The wondering chief surveys:
On truth in symbol half revealed
He feasts his hungry gaze,
And high upon his shoulders rears
The fame and fates of unborn years.

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BOOK IX.

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ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

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BOOK IX.

WHILE elsewhere thus the war proceeds,
Saturnian Juno swiftly speeds
Her Iris from above
To valiant Turnus: Turnus then
Was sitting in a hallowed glen,
His sire Pilumnus' grove:
And thus the child of Thaumas speaks,
Heaven's beauty flushing in her cheeks:
"Turnus, what never god would dare
To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
Lo here, the lapse of time has brought
E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought.
Æneas camp and fleet forsakes
And journey to Evander takes,
Nor thus content, his way has found
To far Cortona's utmost bound,
The Lydian people calls to arms,
And musters all the rustic swarms.
Why longer wait? the moment flies:
Call horse and car: the camp surprise."
E'en as she spoke, her wings she spread,
And skyward on her rainbow fled.
The ardent youth the goddess knew:
His hands to heaven he rears,
And thus pursues her, as from view
Aloft she disappears:

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"Fair Iris, glory of the sky,
Who sent thee hither from on high?
What means this sudden light?
I see the heavens dispart in twain,
And round the pole the starry train
Is swimming in my sight.
Enough: I follow this thy sign,
Whoe'er thou art, O power divine!"
So speaking, to the wave he hied,
Scooped in his palms the brimming tide,
In suppliance to the immortals bows,
And burdens heaven with uttered vows.

And now the host is on the plain,
With steeds, and gold, and broidered grain:
Messapus the front rank arrays:
The hinder Tyrrheus' sons obeys:
The midmost are by Turnus led:
So rising in serene repose
Great Ganges rears his seven-fold head:
So Nile from off the champaign flows
And sinks into his bed.
Troy's sons look forth, and see revealed
Black-dust clouds, moving o'er the field:
And first from off the fronting mole
Aloud Caicus calls:
"What murky clouds are these that roll?
Fetch weapons, man the walls!
See there, the foe!" And one and all
Pour through the gates and fill the wall.
For such Æneas' last command,
What time he stood to go,
Should chance meanwhile surprise his band,
To wage no conflict hand to hand,
But safe behind the rampart stand
And thence direct the blow.

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So now, though shame and scornful rage,
Quick blending, prompt them to engage,
They act his bidding, close the gate,
And armed, in sheltering towers await
The coming of the foe.
Turnus with twice ten chosen horse
Outstrips his column's tardy course,
And nears them unforeseen:
A Thracian steed he rides, white-flecked,
With auburn crest his helm is decked,
Itself of golden sheen.
And "Gallants, who with me will dare
The first assault?" he cries "look there!"
Then sends his javelin through the air
(This the first drop of war's red rain),
And tower-like bears him o'er the plain.
Clamorous and eager to attack,
His comrades follow at his back;
The Teucrian hearts, they deem, are slack,
Their valor laid asleep:
They dare not trust the level space
Or fight as men do, face to face,
But still the encampment keep.
So round and round the camp he wheels
Enraged, and for an entrance feels:
Like wolf, who, ranging round the fold,
Whines at the gate, in rain and cold,
At midnight's season still:
Safe 'neath their dams the lambkins bleat:
He rages in infuriate heat
At those he cannot kill,
With hunger's gathered flame unslaked
And bloodless jaws to dryness baked.
Thus while he wall and camp surveys,
The fire of wrath begins to blaze,
Grief burns in every vein:

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What way may access best be found
To dash the Trojans from their mound
And fling them on the plain?
The fleet that lay upon their flank,
Deep shored within the river-bank,
He first assails, and calls aloud
For torches to the exulting crowd,
And with a flaming pine-tree brand,
Himself on flame, supplies his hand.
Then, then, by Turnus' presence spurred,
They ply the work, and at the word
Each waves a torch on fire:
The hearths are stripped, and pitchy glare
And soot and vapor through the air
In flaky wreaths aspire.

What God, ye Muses, stayed the fire,
And saved the barks from fate so dire?
Declare: the tale long since was told,
But fame is green, though faith be old.
When first Æneas on the height
Of Ida built his ships for flight,
The Berecyntine queen, 'tis said,
Her suit before the Thunderer pled:
"Vouchsafe, my son, thy mother's prayer,
Throned by her aid Olympus' heir.
On Ida's summit once was mine,
Loved through long years, a grove of pine,
Where worshippers their homage paid,
With pitch-trees dark and maple shade:
These to the Dardan chief I gave
When ships he sought to cross the wave;
I gave, and in the gift was glad:
But now their future makes me sad.
Release me from my fears: concede
The object of a parent's need:

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Grant that their texture ne'er may fail
From voyage long or stormy gale:
Such vantage let my favorites reap
From birth on our Idæan steep."
Her son, the Mighty One, replies,
Who rolls the orbits of the skies:
"O mother! wherefore strive in vain
The course of destiny to strain?
Shall vessels made by mortal hand
The immortals' privilege command?
Shall man ride safe in danger's hour?
Claimed ever god so vast a power?
Nay rather, when, their service o'er,
They reach at length the Ausonian shore,
What ships, escaping wind and wave,
In Latium land the Dardan brave,
Shall change their mortal shape for ours
And swim the main as sea-god powers,
As Galatè and Doto sweep
O'er the broad surface of the deep."
He said, and called to seal his vow
His Stygian brother's lake,
The banks where pitch and sand and mud
Together mix their murky flood,
And with the bending of his brow
Made all Olympus shake.

And now the promised time was come,
The fated years had filled their sum,
When Turnus' wrong reminds the dame
To shield her sacred ships from flame.
A sudden light strikes blind their eyes:
A cloud runs westward o'er the skies,
And Ida's choirs appear:

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An awful voice through ether thrills,
The ranks of either army fills,
And deafens every ear:
"Forbear your weapons to employ
To guard my ships, ye sons of Troy:
Know, Turnus' fire shall burn the seas
Or ere it touch my sacred trees;
Go free, my favorites: loose your bands:
Be Ocean-nymphs: your queen commands."
At once they burst their cords and dip,
Like dolphins, each with brazen tip
Down plunging 'neath the flood;
Then all in maiden forms emerge,
Swim out to sea and breast the surge,
As many as on the river's verge
Had erst in order stood.

In wonder gaze the Rutule crowd:
Messapus' valiant self is cowed:
His horses start and leap:
The river falters, sounding hoarse,
Old Tiber, and retracks his course,
Nor hurries to the deep.
Yet Turnus still is undismayed,
Still prompt to cheer or to upbraid:
"At Troy, at Troy these portents aim:
See, Jove has ta'en away
The means of flight, her wonted game:
For Rutule sword and Rutule flame
Her navy will not stay.
No path for her across the sea:
She has no hope to scape us, she:
One half her world is gone:
Ourselves are masters of the land;
Such multitudes beside us stand,
Italians every one.

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They scare not me, those words of heaven,
The voice of fate from temples given,
Which Phrygia's exiles boast:
Venus and fate have reaped their due
In bringing safe the wandering crew
To our Ausonian coast.
I too have had my fate assigned,
To sweep the miscreants from mankind
Who rob me of my spouse:
Not only Atreus' sons can feel,
Nor Greece alone can draw the steel
For breach of marriage vows.
Yet once to suffer may suffice:
What ailed them then to trespass twice?
One taste of crime should leave behind
A loathing for the female kind.
Behold, their confidence they ground
On balking trench and mediate mound,
Removed from death a span!
And saw they not sink down in flame
Their Ilium's walls, albeit the frame
Of powers more strong than man?
But you, my warriors, who will dare
Rush on with me, the fence down-tear,
The trembling camp invade?
No Vulcan's arms, no thousand sail
'Gainst Troy are needed to prevail:
Nay, let Etruria weight the scale
And lend them all her aid.
Palladium ravished from the tower,
Its warders stabbed at midnight's hour,
Such feats they need not fear:
We will not skulk in horse's womb:
Our fires shall wrap their walls with doom
In daylight broad and clear.

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Trust me, they shall not think to say
They deal with Danaans weak as they,
Whom Hector's prowess kept at bay
E'en to the tenth long year.
And now, since day's best hours are spent,
Let deeds well done your hearts content,
Recruit your weary frames, and know
The morn shall see us strike the blow."

Meanwhile Messapus has to set
About the gates a living net,
And kindle fires around:
Twice seven Rutulian chiefs he calls
Armed watch to keep beside the walls:
A hundred youths each chief obey:
Their helmets shoot a golden ray,
With crests of purple crowned.
They shift their posts, relieve the guard:
Then stretch them on the grassy sward,
To Bacchus open all their soul,
And tilt full oft the brazen bowl.
Throughout the night the watch-fires flame,
And all is revel, noise, and game.
Forth look the Trojans from their mound:
They see the leaguer stretching round,
And keep the rampart manned,
In anxious fear the gates inspect,
With bridges wall and tower connect,
And muster, spear in hand.
Bold Mnestheus and Serestus brave,
To whose tried hands Æneas gave,
Should aught arise of sterner need,
To rule the state, the battle lead,
Press on, now here, now there:
Along the walls the gathered host
Keeps tireless watch from post to post,
Each taking danger's share.

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Nisus was guardian of the gate,
No bolder heart in war's debate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ide
Sent, with his quiver at his side,
From hunting beasts in mountain brake
To follow in Æneas' wake:
With him Euryalus, fair boy;
None fairer donned the arms of Troy;
His tender cheek as yet unshorn
And blossoming with youth new-born.
Love made them one in every thought:
In battle side by side they fought;
And now in duty at the gate
The twain in common station wait.
"Can it be Heaven" said Nisus then
"That lends such warmth to hearts of men,
Or passion surging past control
That plays the god to each one's soul?
Long time, impatient of repose,
My swelling heart within me glows,
And yearns its energy to fling
On war, or some yet grander thing.
See there the foe, with vain hope flushed!
Their lights are scant, their stations hushed:
Unnerved by slumber and by wine
Their bravest chiefs are stretched supine.
Now to my doubting thought give heed
And listen where its motions lead.
Our Trojan comrades, one and all,
Cry loud, Æneas to recall,
And where, they say, the men to go
And let him of our peril know?
Now, if the meed I ask they swear
To give you — nay, I claim no share,
Content with bare renown —

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Meseems, beside yon grassy heap
The way I well might find and keep,
To Pallanteum's town."
The youth returns, while thirst of praise
Infects him with a strange amaze:
"Can Nisus aim at heights so great,
Nor take his friend to share his fate?
Shall I look on, and let you go
Alone to venture 'mid the foe?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, versed
In war's rude toil, my childhood nursed,
When Argive terror filled the air
And Troy was battling with despair:
Nor such the lot my youth has tried,
In hardship ever at your side,
Since, great Æneas' liegeman sworn,
I followed Fortune to her bourne:
Here, here within this bosom burns
A soul that mere existence spurns,
And holds the fame you seek to reap,
Though bought with life, were bought full cheap."

"Not mine the thought" brave Nisus said
"To wound you with so base a dread:
So may great Jove, or whosoe'er
Marks with just eyes how mortals fare,
Protect me going, and restore
In triumph to your arms once more.
But if — for many a chance, you wis,
Besets an enterprise like this —
If accident or power divine
The scheme to adverse end incline,
Your life at least I would prolong:
Death does your years a deeper wrong.
Leave me a friend to tomb my clay,
Rescued or ransomed, which you may;

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Or, e'en that boon should chance refuse,
To pay the absent funeral dues.
Nor let me cause so dire a smart
To that devoted mother's heart,
Who, sole of all the matron train,
Attends her darling o'er the main,
Nor cares like others to sit down
An inmate of Acestes' town."
He answers brief: "Your pleas are naught:
Firm stands the purpose of my thought:
Come, stir we: why so slow?"
Then calls the guards to take their place,
Moves on by Nisus, pace with pace,
And to the prince they go.

All other creatures wheresoe'er
Were stretched in sleep, forgetting care:
Troy's chosen chiefs in high debate
Were pondering o'er the reeling state,
What means to try, or whom to speed
To show Æneas of their need.
There stand they, midway in the field,
Still hold the spear, still grasp the shield:
When Nisus and his comrade brave
With eager tones admittance crave;
The matter high; though time be lost,
The occasion well were worth the cost.
Iulus hails the impatient pair,
Bids Nisus what they wish declare.
Then spoke the youth "Chiefs! lend your ears,
Nor judge our proffer by our years.
The Rutules, sunk in wine and sleep,
Have ceased their former watch to keep:
A stealthy passage have we spied
Where on the sea the gate opes wide:

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The line of fires is scant and broke,
And thick and murky rolls the smoke.
Give leave to seek, in these dark hours,
Æneas at Evander's towers,
Soon will you see us here again
Decked with the spoils of slaughtered men.
Nor strange the road: ourselves have seen
The city, hid by valleys green,
Just dimly dawning, and explored
In hunting all the river-board."
Out spoke Aletes, old and grey:
"Ye gods, who still are Ilium's stay,
No, no, ye mean not to destroy
Down to the ground the race of Troy,
When such the spirit of her youth,
And such the might of patriot truth."
Then, as the tears roll down his face,
He clasps them both in strict embrace:
"Brave warriors! what rewards so great,
For worth like yours to compensate?
From Heaven and from your own true heart
Expect the largest, fairest part:
The rest, and at no distant day,
The good Æneas shall repay,
Nor he, the royal youth, forget
Through all his life the mighty debt."
"Nay, hear me too" Ascanius cried
"Whose life is with my father's tied:
O Nisus! by the home-god powers
We jointly reverence, yours and ours,
The god of ancient Capys' line,
And Vesta's venerable shrine,
By these dread sanctions I appeal
To you, the masters of my weal;
O bring me back my sire again!
Restore him, and I feel no pain.

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Two massy goblets will I give;
Rich sculptures on the silver live;
The plunder of my sire,
What time he took Arisba's hold;
Two chargers, talents twain of gold,
A bowl beside of antique mould
By Dido brought from Tyre.
Then too, if ours the lot to reign
O'er Italy, by conquest ta'en,
And each man's spoil assign,—
Saw ye how Turnus rode yestreen,
His horse and arms of golden sheen?
That horse, that shield and glowing crest
I separate, Nisus, from the rest
And count already thine.
Twelve female slaves, at your desire,
Twelve captives with their arms entire,
My sire shall give you, and the plain
That forms Latinus' own domain.
But you, dear youth, of worth divine,
Whose blooming years are nearer mine,
Here to my heart I take, and choose
My comrade for whate'er ensues.
No glory will I e'er pursue,
Unmotived by the thought of you:
Let peace or war my state befall,
Thought, word, and deed, you share them all."
The youth replied: "No after day
This hour's fair promise shall betray,
Be fate but kind. Yet let me claim
One favor, more than all you name:
A mother in the camp is mine,
Derived from Priam's ancient line:
No home in Sicily or Troy
Has kept her from her darling boy.

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She knows not, she, the paths I tread;
I leave her now, no farewell said;
By night and this your hand I swear,
A parent's tears I could not bear.
Vouchsafe your pity, and engage
To solace her unchilded age:
And I shall meet whate'er betide
By such assurance fortified."
With sympathy and tender grief
All melt in tears, Iulus chief,
As filial love in other shown
Recalled the semblance of his own:
And "Tell your doubting heart" he cries
"All blessings wait your high emprise:
I take your mother for my own,
Creusa, save in name alone,
Nor lightly deem the affection due
To her who bore a child like you.
Come what come may, I plight my troth
By this my head, my father's oath,
The bounty to yourself decreed
Should favoring gods your journey speed,
The same shall in your line endure,
To parent and to kin made sure."
He spoke, and weeping still, untied
A gilded falchion from his side,
Lycaon's work, the man of Crete,
With sheath of ivory complete:
Brave Mnestheus gives for Nisus' wear
A lion's hide with shaggy hair;
Aletes, old in danger grown,
His helmet takes, and gives his own.
Then to the gates, as forth they fare,
The band of chiefs with many a prayer
The gallant twain attends:

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Iulus, manlier than his years,
Oft whispering, for his father's ears
Full many a message sends:
But be it message, be it prayer,
Alike 'tis lost, dispersed in air.

The trenches past, through night's deep gloom
The hostile camp they near:
Yet many a foe shall meet his doom
Or ere that hour appear.
There see they bodies stretched supine,
O'ercome with slumber and with wine;
The cars, unhorsed, are drawn up high;
'Twixt wheels and harness warriors lie,
With arms and goblets on the grass
In undistinguishable mass.
"Now" Nisus cries "for hearts and hands:
This, this the hour our force demands.
Here pass we: yours the rear to mind,
Lest hostile arm be raised behind;
Myself will go before and slay,
While carnage opes a broad highway."
So whispers he with bated breath,
And straight begins the work of death
On Rhamnes, haughty lord:
On rugs he lay, in gorgeous heap,
From all his bosom breathing sleep,
A royal seer, by Turnus loved:
But all too weak his seer-craft proved
To stay the rushing sword.
Three servants next the weapon found
Stretched 'mid their armor on the ground:
Then Remus' charioteer he spies
Beneath the coursers as he lies,
And lops his downdropt head:
The ill-starred master next he leaves,
A headless trunk, that gasps and heaves:

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Forth spouts the blood from every vein,
And deluges with crimson rain
Green earth and broidered bed.
Then Lamyrus and Lamus died,
Serranus too, in youth's fair pride:
That night had seen him long at play:
Now by the dream-god tamed he lay:
Ah! had his play but matched the night,
Nor ended till the dawn of light!
So famished lion uncontrolled
Makes havoc through the teeming fold,
As frantic hunger craves;
Mangling and harrying far and near
The meek mild victims, mute with fear,
With gory jaws he raves.
Nor less Euryalus performs:
The thirst of blood his bosom warms;
'Mid nameless multitudes he storms,
Herbesus, Fadus, Abaris kills
Slumbering and witless of their ills,
While Rhœtus wakes and sees the whole,
But hides behind a massy bowl.
There, as to rise the trembler strove,
Deep in his breast the sword he drove,
And bathed in death withdrew.
The lips disgorge the life's red flood,
A mingled stream of wine and blood:
He plies his blade anew.
Now turns he to Messapus' band,
For there the fires he sees
Burnt out, while coursers hard at hand
Are browsing at their ease,
When Nisus marks the excess of zeal,
The maddening fever of the steel,
And checks him thus with brief appeal:
"Forbear we now; 'twill soon be day:
Our wrath is slaked, and hewn our way."

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Full many a spoil they leave behind
Of solid silver thrice refined,
Armor and bowls of costliest mould
And rugs in rich confusion rolled.
A belt Euryalus puts on
With golden knobs, from Rhamnes won:
Of old by Cædicus 'twas sent,
An absent friendship to cement,
To Remulus, fair Tibur's lord,
Who, dying, to his grandson left
The shining prize: the Rutule sword
In after days the trophy reft.
Athwart his manly chest in vain
He binds these trappings of the slain;
Then 'neath his chin in triumph laced
Messapus' helm, with plumage graced.
The camp at length they leave behind,
And round the lake securely wind.

Meanwhile a troop is on its way,
From Latium's city sped,
An offshoot from the host that lay
Along the plain in close array,
Three hundred horsemen, sent to bring
A message back to Turnus king,
With Volscens at their head.
Now to the camp they draw them nigh,
Beneath the rampart's height,
When from afar the twain they spy,
Still steering from the right;
The helmet through the glimmering shade
At once the unwary boy betrayed,
Seen in the moon's full light.
Not lost the sight on jealous eyes:
"Ho! stand! who are ye?" Volscens cries
"Whence come, or whither tend?"

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No movement deign they of reply,
But swifter to the forest fly,
And make the night their friend.
With fatal speed the mounted foes
Each avenue as with network close,
And every outlet bar.
It was a forest bristling grim
With shade of ilex, dense and dim:
Thick brushwood all the ground o'ergrew:
The tangled ways a path ran through,
Faint glimmering like a star.
The darkling boughs, the cumbering prey
Euryalus's flight delay:
His courage fails, his footsteps stray:
But Nisus onward flees;
No thought he takes, till now at last
The enemy is all o'erpast,
E'en at the grove, since Alban called,
Where then Latinus' herds were stalled:
Sudden he pauses, looks behind
In eager hope his friend to find:
In vain; no friend he sees.
"Euryalus, my chiefest care,
Where left I you, unhappy? where?
What clue may guide my erring tread
This leafy labyrinth back to thread?"
Then, noting each remembered track,
He thrids the wood, dim-seen and black.
Listening, he hears the horse-hoofs' beat,
The clatter of pursuing feet:
A little moment — shouts arise,
And lo! Euryalus he spies,
Whom now the foemen's gathered throng
Is hurrying helplessly along,
While vain resistance he essays,
Trapped by false night and treacherous ways.

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What should he do? what force employ
To rescue the beloved boy?
Plunge through the spears that line the wood,
And death and glory win with blood?
Not unresolved, he poises soon
A javelin, looking to the Moon:
"Grant, goddess, grant thy present aid,
Queen of the stars, Latonian maid,
The greenwood's guardian power;
If, grateful for success of mine,
With gifts my sire has graced thy shrine,
If e'er myself have brought thee spoil,
The tribute of my hunter's toil,
To ornament thy roof divine,
Or glitter on thy tower,
These masses give me to confound,
And guide through air my random wound."
He spoke, and hurled with all his might;
The swift spear hurtles through the night:
Stout Sulmo's back the stroke receives:
The wood, though snapped, the midriff cleaves.
He falls, disgorging life's warm tide,
And long-drawn sobs distend his side.
All gaze around: another spear
The avenger levels from his ear,
And launches on the sky.
Tagus lies pierced through temples twain,
The dart deep buried in his brain.
Fierce Volscens storms, yet finds no foe,
Nor sees the hand that dealt the blow,
Nor knows on whom to fly.
"Your heart's warm blood for both shall pay"
He cries, and on his beauteous prey
With naked sword he sprang.
Scared, maddened, Nisus shrieks aloud:
No more he hides in night's dark shroud,
Nor bears the o'erwhelming pang:

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"Me, guilty me, make me your aim,
O Rutules! mine is all the blame;
He did no wrong, nor e'er could do;
That sky, those stars attest 'tis true;
Love for his friend too freely shown,
This was his crime, and this alone."
In vain he spoke: the sword, fierce driven,
That alabaster breast had riven.
Down falls Euryalus, and lies
In death's enthralling agonies:
Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow;
"His head sinks gradually low:"
Thus, severed by the ruthless plough,
Dim fades a purple flower:
Their weary necks so poppies bow,
O'erladen by the shower.
But Nisus on the midmost flies,
With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes:
In clouds the warriors round him rise,
Thick hailing blow on blow:
Yet on he bears, no stint, no stay;
Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway:
Till as for aid the Rutule shrieks
Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:
The dying hand has reft away
The life-blood of its foe.
Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well.

Blest pair! if aught my verse avail,
No day shall make your memory fail
From off the heart of time,
While Capitol abides in place,
The mansion of the Æneian race,
And throned upon that moveless base
Rome's father sits sublime.

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With conquest crowned, of trophies proud,
The Rutule warriors, weeping loud,
Slain Volscens campward bring:
Nor fewer tears in camp are shed
For Rhamnes and Serranus dead,
By one fell stroke their noblest sped
To darkness, chief and king.
Crowds gather to the spot, where lie
The bodies, dead or soon to die,
And see the place afloat with blood
And frothing gore in many a flood.
From hand to hand they pass the spoil:
Messapus' helm they know,
And trappings gay, with deadly toil
Recovered from the foe.

Now, rising from Tithonus' bed,
The Dawn o'er earth her radiance spread:
When all is flooded by the ray,
And nature lies exposed to day,
Bold Turnus, armed from head to heel,
Inflames the warriors' martial zeal:
Each to his followers makes appeal,
And goads them to engage:
Moreover, fixed on lifted spears,
(Where in that hour were human tears?)
Two gory heads they thrust to view,
Euryalus' and Nisus' too,
With cries of hate and rage.
Troy's iron sons array their fight
On the left rampart — for the right
Adjoins the river shore: —
Above their breadth of moat they stood
In lofty turrets, sad of mood:
And horror on their spirit fell
To see those heads they knew so well
Dripping with loathly gore.

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Through the pale ranks ran winged Fame,
And swiftly to the mother came
Of lost Euryalus: the start
Sent icy chillness to her heart:
The thread was on the shuttle stopped,
And from her hand the spindle dropped.
She rends her hair; she shrieks aloud,
And to the rampart and the crowd
In wild distraction flies:
No more the face of men she fears,
The winged deaths, the showering spears,
But fills the air with cries:
"Euryalus! returned, and thus?
And could you leave me lone,
Mine age's stay, in life's late day?
O what a heart of stone!
This perilous adventure seek,
Nor farewell to your mother speak?
And you are lying, lying thrown
To dogs and birds, 'neath skies unknown;—
And I, your mother, might not close
Your glassy eyes, your limbs compose,
Nor wash the gore away,
Nor robe you in that mantle fair,
Which, solacing an old wife's care,
I hastened for my darling's wear,
Still spinning night and day!
Where shall I seek you? how reclaim
Those headless limbs, that mangled frame?
This all? and was it this, ah me,
I followed over land and sea?
O slay me, Rutules! if ye know
A mother's love, on me bestow
The tempest of your spears!
Or thou, great Thunderer, pity take.
And whelm me 'neath the Stygian lake,

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Since otherwise I may not break
This life of bitter tears!"
That wail the hearts of Troy congealed;
From rank to rank the infection ran;
Each sickens of the battle-field,
And feels no longer man.
Still raves the miserable dame,
Still higher piles grief's frantic flame:
Iulus, shedding tears like rain,
And old Ilioneus call their train,
And Actor and Idæus come
And bear her from the rampart home.

Now shrills the trump its dire alarms:
At once the warriors cry to arms:
Heaven thunders back the note.
The Volscian host a penthouse form,
And strive the palisade to storm
And choke the gaping moat:
Some try the approach, and ladders plant
Where most the battle-line looks scant,
And the dark ring that crowns the wall
Presents a glimmering interval.
With equal zeal the sons of Troy
Stout poles and missile darts employ,
Taught by experience long and hard
How best a leaguered wall to guard.
Stones too with cruel weight they throw
In hope to break the shielded foe:
Sure on such fence the heaviest blow
Must fall like idle hail!
See, see, at length it yields, it yields!
Where threats the densest mass of shields
A rock the Trojans topple o'er:
Down on the Rutule host it bore,
Dashed wide their ranks behind, before,
And burst their quilted mail.

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Cowed by the shock, the Rutules bold
No more engage in fight blindfold,
But with a missile tempest strive
The foeman from his wall to drive.
Elsewhere Mezentius, grim to see,
Wields Tuscan pine-stock, tall as he,
And heads the desperate attack
With torch-fire vapors, pitchy black:
While bold Messapus, Neptune's seed,
Imperious tamer of the steed,
Tears down the palisade, and calls
For ladders to ascend the walls.

Now grant, Calliope, thine aid;
Ye Muses, prompt my lay
To tell what havoc Turnus made
On that too bloody day,
What gallant chiefs were hurled below
And what the hands that dealt the blow.
Be near, and help me to unroll
In length and breadth the martial scroll.

Linked by strong bridges to the wall
There rose a lofty tower:
Italia's warriors, one and all,
Assail it, bent to work its fall,
With utmost strain of power:
The sons of Troy with stones defend,
And through the narrowed eyelets send
A furious steely shower.
Fierce Turnus first a firebrand flings:
It strikes the side, takes hold, and clings:
The freshening breezes spread the blaze,
And soon on plank and beam it preys.
The inmates flutter in dismay
And vainly wish to fly:

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There as they huddle and retire
Back to the part which 'scapes the fire,
Sudden the o'erweighted mass gives way,
And falling, shakes the sky.
Heavily to the ground they come
In piteous ruin trailed,
Some pierced with falling fragments, some
On their own darts impaled.
Unhurt, Helenor, sole of all,
And Lycus issue from the fall:
Helenor, whom Licymnia bare
To Lydia's king, a captive fair,
And sent herself her blooming boy
In interdicted arms to Troy,
Trained up a naked sword to wield
And bear a blank unblazoned shield.
Soon as the Rutule hosts he found
And Turnus' squadrons close him round,
As beast by hunter crowds beset
Makes furious war on dart and net,
Full at the the throat of danger flies,
And spiked on serried javelins dies,
So leaps the warrior on the foe
Where storms of iron deadliest blow.
Not so young Lycus: swifter far
He threads the windings of the war,
Gripes the high wall with talon clutch,
And strives his comrades' hands to touch.
With speed of foot and javelin's throw
Fierce Turnus follows on the foe:
"Poor fool! couldst hope" the conqueror cries
"To baffle Turnus of his prize?"
Then grasps him hanging, and withal
Plucks down a bulwark from the wall:
So Jove's fell bird bears off in air
A snow-white swan or timorous hare:

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So from its vainly bleating dam
Tears the gaunt wolf the folded lamb.
Loud clamors rise: they charge once more,
Break down the mound, the trench bridge o'er,
Or to the topmost rampart throw
Their brands of pine-wood all aglow.
There as Lucetius nears the gate
And waves aloft the hostile flame,
Ilioneus whelms him 'neath the weight
Of rock that from a mountain came:
Stout Liger brings Emathion low;
Asilas Corynæus slays;
That skilled the warlike lance to throw,
This wings the arrow from the bow
Through unsuspected ways.
Ortygius lies by Cæneus slain:
The victor yields to Turnus' hands;
And Sagaris, Itys, Clonius fall,
With Promolus, by Turnus all,
And Idas, tumbled to the plain,
As on the wall he stands.
Privernus finds from Capys death:
Themilla's spear had grazed him first:
He flings his buckler on the ground,
And claps his hand upon the wound;
Fond wretch! the arrow wings the wind,
And to his side his hand is pinned,
And through the vital springs of breath
A deadly passage burst.
There Arcens' son stood, richly dight,
In broidered scarf with purple bright,
Sent by his father to the fight,
A youth of glorious show,
Reared in his Oread mother's wood,
Beside Symæthus' gentle flood,
Where day by day with victims' blood
Palicus' altars flow.

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No more his spear Mezentius hurled;
Thrice round his head his sling he whirled
With shrill and whizzing sound:
Sheer through the warrior's temples sped
With fatal aim the glowing lead;
He falls, and lies unnerved and dead
O'er many a foot of ground.

Then first, they say, Ascanius tried
In battle-field his bow,
Till then 'gainst flying silvans plied,
And laid Numanus low:
He late to his connubial bed
Had Turnus' youngest sister led:
And now, of new-worn purple proud,
He stalks erect, with vaunting loud,
And thus before the battle's van
With wordy turbulence began.
"Twice captured Phrygians! to be pent
Once more in leaguered battlement,
And plant unblushingly between
Yourselves and death a stony screen!
Lo, these the men that draw their swords
To part our ladies from their lords!
What god, what madness brings you here
To taste of our Italian cheer?
No proud Atridæ lead our vans:
No false Ulysses talks and plans:
E'en from the birth a hardy brood,
We take our infants to the flood,
And fortify their tender mould
With icy wave and ruthless cold.
Early and late our sturdy boys
Seek through the woods a hunter's joys:
Their pastime is to tame the steed,
To bend the bow and launch the reed.

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Our youth, to scanty fare inured,
Made strong by labor oft endured,
Subdue the soil with spade and rake,
Our city walls with battle shake.
Through life we grasp our trusty spear:
It strikes the foe, it goads the steer:
Age cannot chill our valor: no,
The helmet sits on locks of snow;
And still we love to store our prey,
And eat the fruits our arms purvey.
You flaunt your robes in all men's eyes,
Your saffron and your purple dyes,
Recline on downy couch, or weave
The dreamy dance from morn to eve:
Sleeved tunics guard your tender skins,
And ribboned mitres prop your chins.
Phrygians! — nay rather Phrygian fair!
Hence, to your Dindymus repair!
Go where the flute's congenial throat
Shrieks through two doors its slender note,
Where pipe and cymbal call the crew;
These are the instruments for you:
Leave men, like us, in arms to deal,
Nor bruise your lily hands with steel."

That ominous tongue, that boastful heart
Ascanius could not bear:
He drew the bowstring, poised the dart,
And stood with outstretched arms apart,
First calling Jove in prayer.
"Vouchsafe to bless, great Sire divine,
Thy suppliant's bold essay:
My grateful hand before thy shrine
Shall yearly offerings pay:
A goodly bullock from the stall,
Snow-white, his mother scarce so tall,

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Shall at thy altar stand:
His horns, which gold shall overlay,
E'en now anticipate the fray:
His feet spurn up the sand."
Jove heard, and instant from the left
He thundered through the blue:
Instant the bow was heard to twang;
The shaft along the welkin sang,
Numanus' haughty head it cleft,
And pierced his temples through.
"Go, vent on worth your idle taunts:
Such answer to Rutulian vaunts
Twice captured Phrygians send!"
Ascanius spoke: the sons of Troy
Mount skyward in their rapturous joy,
And heaven with shoutings rend.
Phœbus that hour from heaven's dim height
Surveyed the fortunes of the fight,
And thus from off his throne of cloud
Bespoke the youthful victor proud:
"'Tis thus that men to heaven aspire:
Go on, and raise your glories higher,
Of gods the son, of gods the sire!
Beneath Assaracus's seed
The war-worn land shall cease to bleed,
Nor may our narrow Troy contain
The compass of so grand a reign."
So speaking, from the skies he darts,
The fluttering air before him parts,
And quickly to Ascanius hies,
In Butes' venerable guise.
Once Butes kept Anchises' door,
Anchises' arms in battle bore:
Now other cares his age employ,
The guardian of the princely boy.

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So moves the god: voice, color, all,
The veteran's lineaments recall,
The silvery honors of his head,
His armor, resonant with dread;
And thus with words of mild control
He calms that young, ambitious soul:
"Enough, Æneas' son, to know
Your hand, unharmed, with shaft and bow
Numanus' life has ta'en;
Such glory to your first of fields
Your patron god ungrudging yields,
Nor robs of praise the arms he wields:
From further fight refrain."
So Phœbus speaks, and speaking flies:
One moment beams on mortal eyes,
Then mingles with the ambient skies.
The Dardan chiefs the godhead knew:
His flashing weapons caught their view:
They heard his quiver as he flew.
So now at great Apollo's beck
Ascanius' martial zeal they check:
Themselves renew the doubtful strife,
And freely jeopardy their life.
Rings through the camp the war-shout's peal:
They bend their bows and hurl the steel
Which leathern thong reclaims:
Spent javelins all the ground bestrow:
Helmet and shield rebound the blow:
A savage fight upflames.
So furiously from westward sped,
The Kid-star lowering overhead,
Wild tempests lash the plain:
So on the sea the hail falls fast,
When Jove, dread lord of southern blast,
His watery volleys flings broad-cast,
And opes the springs of rain.

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Pandarus and Bitias, brethren twain,
Descended of Alcanor's strain
(Iæra bore them, nymph divine:
Their stature matched the hill-side pine
Or e'en the hills' own height),
Throw wide the gate they held in charge,
And trusting but to spear and targe
The foe's advance invite.
Themselves within the gateway stand,
Fronting the towers on either hand,
Magnificent in steel array,
And toss their plumes on high:
So two fair oaks that proudly grow
On banks of Athesis or Po
Their unshorn heads aloft display
And tower into the sky.
With eager joy the Rutules see
The gates thrown wide, the entrance free,
And pour by hundreds in:
Full soon Aquicolus the fair,
With Quercens, Hæmon, fiery Tmare,
To flight with all their followers turn,
Or with their heels the threshold spurn
But now they thought to win.
Fierce and more fierce the combat glows:
In gathering ranks the Trojans close,
Nor further onset wait,
But foot to foot defy their foes,
And press beyond the gate.

Meanwhile to Turnus, as afar
On other parts he launches war
And mars the foe's array,
Comes word that, flushed with blood new-shed,
The sons of Troy forget their dread,
And wide their gates display.

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Fell rage inspiring all his mind,
The unfinished work he leaves behind,
And rushes to the gates amain
To cope with that presumptuous twain.
First on Antiphates he bore,
Whom chance had planted in the fore,
The great Sarpedon's spurious seed,
Born of a dame of Theban breed.
The cornel hurtles through the skies;
Straight to the stomach's pit it flies,
And lodges 'neath the bosom's core,
While the dark cavern wells with gore.
Then Merops, Erymas the brave,
And young Aphidnus find a grave,
And Bitias, as with eyes aglow
And bursting rage he fronts his foe:
No dart was thrown: a puny dart
Had scarcely reached that giant heart;
No, 'twas a huge falaric spear,
Thundering in levin-like career,
That left the victor's hand:
Not two bull-hides, nor corslet mail,
Though plaited twice with golden scale,
The onset might withstand.
The vast frame tumbles on the field;
Groans the jarred earth, loud clangs the shield.
'Tis thus descends in later day
The granite pile in Baiæ's bay,
Compact of many a block:
E'en thus, in mighty downfall sped,
It sinks into the oozy bed
With vast reverberant shock:
Up mounts the sand from depths profound:
Lone Prochyta perceives the sound
Thrill deep through cave and rock,

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And Arime, by Jove's behest
Firm fixed on Typhon's monster breast.

Now Mars omnipotent imparts
Fresh vigor to the Latian hearts,
While on the Trojan band
Dark fear he sends and coward flight:
The Italians claim the proffered fight,
And fury nerves each hand.
When Pandarus saw his brother slain
And knew the tide had ebbed again,
He sets his shoulders to the gate
And backward rolls the enormous weight,
Leaving in miserable rout
Full many a hapless friend shut out,
While others through the entrance pour,
And saved from carnage, breathe once more.
Fond fool! amidst the noise and din
He saw not Turnus rushing in,
But closed him in the embattled hold,
A tiger in a helpless fold.
From those fierce eyes new terrors blaze;
His arms around him clash:
The red plume on his helmet plays,
And from his shield reflected rays
Like living lightning flash.
At once the trembling Trojans know
The dreaded presence of their foe:
But Pandarus onward flies:
In his proud breast his brother's fate
Awakes the flames of rage and hate,
And thus in scorn he cries:
"Not this Amata's promised dower,
Your royal dome, your bridal bower,
Nor Ardea's native town enthralls
Her Turnus in her friendly walls:

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A hostile camp around you see,
Shut in without the power to flee."
Then Turnus with untroubled mien:
"Begin, and let your strength be seen:
Soon shall you tell in Priam's ear
You found a new Achilles here."
Strong Pandarus launches on the wind
A knotted spear, unpeeled its rind,
With mighty effort flung:
Saturnia caught it as it came
And turned it from its destined aim:
Fixed in the gate it hung.
"Not thus shall err my trusty brand,
Sped by a surer, stronger hand:"
Then, rising tiptoe as he speaks,
Turnus uplifts the falchion keen:
With force resistless sweeping down
It crashes on the warrior's crown,
And ample brows and beardless cheeks
Are severed clear and clean.
At once the mighty ruin sounds;
The firm earth trembles and rebounds;
His armor, splashed with blood and brain,
His giant members load the plain:
On either shoulder, cleft in twain,
The ghastly head is seen.
The Trojans fly in wild dismay:
O, then had Turnus thought
To force the fastenings of the gates
And call within his valiant mates,
The nation and the war that day
Alike to end had brought!
But rage and blind desire to slay
Still drive him on the recreant prey.
First Phalaris beneath him dies
And Gyges, hamstrung as he flies:

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Forth from the slain he plucks each spear,
And hurls them on the fliers' rear,
While Juno nerves him for the strife,
And breathes within diviner life.
Then lays he Halys on the field
And Phegeus, cloven through his shield:
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis,
And young Noemon, all
Are slaughtered, ere their foe they wis,
And tumbled from the wall:
And Lynceus, who in vain essayed
The strife, and called his friends for aid:
His right knee propped against the mound,
He swings his weighty falchion round:
Head-piece and head, by one sure wound
Cut off, at distance fall.
Then huntsman Amycus succeeds:
None better knew to flying reeds
The envenomed point to lend:
And Clytius feels the conqueror's spear,
And Cretheus, to the Muses dear,
Cretheus, the Muses' friend:
The minstrel lay, the tuneful shell
Had touched him with their magic spell,
And still the warrior strung
To martial themes his glowing lyre,
And arms, and men, and steeds of fire
In lofty numbers sung.

At last, at news of Troy's defeat,
Mnestheus and brave Serestus meet:
Their friends they see in wild retreat,
Within their camp the foe:
And "Whither fly ye?" Mnestheus cried:
"What walls, what town are yours beside?

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Shall one mere man, on all sides pent
Within your mounded battlement,
Such deaths have dealt, such warriors sent
Unvenged to shades below?
Feel ye no shame, no manly grief
For gods, for country, or for chief,
O craven hearts and slow?"
Roused by the word, they stand at length,
And front him with collected strength,
While Turnus by degrees gives ground,
And seeks the part the stream runs round.
The Trojans follow, shouting loud,
And closer still and closer crowd.
So when the gathering swains assail
A lion with their brazen hail,
He, glaring rage, begins to quail
And sullenly departs:
For shame his back he will not turn,
Yet dares not, howsoe'er he yearn,
To charge their serried darts:
So Turnus lingeringly retires,
And glows with ineffectual fires.
Twice on the foe e'en then he falls,
Twice routs and drives them round the walls:
But from the camp in swarms they pour,
Nor Juno dares to help him more,
For Iris hastens down
With words from Jove of angry threat,
Should Turnus make resistance yet,
Nor quit the leaguered town.
No longer now by force of hand
Or buckler may the youth withstand,
So thick the javelins play:
Round his broad brows the helmet rings:
Crushed by the volley from the slings
Its solid sides give way.

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His plumes are reft: his shield 'gins fail,
While spear on spear the Trojans hail,
With Mnestheus, soul of flame.
O'er all his limbs dark sweat-drops break;
No time to breathe: thick pantings shake
His vast and laboring frame.
At length, accoutred as he stood,
Headlong he plunged into the flood.
The yellow flood the charge received,
With buoyant tide his weight upheaved,
And cleansing off the encrusted gore,
Returned him to his friends once more.

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BOOK X.

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ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the Gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle, Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus, as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

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BOOK X.

MEANTIME Olympus' gate unfolds:
The almighty Sire a council holds
In heaven's sidereal hall,
Whence earth lies open to his view,
The camp of Troy, the Latian crew:
The gods obey his call,
And range them on their golden seats:
Himself the high occasion treats:
"Great powers of heaven, what change has wrought
Such dire revulsion in your thought?
Whence comes this madness of debate,
These passions flaming into hate?
My nod forbade the Italian folk
'Gainst Teucer's sons to strike a stroke:
What mean your strifes that break my law?
What wild alarm could sway
Or these or those the sword to draw
And wake the sleeping fray?
The battle-day at length shall come
(Let none foredate the hour of doom)
When Carthage town shall roll
On Rome's seven hills the stormy tide,
And through the Alps cleave passage wide
To her predestined goal:

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Then may you give your hate its fill,
And rage and ravage as you will:
Now cease, and ratify with me
The covenant I will shall be."

Thus briefly Jove: but not in brief
Gives Venus utterance to her grief:
"Dread lord of all above, below!
For other succor none we know
In this our trouble sore:
Seest thou how swells the Rutules' pride?
See Turnus in his triumph ride,
E'en on the crest of war's fierce tide,
And bid its billows roar!
No more their walls my Trojans shield:
The camp is changed to battle-field:
The trenches float with gore.
Our chief in ignorance bides away:
What? leav'st us not one peaceful day
From siege and leaguer free?
Once more there lowers o'er rising Troy
A spoiler, eager to destroy,
With myriads fierce as he:
And Tydeus' son once more is brought,
To fight, belike, as erst he fought.
Aye, sooth, I ween it is decreed
That Venus' wounds again shall bleed,
And I, thy child, too long delay
The spear that gores, but cannot slay.
If unsecured by leave from thee
Troy's sons have sailed to Italy,
Withdraw thine aid, and let them be,
To reap their folly's due:
But if thy mandates they obeyed
By many a warning voice conveyed
From heaven above and nether shade,

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Who dares to change thy firm decree
Or write the fates anew?
Why tell each bygone grievance o'er,
The fleet consumed on Eryx' shore,
The monarch of the storm called forth,
The winds unchained, East, West and North,
Or Iris sent from high?
Nay, e'en the ghosts beneath she tries
(O'erlooked till now those choice allies):
Through Latian towns Alecto flies,
And taints the upper sky.
'Tis not for empire now I fear:
That was a hope which once was dear,
But let it pass: our blood is spilt,
Yet give the victory where thou wilt.
But O, if yet thy cruel spouse
Will grant no land where Troy may house,
By Ilium's ruins I implore,
By that last agony she bore,
Release Ascanius from the strife,
And let my grandson scape with life!
His sire may roam on unknown seas,
And drift where fate or fortune please:
But let me snatch the child away
And save him from yon bloody fray.
Paphos and Amathus are mine,
And high Cythera's bower:
There let him live, his arms resign,
Nor dream the dream of power.
On Italy let Carthage frown,
He shall not vex your Tyrian town.
What profit to have scaped the fight
And won his way in venturous flight
Through foe and fire and sword,
The rage of land and ocean spent,
While Troy on Latium still is bent,
And hopes her towers restored?

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Best to have fixed them on the spot
Where Ilium's embers still are hot,
Laid down their limbs by Xanthus' flood,
And dwelt where once their city stood,
O Father! look on wretched men;
Give us our native streams again,
And let our progeny repeat
The old, old tale of Troy's defeat!"

Then, by her rage to utterance stirred,
Imperial Juno took the word:
"And must I then my silence break
And buried griefs to life awake?
What god above or man below
Your good Æneas forced to go
To war, and be Latinus' foe?
Grant that to Italy he went
By fate or mad Cassandra sent:
Who bade him quit his camp and trust
His life to every stormy gust,
Leave to a boy's weak hands to guide
The war and o'er his walls preside,
Seduce the Tyrrhenes, and molest
The peace of nations long at rest?
What force, what tyranny of ours
To such misventure led?
Where then were Juno's baleful powers,
Or Iris downward sped?
'Tis shame Italians should engirth
Your infant Troy with sword and fire,
That Turnus on his parent earth
Should come and go at his desire,
Though nymph Venilia gave him birth
And blest Pilumnus was his sire:
And shall not Troy in turn feel shame
To ravage Latium's fields with flame,

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Play despot o'er an alien soil,
And carry flocks and herds for spoil,
Pick marriages at will, and bear
From others' arms the plighted fair,
Make suit for peace with wool-wreathed bough,
Yet arm her ships from stern to prow?
Æneas from the conquering Greek
You filch away with ease,
And cheat them, when a man they seek,
With cloud and airy breeze:
You make his vessels change their guise
And each and all as Nereids rise:
Yet call it crime, when Juno lends
Her succor to her Rutule friends.
Your chief in ignorance bides away;
And in his ignorance let him stay.
Paphos and Amathus are yours,
And high Cythera's shade:
Why seek a sky where battle lowers,
And savage homes invade?
Are ours the hands that labor still
The ebbing strength of Troy to spill?
Our hands? or theirs that broke the peace
And gave her to the sword of Greece?
What fatal cause the quarrel sent
'Twixt continent and continent?
When Paris stormed the Spartan's bed,
Was mine the guiding star that led?
Armed I for war the adulterous hand,
Or battle's flame with passion fanned?
Then had your terror been in place,
Your fears for your beloved race:
Now, all too late, you idly plain,
And fling your wrongful taunts in vain."

Thus pleaded Juno: and the rest
Murmuring their diverse minds expressed,

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As newborn gales in forest pent
Confusedly struggle for a vent,
And rippling 'mid the leaves, inform
The seaman of a coming storm.
Then he begins, the Sire of all,
Who rules the world at will:
E'en as he speaks, the gods' great hall
Grows tremulously still:
The firm earth quivers to her base:
High heaven is still through all its space:
The winds are whispered into sleep,
And waveless calm controls the deep.
"Give ear, and with attention lay
Deep in your hearts the words I say.
Since Troy with Latium must contend,
And these your wranglings find no end,
Let each man use his chance to-day
And carve his fortune as he may;
Rutule or Trojan let him be,
Nations and names are nought to me:
Or be they fates to Rutules kind
That Ilium's camp in leaguer bind,
Or Trojan rashness, soon betrayed,
And warnings by a foe conveyed.
Nor would I yet the Rutules spare:
They too the common chance must share:
Each warrior from his own good lance
Shall reap the fruit of toil or chance:
Jove deals to all an equal lot,
And Fate shall loose or cut the knot."
This said, to witness his intent
He called his Stygian brother's lake,
The banks where pitch and sand and mud
Together mix their seething flood,
And as his kingly brows he bent
Made all Olympus shake.

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So came the council to its close:
Jove from his golden throne arose:
The gods around their sovereign wait
And lead him to his palace gate.

Meantime, intent to burn and slay,
The foe once more the siege essay.
Pent in their camp the Trojans lie,
Despair of help, yet cannot fly.
Arrayed in vain, they ring the wall,
A hapless remnant, thin and small.
Asius Imbrasides is there,
And Hicetaon's valiant heir;
The Assaraci, twin warriors they,
Castor, and Thymbris old and grey
In battle's forefront stand:
Claros and Themon join the train,
The brethren of Sarpedon slain,
From Lycia's mighty land.
Lyrnesian Acmon heaves a block,
Vast fragment of its parent rock,
Born of a race no toil that shun,
Menestheus' brother, Clytius' son.
These fight with stones, with javelins those,
Rain fiery torches on their foes,
Or bend with force unerring bows.
There in the midst is Venus' care,
The princely boy, his head all bare;
So, set in gold, beams forth a gem,
For collar or for anadem;
So polished ivory shines
Inlaid in terebinth or box;
Down his fair neck bright stream his locks,
Which pliant gold entwines.

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Thou, Ismarus, too wast seen to deal
With archer craft the envenomed steel
And quell their valiant powers,
Thy home Mæonia's fruitful mould,
Made rich by labor and the gold
That bright Pactolus showers.
There too is Mnestheus, raised heaven-high
By Turnus made yestreen to fly,
And Capys, marked for future fame,
From whom fair Capua takes her name.

They all day long in fight had striven
With ceaseless toil and pain:
And now beneath a midnight heaven
Æneas ploughs the main.
For when, from good Evander sent,
He reached the Etruscan leader's tent,
Tells what his name and whence he springs,
What aid he asks, what powers he brings,
What arms are on Mezentius' side,
And Turnus' overweening pride,
And bids him think, with sighs and prayers,
What changes wait on man's affairs,
Not long the conference: Tarchon plights
His friendly troth, his force unites,
With action swift and brief:
The Lydian race, from fate set free,
By heaven's command put straight to sea
Placed 'neath a foreign chief.
First sails Æneas' royal ship:
The Phrygian lions arm her tip,
And Ida spreads its shade above,
The hill that Teucrian exiles love.
There sits Æneas on the stern,
The tides that make the war to turn
Deep pondering o'er and o'er;

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And Pallas, ever at his side,
Asks of the stars, the night-fare's guide,
Or questions of his wanderings wide
On ocean and on shore.

Now, Muses, ope your Helicon,
The gates of song expand;
Say what the host to war comes on
From forth the Etruscan strand,
And, following in Æneas' train,
Spreads sail, and navigates the main.

See Massicus the foremost guide
His Tiger o'er the deep;
A thousand warriors at his side
In Clusium's lofty towers that bide
And Cosæ's warlike keep:
Light quivers from their shoulders hang,
Their deadly bows in combat twang.
Grim Abas next; his followers bold
In gleaming steel arrayed;
High on his stern, a blaze of gold,
Apollo shone displayed.
Six hundred Populonia gave
To share his fortunes, tried and brave,
And Ilva sends three hundred more,
Rich island-home of Chalyb ore.
Then far-renowned Asilas third,
Who tells heaven's will to men:
The starry sky, the victim herd,
The levin-bolt, the voiceful bird,
All own his piercing ken:
To war he brings a mighty throng,
True spearmen all, a thousand strong.
The people these of Pisa's town,
Whose sires from Elis erst came down.

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Then Astyr, proud of youthful charms,
With fiery steed and glancing arms:
Three hundred men beside him fare,
Nerved by one loyal will,
Who Cære's home or Pyrgi share,
Who breathe Graviscæ's tainted air,
Or Minio's cornland till.

Nor shall Liguria's chief remain,
Brave Cinyras, here unsung,
Nor thou, despite thy scanty train,
Cupavo, fair and young:
From whose tall helm swan-plumes arise,
Memorial of thy sire's disguise.
For Cycnus, all for love, 'tis said,
Of Phaethon untimely dead,
Embowered amid the poplar wood
Of that unhappy sisterhood,
Kept plaining o'er the cruel wrong,
And solacing his grief with song,
Till o'er his limbs began to grow
A downy plumage, white as snow;
Then to the skies he passed, and sent
His voice before him as he went.
And now his son in arms appears,
Leads forth a host of equal years,
And spreads his flying sails:
High on the prow a Centaur stands,
A huge rock heaved in both his hands;
The keel behind him trails.

There too great Ocnus o'er the sea
Conducts his country's chivalry,
Child of prophetic Manto he
And Tuscan Tiber's flood;
Fair Mantua's town he built and walled
And by his mother's surname called:

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Fair town! her sons of high degree,
Though not unmixed their blood.
Three races swell the mingled stream:
Four states from each derive their birth;
Herself among them sits supreme,
Her Tuscan blood her chiefest worth.
Five hundred thence Mezentius draws,
Sworn foes to his unrighteous cause,
A helmed and shielded train:
And Mincius, whom Benacus breeds,
In grey apparailment of reeds
Their vengeful barks to battle leads,
And launches on the main.

There huge Aulestes ploughs the deep
With all his hundred oars:
Thrown upward by the enormous sweep
The billow foams and roars.
A Triton on the vessel stood
And blew defiance to the flood:
His face a man's and half his side,
A fish's all the rest:
With giant force he stems the tide,
And rears his savage breast.

So many chiefs, a nation's flower,
Across the sea conveyed
In thirty ships their friendly power,
And brought the Trojans aid.

The day had vanished from on high,
And Phœbe o'er the middle sky
Impelled her chariot pale:
Æneas, robbed by care of rest,
The vessel's course as helmsman dressed,
And trimmed the shifting sail.

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When lo! a friendly company
Confronts him midway on the sea:
The nymphs to whom Cybebe gave
As goddesses to rule the wave
They rode as ships before
In seemly order swam the flood,
As many as erewhile had stood
With prows attached to shore.
From far they recognize their king
And round him weave a choral ring.
Cymodoce, of all the train
Chief mistress of the vocal strain,
Her right hand on the vessel lays,
Oars with her left the watery ways,
And borne breast-high above the seas,
Stirs his awed soul with words like these:
"Still wakes Æneas, heaven's true seed?
Still wake, and mend your navy's speed.
Lo here the pines from Ida's seat,
Now ocean-nymphs, your sometime fleet!
What time the faithless Rutule lord
Bore headlong down with fire and sword,
Unwillingly we broke your chain
And went to seek you o'er the main.
The mighty Mother of her grace
In pity changed us, form and face,
And called us to a life divine
With other nymphs beneath the brine.
Your royal heir the while is pent
In palisade and battlement;
A hedge of spears is round him set,
And Latian foes the camp benet,
The Arcade horse with Tyrrhenes joined
Have mustered at the place assigned,
And Turnus bids his warlike train
Waylay them, ere the camp they gain.

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Up then, and soon as morn shall rise
Array for fight your bold allies,
And take your shield, of Vulcan's mould,
Invincible and rimmed with gold.
The morn shall see ('tis truth I speak),
Yon plains with Rutule carnage reek."

She ceased, and parting, to the bark
A measured impulse gave;
Like wind-swift arrow to its mark
It darts along the wave.
The rest pursue. In wondering awe
The chief revolves the things he saw,
Yet cheers him, and with lifted eyes
Thus makes petition to the skies:
"Blest Mother of the heavenly train,
Whom Dindymus delights,
Who lov'st the lions at thy rein,
The city's tower-crowned heights,
Do thou the first my arms bestead;
Confirm the sign revealed;
Draw near us with auspicious tread,
Thy Phrygians' help and shield."
He spoke: and now the waxing day
Was climbing up the etherial way,
Close on the skirts of night;
He bids the allies obey the call,
Awake their courage, one and all,
And gird them for the fight.
And now there dawn upon his ken
His leaguered camp, his gallant men,
As on the stern he stands;
At once he rears his shield on high:
With shouts the Trojans rend the sky:
Fast and more fast their darts they ply:
Hope nerves their drooping hands.

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Such token give Strymonian cranes
Beneath a gloomy cloud,
What time they fly the autumnal rains
With clamor hoarse and loud.
With wonder strange the sudden change
The Rutule leaders note,
Till, backward as their eyes they bend,
They see the vessels shoreward tend,
And ocean all afloat.
There glows like furnace fiery red
The helmet on that noble head;
From the bossed shield, with gold ablaze,
A stream of living lightning plays;
So comets shoot athwart the night
A sullen sanguine glare;
So Sirius' star, that brings to man
Fierce calenture and sickness wan,
Lifts high in heaven his baleful light
And saddens all the air.

Yet Turnus still flames high with zeal
To front the invader with the steel
And drive him from the strand;
Still prompt to cheer or to upbraid
He clamors to his friends for aid:
"Lo, here the chance for which you prayed,
To crush them sword in hand!
A brave man's hand is Mars's seat;
The coward finds him in his feet.
Think, each and all, of home and wife,
Think of their deeds who gave you life,
Your gallant sires of old.
Haste to the water's brink; dispute
The land they challenge, foot to foot,
While still in helpless disarray
They slide and falter in the spray:
Fair fortune aids the bold."

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This said, he broods what wisest way
To portion out his powers,
Who best may follow him to fray,
Who watch the leaguered towers.

Meantime by bridges linked to land
Æneas disembarks his band:
Some watch the ebbing of the deep,
And safely mid the shallows leap:
Some down the oars descending slide,
And win the ascent in spite of tide.
Stout Tarchon rolls his ranging eyes,
Till on the shore a place he spies,
Where no chafed billows seethe and boil,
No broken waves in wrath recoil,
But ocean without let or breach
Runs gently up the shelving beach;
Thither at once his fleet he steers,
And then salutes his comrades' ears:
"Now, gallants, now each sinew strain,
Your bounding bark upheave;
Pierce with your beaks the hostile plain;
Let the long keel with might and main
Its own broad furrow cleave;
Give me but once the land to seize,
The ship may break, if Fortune please."
Nerved by the word, each plies his oar
And onward drives 'mid surge and foam,
Till every bark attains the shore
And every keel finds scatheless home.
Less happy their adventurous chief;
His vessel, fastening on a reef,
Long hangs in doubtful poise, and braves
The onset of the baffled waves;
Till the strained sides at last give way
And land the seamen 'mid the spray.

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There as they struggle, floating wreck
And shattered oars their progress check,
And billows, ebbing in retreat,
Draw back, and wash them from their feet.

Nor eager Turnus long delays:
He musters all his band
To front the Trojans, and arrays
For conflict on the strand.
The clarions sound: Æneas first
On Latium's ranks in havoc burst,
And laid the rustics low:
First falls, an augury of the fight,
Huge Theron, who with giant might
Assailed the godlike foe:
Through mail and gold-wrought tunic driven
The fatal sword his side has riven.
Then hapless Lichas meets his doom,
Who, ripped from his dead mother's womb,
To Phœbus vowed the cherished life
That 'scaped the peril of the knife.
Strong Cisseus and tall Gyas feel,
As death with ponderous clubs they deal,
The griding of the conqueror steel.
Nought vantaged them in that dread hour
Herculean arms nor hands of power,
Nor he, the sire who gave them birth,
Melampus, soul of purest worth,
Long as Alcides toiled on earth,
Still constant at his side.
See, open-mouthed as Pharus cries,
Full in his face the weapon flies,
And stops his vaunting pride.
Thou, Cydon, too, whose eager quest
Young Clytius' heart would move,

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'Neath that dread arm the field hadst pressed,
Forgetful of thy love,
But thy brave brethren, Phorcus' seed,
Were near thee in thy direst need;
Seven mighty men, they front the foe;
Seven javelins all at once they throw.
Some from his helm and shield rebound,
And, falling harmless, strew the ground;
While others, hurled with truer aim,
Kind Venus wards from off his frame.
Then to Achates cries the king:
"Quick, give me store of darts to fling:
No spear shall thirst in vain
To dye its point in Rutule blood
Which erst in corpse of Grecian stood
On Ilium's fated plain."
He grasped his mighty lance and threw;
Through Mæon's shield the weapon flew,
And breast and breastplate rends.
Alcanor brings his brother aid;
The falling chief his hand has stayed:
In vain: the fell spear holds its course,
Cleaves the stretched arm with fatal force,
And dangling from the shoulder-blade
The severed hand depends.
Then gallant Numitor outdrew
The javelin that his brother slew
And at Æneas sent:
The erring weapon cleft the sky,
Just grazed Achates' brawny thigh,
Nor gained the mark it meant.

Now Clausus, who from Cures came,
In pride of youth and stalwart frame,
Takes up the work of death;

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'Neath Dryops' chin he drives his spear;
Through neck and throat the point cuts sheer
And quenches voice and breath.
The dead brow tumbles on the shore,
The ghastly jaws disgorging gore.
Three too from Boreas' seed of Thrace
And three from Idas' ancient race
Beneath his weapon bleed:
The Auruncan tribes to rescue run,
Halæsus first, and Neptune's son,
The tamer of the steed.
Then burns the fray: now these, now those
Essay to dispossess their foes:
E'en on Ausonia's brink they close
In fierce and deathful fight.
So in the amplitude of sky
Discordant winds the combat try
With equal rage and might:
Nor blasts, nor clouds, nor waves give way:
Long balanced hangs the doubtful day:
In deadly grips they stand.
Thus Trojan and Italian meet,
With face to face, and feet to feet,
And hand close pressed to hand.

In other regions of the field
Where stones and torn-up trees are spread
Athwart a torrent's channelled bed,
Young Pallas sees the Arcadians yield:
Forced by the ground to put aside
The gallant steeds they wont to ride,
And all unused on foot to fight,
They break and turn their backs in flight.
Upbraiding, soothing, all he can,
He prays them, taunts them, man by man:

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"Friends, whither would you fly? for shame!
O, by your former deeds of fame,
Your chief Evander's glorious name,
Your fights beneath him won,
And my young hopes, that now aspire
To match the honors of my sire,
I charge you, stand, not run!
The sword, the sword must hew a pass
To take you through that living mass;
There, where the battle fiercest flames,
The noble land that bore us claims
Her Pallas and his host.
No angry heaven above you lowers:
Mortal, we cope with mortal powers:
The breath they draw is but as ours,
Nor stronger arms they boast.
Lo, here the ocean hems us in:
Earth leaves no room to flee:
Come, choose the goal ye mean to win;
The city or the sea?"
He said, and rushes all aglow
Full on the midmost of the foe.
First Lagus, led by evil chance,
Confronts the inevitable lance;
Him, as in vain a ponderous stone
With toiling hands he heaves,
The victor strikes where deftly join
The sutures of the ribs and spine,
And sudden from the jointed bone
The unwilling spear retrieves.
On rushes Hisbo, madly fain
To catch him, hampered with the slain:
But Pallas, still more fleet,
Prevents him, as with reckless zeal
He breathes revenge, and plants the steel
E'en where the heartstrings beat.

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Then slew he Sthenelus, and base
Anchemolus, of Rhœtus' race,
Who dared in wantonness of crime
His step-dame's wedded couch to climb.
Ye too were tumbled on the plain,
Larides, Thymber, brethren twain,
Of Daucus' honorable strain;
So like, the sweet confusion e'en
Their parents' eyes betrayed;
But Pallas twin and twin between
Has cruel difference made:
For Thymber's head the steel has shorn;
Larides' severed hand forlorn
Feels blindly for its lord:
The quivering fingers, half alive,
Twitch with convulsive gripe, and strive
To close upon the sword.

Now with his warning in their ear,
His deeds before their eye,
Anger and shame o'erpowering fear,
His mates to combat fly.
Lo, hurrying past in full career,
Falls Rhœteus by the Evandrian spear.
That spear was meant for Ilus' death,
But Ilus gains a moment's breath
Doomed in the next to die:
While Rhœteus comes between and bleeds,
From warlike Teuthras as he speeds
And Tyres' brandished steel;
Rolled headlong from the rapid car
He tumbles, and the field of war
Spurns with his dying heel.
E'en as a swain 'mid forest trees,
When summer yields the wished-for breeze,
His scattered torches sends;

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At once, devouring all between,
From east to west along the green
The fiery host extends;
He, placed on high, beholds the while
The conquering blaze with joyous smile:
So, gallant youth, from far and wide
Arcadia gathers to thy side,
And all her succor lends.
But, trained in battle's fierce alarms,
Halæsus round him draws his arms
And springs to meet the foe.
Then fell Demodocus, and then
Ladon and Pheres, valiant men:
That onset brought them low:
A hostile hand Strymonius rears;
Strymonius' hand his falchion shears:
At Thoas' front he flings a stone,
And scatters blood, and brain, and bone.
Halæsus' sire the future feared,
And 'mid the woods his darling reared:
When death had glazed the old man's eyes,
The ruthless Parcæ claimed their prize,
Laid their cold finger on his heart,
And marked him for Evander's dart.
Now, poising long his lance in air,
To Tiber Pallas made his prayer:
"Grant, Tiber sire, the spear I throw
Through strong Halæsus' breast may go:
The spoils and armor of the foe
Shall deck thy sacred oak."
'Tis heard; and while Halæsus shields
Imaon's breast, his own he yields
Unguarded to the stroke.

But Lausus, breath of battle's life,
Lets not his followers yield the strife,
By that fell carnage frayed:

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First slays he Abas, warrior good,
Who erst, like knot in sturdy wood,
The edge of combat stayed.
Now Tuscans, now Arcadians bleed,
And Troy's indomitable breed.
The two hosts join in battle shock,
Their generals equal as their might:
From every side to front they flock,
Till pinioned in a deadly lock
Nor arm nor dart can smite.
Here Pallas bids the battle rage,
There Lausus leads; alike their age;
Both fair in form, but both denied
Return to their dear land.
Yet not for victory or defeat
May each with each in conflict meet;
Each must his destiny abide
Beneath a mightier hand.

Now Turnus' sister warns her chief
That gallant Lausus needs relief;
At once, impetuous on his car,
He cleaves a pathway through the war,
And "Lay" he cries "your weapons by:
I cope with Pallas, none but I;
Stand off, nor rob me of my due;
Would Heaven his sire were here to view!"
He spoke; his mates obedient hear,
And parting, leave the champaign clear.
Thence as the yielding crowd retires,
The brave youth pauses and admires,
Much marvels at his haughty phrase,
And scans his form with eager gaze;
Then, rolling round undaunted eyes,
With speech as resolute replies:
"Or goodly spoils shall make me great,
Or honorable death;

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My sire is nerved for either fate:
Loud vaunts are empty breath."
He spoke, and marched into the field;
Chill fear the Arcadian hearts congealed.
Down plunges Turnus from his car,
Prepared on foot to fight:
As when a lion from afar
Beholds a bull intending war,
Headlong he comes with furious bound;
So fierce, advancing o'er the ground,
Looks Turnus to the sight.

When Pallas saw his foe advance
Within the cover of his lance,
He steps in front, in hope that chance
His ill-matched powers may aid,
And thus with upraised countenance
To highest heaven he prayed:
"Now by the board whose homely fare,
A stranger, thou wast fain to share,
Assist me, Hercules, I pray,
In this my all too bold essay:
Let Turnus' eyes in dying brook
Upon a conqueror's face to look,
The while I spoil him as he lies
Of his stained arms, my gory prize."
His votary's prayer Alcides hears;
His cheeks are bathed in fruitless tears,
And deep within his laboring breast
He heaves a stifled groan
Whom thus the Almighty Sire addressed
In grave and soothing tone:
"Each has his destined time: a span
Is all the heritage of man:
'Tis virtue's part by deeds of praise
To lengthen fame through after days.

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Full many a godhead's son, beside
The walls of Troy, in combat died;
Nay, he, my own authentic seed,
Sarpedon, he was doomed to bleed.
Death waits for Turnus too: e'en now
He nears the bound his fates allow."
So speaking, he averts his mien,
And turns him from the deathful scene.

Now Pallas hurls with all his might
His spear, and bares his falchion bright.
Where, rising high, the brazen coat
The shoulder guards, the javelin smote,
Pierced the broad shield with well-meant aim,
And grazed e'en Turnus' mighty frame.
Then, poising long the shaft, at last
His steel-tipped javelin Turnus cast,
And "Let it now" he cries "be seen
If this my dart be not more keen."
So he: through all the metal plates,
The hides of bullocks dressed
That wrapped the shield in folds on folds,
The fatal point its passage holds,
The corslet's barrier penetrates
And cleaves his manly breast.
From the wide wound he plucks in vain
The reeking weapon out;
The life-blood and the life amain
In mingled torrent spout.
He sinks collapsing on the wound;
About his limbs the arms resound;
And as he writhes in deadly pain
His fierce teeth bite the hostile plain.

Spanning the dead with haughty stride,
"Arcadians, hear me" Turnus cried:

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"Say to your monarch I remit
His Pallas, handled as was fit.
The solace of a tomb, the meed
Of burial, freely I concede.
Who to Æneas plays the host
Must square the glory with the cost."
Then with his foot the corpse he pressed,
And stripped the belt from off the breast,
The ponderous belt, whose sculptured gold
A tale of crime and bloodshed told,
Those fifty bridegrooms, slain in bed
E'en on the very night they wed:
Once Clonus' work: now proudly worn
By Turnus in his hour of scorn.
O impotence of man's frail mind
To fate and to the future blind,
Presumptuous and o'erweening still
When fortune follows at its will!
Full soon shall Turnus wish in vain
That life untouched, those spoils unta'en,
And think it cheap to spend his all,
Could gold that bloody deed recall!
But Pallas lifeless on his shield
His weeping comrades bear from field.
O sad, proud thought, that thus a son
Should reach a father's door!
This day beheld your wars begun:
This day beholds them o'er,
The while you leave on yonder plain
Vast heaps of Rutule warriors slain!

No random fame of ill so great,
But surer messenger of fate
To brave Æneas hies;
Tells him the day is well-nigh lost;
'Tis time to aid the routed host,
While yet the moment flies.

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With brandished sword he storms along,
And hews a passage through the throng,
Still seeking Turnus, newly red
With slaughter of the mighty dead.
Pallas, Evander, all, they stand
Like life before his sight,
The board that welcomed him, the hand
In warm affiance plight.
Four hapless youths of Sulmo's breed
And four who Ufens call their sire
He takes alive, condemned to bleed
To Pallas' shade on Pallas' pyre.
At Magus then his spear he threw;
But Magus from the death withdrew,
Came crouching up, while o'er his head
The quivering lance through ether sped,
And clasped the victor's knees and said:
"By your great father's shade I pray,
By young Iulus' dawning day,
In pity deign my life to spare
For my gray sire, my youthful heir.
A lofty house is mine: a hoard
Of silver in its vaults is stored,
And piles of wrought and unwrought gold
Are treasured there, of weight untold.
Not here the crisis of the strife,
Nor victory hangs on one poor life."
He ceased: immovable and stern
Æneas thus made brief return:
"Nay, spare your gold and silver heap:
Those treasured hoards your heirs should keep.
Since Turnus shed out Pallas' gore,
The bartery of war is o'er:
So deems my gallant son, and so
My father's spirit down below:"

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Then seized him by the helm, and smote
With deep-plunged blade his back-drawn throat.
Not far Hæmonides the good,
Apollo's priest and Dian's, stood,
His brow with sacred fillet wreathed,
His limbs in dazzling armor sheathed:
He meets him, chases, lays him low,
Stands o'er the immolated foe,
And shadows him like night:
Serestus on his shoulders proud
Bears the bright arms, a trophy vowed
To thee, stern lord of fight.

Now Cæculus, of Vulcan's seed,
And Umbro, nursed in Marsian airs,
Bid the spent war afresh to bleed:
The Dardan chief against them fares.
Stout Anxur's hand and all his shield
His sword has tumbled on the field:
Poor wretch! he deemed that muttered charm
Had power destruction to disarm,
And, proudly swelling to the spheres,
Dreamed of hoar locks, and length of years.
E'en as the hero wreaked his wrath
Came Tarquitus athwart his path,
Whom Dryope to Faunus bore:
Refulgent armor cased him o'er.
The Dardan spear, with force addressed,
Drives shield and corslet on his breast;
Then while in vain he pours his prayers
And many a plea for life prepares,
His shapely neck the falchion shares:
Down falls the body, reft of head,
And thus Æneas taunts the dead:

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"Lie there, proud youth! no mother dear
Shall lay you on your father's bier:
Your corpse shall rot above the soil,
The eagle's and the raven's spoil,
Or drift unheeded down the flood,
While hungry fish shall lick your blood."
Antæus next and Lucas die,
The flower of Turnus' chivalry,
With Numa, cast in valor's mould,
And Camers with his locks of gold,
Of noble Volscens' ancient strain,
Who, lord of many a wide domain,
O'er mute Amyclæ stretched his reign.
As when of old Ægæon strove
Against the majesty of Jove,
With fifty heads, so legends say,
A hundred hands, he waged the fray;
Each head disgorged a stream of fire
To match the lightnings of the Sire;
Each hand flashed forth a sword, or pealed
Responsive thunder on the shield:
So, when Æneas' blade was warmed,
O'er all the plain at once he stormed.
Now on Niphæus' four-horse car
And towering crest he turns the war:
Soon as the advancing coursers spied,
That dreadful port, that lofty stride,
Appalled they start, their lord unseat,
And backward to the shore retreat.

See Lucagus and Liger ride,
In one fair chariot, side by side,
One brother skilled the reins to guide,
While one the falchion plies.
Æneas stays their bold career,
Confronts them with uplifted spear;
When thus proud Liger cries:

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"Not these the steeds of Diomed,
Nor this Achilles' car,
Nor Phrygia's plains before you spread:
This land shall see the invader dead,
And terminate the war."
Thus Liger madly vaunts: the foe
Speaks not, but answers with a blow.
As Lucagus low bends him o'er
The chariot's rim his steeds to smite,
And with left foot advanced before,
Prepares him for the doubtful fight,
Just where the shield's last sutures join
Comes the fell spear, and strikes the groin.
He, from his chariot overthrown,
Down toppling, on the field lies prone:
And thus in sharp contemptuous strain
Æneas glories o'er the slain:
"So, friend, no shadows seen from far
Have turned to flight your luckless car;
No frightened horses caused its shame:
Its nimble lord is all to blame."
Then on the steeds his hand he laid,
When sliding from the seat
The wretched brother knelt and prayed,
A suppliant at his feet:
"O, by your own illustrious worth,
By those who gave such greatness birth,
Brave chief of Troy, your suitor spare"—
The warrior stopped his further prayer:
"Not this the strain you breathed so late:
Die; brother should be brother's mate."
His sword unlocks the springs of breath,
And opes a way to let in death.
So plies the chief his work of blood
Through the wide field, like torrent flood
Or black tempestuous wind:

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Ascanius and his leaguered train
Take heart, and issue on the plain,
And leave their camp behind.

Then Jove addressed the spouse of Jove:
"Sweet sister mine and wedded love,
Who now will do your judgment wrong?
'Tis Venus makes these Trojans strong,
Not those vain powers they deem are theirs,
The hand that strikes, the soul that dares."
"Ah why," she answered, "gracious Sire,
Torment a heart that fears your ire?
Had I the power I owned erewhile,
The power that suits my queenly style,
I then had moved your will
That Turnus, rescued from the strife,
Should yet enjoy his precious life,
And bless old Daunus still.
Now let him die, though just and good,
And glut his foes with guiltless blood.
Yet from our race he draws his name;
From old Pilumnus' loins he came;
And altars, crowned with offerings fair,
Attest his worth and claim your care."
To whom in brief thus made reply
The ruler of the ethereal sky:
"If all for Turnus you would crave
Be respite from an open grave,
And so my mind you read,
Let the doomed youth have space to fly
And scape awhile his destiny:
So much may Jove concede:
But know, if 'neath your prayer you hide
Some deeper, larger boon beside,
And think to change the war's set tide,
'Tis empty hope you feed."

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The queen returns with streaming eyes:
"What if your heart should give
That further boon your lip denies,
And suffer him to live?
Now on the blameless victim wait
The powers of doom, or blind to fate
I wander all astray.
Yet O! may Juno's fears be vain,
And He that can, in mercy deign
To choose the better way!"

Then from the sky with eager haste
She stoops, a storm-cloud round her waist,
And, driving tempest as she flies,
Down to the embattled hosts she hies.
A phantom in Æneas' mould
She fashions, wondrous to behold,
Of hollow shadowy cloud,
Bids it the Dardan arms assume,
The shield, the helmet, and the plume,
Gives soulless words of swelling tone,
And motions like the hero's own,
As stately and as proud;
Like gliding spectres of the dead,
Or dreams that haunt the slumberer's bed.
Now, stalking in the battle's van,
The phantom menaces the man,
And pours defiant cries:
Turnus comes on in swift career,
And hurls from far his hurtling spear,
When lo! it turns and flies.
Then Turnus deems his foe retires
In craven flight, and instant fires
With hope's delusive glow:
"Æneas! why so fast?" he cried;
"Desert not thus your plighted bride;

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The land you sought for o'er the tide
This hand shall soon bestow."
So clamoring, he pursues the quest
With brandished falchion bare,
Nor sees the transports of his breast
Are lavished on the air.
A ship stood fastened to the bank,
With steps let down and sloping plank,
The same which king Osinius bore
Across the sea from Clusium's shore.
Thither the feigned Æneas flies,
And cowering as in covert lies;
Turnus pursues, the bridge bestrides,
And scales the vessel's lofty sides.
Scarce on the prow his foot had stept,
Saturnia breaks the band;
The galley down the waves is swept
That ebb from off the strand:
While through the plain with baffled wrath
Æneas seeks his foe,
And hurries all that cross his path
To Dis and Death below.
And now no more the phantom hides,
But melts in air on high,
While Turnus o'er the ocean rides
Fast as his bark can fly.

Amazed, unthankful for escape,
He gazes on the fleeting shape,
And thus in wild remonstrance cries
With hands uplifted to the skies:
"And couldst thou deem, Almighty Sire,
Thy worshipper's offence so dire
To merit doom so sore?
Whence came I? whither am I borne?
And must I journey home in scorn,

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Nor e'er behold, ah wretch forlorn,
The camp, the city more?
And where are they, that gallant band,
Who fieldward followed my command?
In Death's fell grasp I left them all:
I see them fly — I see them fall —
I hear their dying groans.
What gulf will hide me from the day?
Have pity, O ye winds, I pray,
And dash me on the stones!
'Tis Turnus, yes, 'tis I that kneel!
Strand on the shoals this cursed keel,
And whelm me where nor Rutule rout
Nor prying fame may find me out."
E'en thus he raves, and all distraught
Whirls in an agony of thought,
Or should he bury in his side
The hard cold steel, sure salve of pride,
Or plunge in ocean, swim to shore,
And tempt the Teucrian arms once more.
Thrice had he rushed on either fate:
Thrice Jove's great spouse withstood,
Looked down with eyes compassionate,
And checked his maddening mood.
The swift wind wafts him o'er the foam,
And bears him to his father's home.

Now, sped by promptings from the skies,
Mezentius takes the field, and flies
On Troy's triumphant van.
With gathered hate and furious blows
The Tyrrhene legions round him close,
A nation 'gainst a man.
He stands like rock that breasts the deep,
Exposed to winds' and waters' sweep,

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That bears all threats of sea and sky
In undisturbed tranquillity.
First Dolichaon's son he slew,
Then Latagus and Palmus too;
That, as he stands, with ponderous stone
He crushes, scattering brain and bone;
This, as he flies, with dexterous wound
He tumbles hamstrung on the ground,
There leaves him: Lausus wears his crest
And glittering arms on brow and breast.
Euanthes sinks beneath his spear,
And Mimas, Paris' loved compeer,
Whom fair Theano bore
To Amycus, the selfsame night
When Troy's fell firebrand sprang to light;
Now Paris 'neath his country's walls
Sleeps his last sleep, while Mimas falls
On Latium's unknown shore.
Like wild boar, driven from mountain height
By cries that scare and fangs that bite,
In Vesulus' pine-cinctured glen
Long fostered, or Laurentum's fen,
Mid reeds and marish ground,
Now, trapped among the hunters' nets,
His bristles rears, his tushes whets:
None dares for very fear draw nigh;
With arrowy war and furious cry
They stand at distance round:
E'en thus, of all Mezentius' foes,
None ventures hand to hand to close:
With deafening shouts and bended bows
Their tyrant they assail;
He, churning foam, from side to side
Glares round, and from his tough bull hide
Shakes off the brazen hail.

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From ancient Corythus' domain
Had Acron come, of Grecian strain,
Leaving his spouse unwed:
Him dealing death Mezentius spied
Clad in the robe his lady dyed
And crowned with plumage red:
As lion ranging o'er the wold,
Made mad by hunger uncontrolled,
If flying roe his eyes behold
Or lofty-antlered deer,
Grins ghastly, rears his mane, and hangs
O'er the rent flesh: his greedy fangs
Dark streams of gore besmear:
So springs Mezentius on the foe:
Soon lies unhappy Acron low,
Spurns the soaked ground with dying heel,
And stains with blood the shivered steel.
Now, as Orodes strides before,
He deigns not to shed out his gore
By javelin's covert blow;
He heads, and meets him front to front,
Not by base stealth but strength's sheer brunt
Prevailing o'er his foe.
With spear infixed and scornful tread
Pressing the fallen, the conqueror said:
"Behold the great Orodes slain,
Who stemmed the war so long!"
And at the word his joyous train
Raise high the pæan song.
The chief replies: "Whate'er thy name,
Not long shall be thy hour of pride:
The same dark powers thy presence claim,
And soon shall stretch thee at my side."
Mezentius answers, smiling stern:
"Die thou: my fate is Jove's concern."

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This said, the javelin from the wound
He plucked with main and might:
A heavy slumber iron-bound
Seals the dull eyes in rest profound:
They close in endless night.

Now Cædicus Alcathous kills,
Hydaspes' life Sacrator spills,
And Orses and Parthenius feel
The unbated edge of Rapo's steel:
And Lycaonian Ericete
And Clonius to Messapus yield,
This fallen beneath his horse's feet,
That foot to foot o'erthrown in field.
Proud Agis pranced along the ground,
But Valerus like his sires renowned
The haughty Lycian slays:
Salius had stricken Thronius low,
But quickly finds a deadlier foe,
Nealces, skilled the dart to throw
Or send the arrow from the bow
Through unsuspected ways.
The god of war with heavy hand
Impartial deals to either band
The horrors of the fight:
By turns they fall, by turns they strike,
Conquered and conquering, each alike
Intolerant of flight.
In Jove's high courts the gods afar
Look sadly on the unending war,
And sigh to think that man below
Such dire calamity should know.
There Venus sits the fray to see,
Saturnian Juno here:
Down in the field Tisiphone
Spreads havoc far and near.

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Now, shaking his tremendous lance,
Mezentius makes renewed advance:
Huge as Orion's frame appears,
What time on foot he strides
Through Nereus' watery realm, and rears
His shoulder o'er the tides,
Or when, with ashen trunk in hand
Uptorn from mountain high,
He plants his footstep on the land,
His forehead in the sky:
So towering high in steel array
Mezentius marches to the fray.
Æneas marks him far away
And hastes his mighty foe to meet:
Firm stands the foe without dismay,
Like mountain rooted to its seat:
Then nicely measures with his eye
The distance due for lance to fly.
"Now hear my prayer, my spear steel-tipped,
And thou, my good right hand:
A votive trophy, all equipped
With spoils from yon false pirate stripped,
To-day shall Lausus stand:"
He spoke, and forth his javelin threw:
From the broad shield apart it flew,
And piercing deep 'twixt side and flank
In brave Antores' frame it sank,
Antores, follower in the train
Of Hercules o'er land and main,
Who, sped from Argos, sat him down
Co-partner in Evander's town:
Now, prostrate by an unmeant wound,
In death he welters on the ground,
And gazing on Italian skies
Of his loved Argos dreams, and dies.

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His javelin then Æneas cast;
Through triple plate of bronze it passed,
Thick quilt, and hide three-fold,
Till in the groin it lodged at last,
But might not further hold.
Æneas sees with glistening eye
The Tuscan's life-blood flow,
Plucks forth the falchion from his thigh,
And threats the wounded foe.

When Lausus thus his sire beheld,
A heart-fetched groan he drew:
Hot tears within his eyelids swelled,
And trickled down in dew.
Now let me, glorious youth, relate
Your gallant deeds, your piteous fate:
Should after days my labors own,
I will not leave you all unknown.
The sire, encumbered and unstrung,
Moves backward o'er the field,
And trails the spear the Trojan flung
Still dangling from his shield.
Forth sprang the generous youth betwixt
And fearless with the combat mixed:
E'en as Æneas aimed a stroke
With upraised arm, its force he broke,
Himself sustained the lifted blade,
And, shield in hand, the conqueror stayed.
Loud clamoring, the confederate train
Protect the sire's retreat,
And on the foe at distance rain
Their driving arrowy sleet.
With gathering wrath Æneas glows,
And, cased in armor, shuns the blows.
As when the hail's chill stores descend
In tempest from the skies,

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Each swain that wont the plough to tend
To speedy covert flies,
The traveller hides his fenceless head
In caverned rock or torrent's bed,
Till parting clouds restore the sun,
And man resumes the day begun:
So stands Æneas 'neath the blast
Of wintry war, till all be past,
And chiding, threatening, seeks to stay
Young Lausus from his bold essay:
"Fond youth! why rush so fast on fate,
And spend your strength on task too great?
Love blinds you to impending ill"—
In vain; the fond youth rages still.
And now more fierce the passions rise
That lighten from the Trojan's eyes,
And Lausus' miserable thread
The hand of Fate at length must shred:
Lo! with full force Æneas drives
The weapon, and his bosom rives.
Through the light shield that made him bold,
The vest his mother wove with gold,
The blade held on: his breast runs o'er
With gurgling rivulets of gore;
While to the phantom world away
Flits the sad soul, and leaves the clay.
But when Anchises' son surveyed
The fair, fair face so ghastly made,
He groaned, by tenderness unmanned,
And stretched the sympathizing hand,
As reproduced he sees once more
The love that to his sire he bore.
"Alas! what honor, hapless youth,
To those great deeds, that soul of truth,
Can good Æneas show?

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Keep the frail arms you loved to wear:
The lifeless corpse I yield to share
(If thought like this still claim your care)
Your fathers' tomb below.
Yet take this solace to the grave;
'Twas great Æneas' hand that gave
The inevitable blow."
With that he chides his friends' delay,
And rears from earth the bleeding clay,
Bedabbling as it lay with gore
The dainty locks so trim before.

Meantime the sire by Tiber's flood
Was staunching the yet flowing blood,
On tree's broad bole recumbent stayed
And sheltered by its kindly shade.
High on the branches hangs his casque:
His arms, reposing from their task,
In meadow-grasses rest:
His mates stand round in friendly ring:
Panting and weak, the wounded king
Eases his faint neck, scattering
His beard adown his breast.
Of Lausus oft he asks, and sends
Full many a charge by hand of friends
To call him back from field.
Alas! e'en then the weeping train
Were bearing Lausus o'er the plain,
The mighty by the mighty slain,
And stretched upon his shield.
The distant wail, prolonged and drear,
Smote on the sire's prophetic ear.
At once in bitterness of woe
He mars with dust his locks of snow,
His hands to heaven despairing flings,
And fondly to the body clings.

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"My son! and held I life so sweet,
That I, your sire, could let you meet
For me the foeman's steel,
By your last gasp preserve my breath,
Kept living by my darling's death?
Ay, now is exile's woe complete,
Now, now my wound I feel!
Dear child! I stained your glorious name
By my own crimes, driven out to shame
From my ancestral reign:
My country's vengeance claimed my blood:
Ah! had that tainted, guilty flood
Been shed from every vein!
Now 'mid my kind I linger still
And live: but leave the light I will."
Thus as he pours the bitter cry
He rears him on his crippled thigh,
And, though the deep wound slacks his speed,
Calls proudly for his warrior steed;
The warrior steed he wont to ride,
His consolation and his pride,
Which ever still, at fall of night,
Had borne him conqueror from the fight:
And thus bespeaks in kindly tone
The beast whose sorrow matched his own:
"Long have we lived, if long the date
Conferred on aught of mortal state:
Now, Rhæbus, will we twain to-day
A glorious trophy bear away,
The Trojan's arms and severed head,
In vengeance for my Lausus dead:
Or if the vantage be denied,
We twain will perish side by side:
For ne'er, I ween, my gallant horse,
Will soul so generous stoop perforce

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To other mastery, nor deign
That Trojan hand should sleek thy mane."
He said, and mounting to his selle
Pressed the proud sides he knew so well,
In either hand a javelin took,
And his plumed crest disdainful shook;
So rushed he on the foe,
While kindling in each throbbing vein
A warrior's pride, a father's pain
With mingled madness glow.
Three times he called Æneas' name:
Æneas hears the loud acclaim,
And prays with fierce delight
"Grant, mighty Jove, Apollo, grant
This challenge prove no empty vaunt!
Begin, begin the fight!"
He said, and with uplifted spear
Confronts the foe in mid career:
But he: "What means this threatening strain
To fright me, now my child is slain?
'Twas thus, and thus alone your dart
Could e'er have reached Mezentius' heart:
I fear not death, nor ask to live,
Nor quarter take from Heaven, nor give.
Forbear: I come to meet my end,
And these my gifts before me send."
He ceased, and at the word he wings
A javelin at the foe:
Then circling round in rapid rings
Another and another flings:
The good shield bides each blow.
Thrice, fiercely hurling spears on spears,
From right to left he wheeled:
Thrice, facing round as he careers,
The steely grove the Trojan bears,
Thick planted on his shield.

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At length, impatient of delay,
Wearied with plucking spears away,
Indignant at the unequal fray,
His wary fence he leaves,
And, issuing with resistless force,
The temples of the gallant horse
With darted javelin cleaves.
The good steed rears and wildly sprawls,
Distracted with its wound;
Then heavily on the rider falls,
And pins him to the ground.
Fierce shouts, enkindling all the air,
From either host arise:
Forth springs the chief, with falchion bare,
And thus triumphant cries:
"Say, where is proud Mezentius now?
Where sleep the terrors of his brow?"
Recovering sense, with upturned eye
The Tuscan, gasping, made reply:
"Stern foe, why waste your threatening breath?
He wrongs me not, who works my death.
When late I dared you to the strife,
I made no covenant for life,
Nor he, my Lausus, e'er such pledge
Extorted from your weapon's edge.
One boon(if vanquished foe may crave
The victor's grace) I ask — a grave.
My wrathful subjects round me wait:
Protect me from their savage hate,
And let me in the tomb enjoy
The presence of my slaughtered boy."
He said, and to the conqueror's sword
His throat unshrinking gave:
The life-blood, o'er his armor poured,
Spreads wide its crimson wave.

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BOOK XI.

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ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime, there is a sharp engagement of the horse, wherein Camilla signalizes herself, is killed, and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

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BOOK XI.

Morn rose meantime from ocean's bed:
Æneas, though his comrades dead
His instant care invite,
Still wildered by the bloody day,
Yet hastes his votive dues to pay
With dawn of earliest light.
An oak with branches lopped all round
He plants upon a lofty mound,
And hangs with armor bright,
Mezentius' warrior panoply,
A glorious trophy, vowed to thee,
Great ruler of the fight.
There stands the helm, besprent with gore,
The spent snapped darts in life he bore,
The hauberk mail, whose twisted rows
Twelve ghastly apertures disclose:
The buckler on the left is hung,
And from the neck the falchion strung.
Then thus the conqueror addressed
The exulting chiefs who round him pressed:
"A mighty deed, my friends, is done:
The future craves no fear;
These spoils are from the tyrant won;
See battle's first-fruits here!
Behold, the great Mezentius stands,
The master-work of these my hands!

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Now look to march where glory calls,
To king Latinus and the walls;
Let courage dream of deeds of might,
And dazzling hope forestall the fight;
So, when at last in prosperous hour
Heaven bids us marshal forth our power,
No ignorance shall breed delay,
No coward fears our onset stay.
Now turn we to our comrades slain,
The mighty dead that load the plain,
And pay to each the rites we owe,
The sole sad joy that spectres know.
Haste we," he cries, " consign to earth,
The flesh that clothed those souls of worth,
Who gave their precious lives to win
This land of ours for us, their kin:
First send we to Evander's town
Brave Pallas, heir of high renown,
Whose hopeful day has set too soon,
O'ercast by darkness ere its noon."

So spake he, dropping tears like dew;
Then sought the tent again,
Where old Acœtes, liegeman true,
Was watching o'er the slain,
Acœtes, who in times of yore
Evander's arms in battle bore,
Since called by fate less kind to tend
The royal heir, his guide and friend.
The gathered menials round him stand,
And dames of Troy, a mourning band,
Their flowing locks unbound.
Soon as Æneas meets their sight,
They shriek to heaven, their breasts they smite:
The walls return the sound.

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There when he saw the pillowed head,
The bloodless features of the dead,
And on the ivory breast displayed
The wound that Turnus' javelin made,
Once more the pitying tear he shed,
And words their utterance found:
"Unhappy youth! and can it be
That Fortune, in her happier hour,
Has grudged you to partake with me
The spectacle of new won power,
And homeward ride in conquering car,
Triumphant from the field of war?
Not such the oath I swore that day
To your lorn father, old and grey,
When, ere he sped me on my way,
He clasped my hand in fond embrace,
And warned me, fierce would prove the fray,
And stern the temper of the race.
E'en now perchance by hope beguiled
He makes oblation for his child,
And calls on Heaven to save;
We sadly render to the shade
Whose every debt to Heaven is paid
The due that spectres crave.
'Tis yours, ill-fated, to behold
The son you look for dead and cold!
Is this our proud procession? these
Our triumph's boasted pageantries,
And this the pledge I gave?
But not from field of battle chased,
By ignominious wounds disgraced,
Your darling shall return,
Nor you, his father, pray for death
To stop your scant remains of breath,
While he survives in scorn.

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Mourn, sad Ausonia! mourn thy fate,
Left of thy guardian desolate,
And thou, Iulus, mourn!"

His wailing o'er, he gives command
To raise the mournful load,
And bids a thousand of his band
Attend its homeward road,
With charge to comfort and condole;
Weak cordial to the father's soul,
Yet such as friendship owed:
While others weave without delay
Of oaken branch and arbute spray
A funeral bier, and deftly spread
Soft leaves above the pliant bed.
There high on rural couch displayed
The body of the youth is laid;
So cropped by maiden's finger lies
A hyacinth or violet;
Its graceful mould, its glowing dyes
Undimmed, unwasted yet,
Though parent earth afford no more
The vital juice it drank before.
Next brings the chief two mantles fair
Deep dyed with dazzling red;
Phœnicia's hapless queen whilere,
So prodigal of loving care,
Had wrought them for her hero's wear
And pranked with golden thread.
Full soon with one the lifeless frame
In funeral guise he wound:
The tresses that must feed the flame
With one he muffled round.
Then at his word in long array
The attendants marshal forth the prey,
Memorials of Laurentum's fray;

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And weapons from the foeman ta'en
And fiery chargers swell the train.
There walk with hands fast bound behind
The victim prisoners, designed
For slaughter o'er the flames;
And mighty warriors march erect
'Neath trunks with arms of foemen decked
And marked with hostile names.
Then sad Acœtes, worn with years,
Moves on, by others led;
His breast he beats, his cheeks he tears,
And rolls on earth outspread.
There too is seen the dead man's car,
Blood-sprinkled from Rutulian war.
Then Æthon comes, his trappings doffed,
The warrior's gallant horse:
Big drops of pity oft and oft
Adown his visage course.
In sad procession others bring
The lance and helm: the Rutule king
Is lord of all but those:
And Teucrian, Tuscan, Arcad bands,
Their spears inverted in their hands,
The mournful pageant close.
Now, as the train at length goes by,
Æneas speaks with deep-drawn sigh:
"Fate calls us other tears to shed,
And we must needs obey:
Hail, mighty firstling of the dead;
Hail and farewell for aye!"
Then turns him back, the greeting said,
And campward takes his way.

Now from Laurentum's town appear
Ambassadors sedate and grave;

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Thick olive boughs in hand they bear,
And for indulgence crave:
Be burial granted to the slain
Whose mangled bodies load the plain:
No war may soldier wage, they say,
With vanquished men and senseless clay:
Who once his hosts, his kin were styled
Should find him e'en in victory mild.
The good Æneas owns their plea,
And thus bespeaks them courteously:
"What mischief, Latians, makes you slight
Our proffered love, and plunge in fight?
Ask ye that war in death may cease?
Fain would I grant the living peace.
I had not sought you, but the voice
Of oracles compelled my choice;
Fate bade me here my city place;
Nor war I with the Latian race.
No; 'twas your king forsook his word,
And Turnus' arms to mine preferred.
If Turnus waked the flames of strife,
'Twere just that Turnus risked his life.
To end the war by force of hand
And drive the Trojans from the land,
If such his boast, his part had been
To meet me here with blade as keen,
And he had lived who won the right
From favoring gods or inborn might.
Go now, prepare the funeral pyre,
And give your hapless friends to fire."

He ended. Wildered with amaze
In silence each on each they gaze.
Then Drances, he whose age pursued
The Daunian youth with bitter feud,

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Still prompt injurious taunts to fling,
Makes answer to Dardania's king:
"O great in fame, in deeds more great!
What eloquence your worth can mate?
Say, which may first our praise demand,
The just man's heart, the brave man's hand?
Soon shall this grateful train convey
Back to our peers the words you say,
And, let but chance the means afford,
Unite you to our gracious lord.
Should Turnus gainsay or deny,
Let Turnus seek some new ally.
Nay, Latium's sons shall spend their pains
To build the walls your fate ordains,
And nerve and sinew task with joy
In shouldering up the stones of Troy."
So Drances spoke: and all the rest
With loud acclaim their mind expressed.
For twice six days a truce is fixed,
And there, while concord reigns betwixt,
Teucrian and Latin, freely mixed,
O'er hill and woodland stray.
The sharp axe rings upon the ash;
Heaven-kissing elms in ruin crash;
The forceful wedge with stroke on stroke
Splits cedarn core and heart of oak;
And bullocks, groaning 'neath the yoke,
Bear the full wains away.

Now Fame, sad harbinger of grief,
Comes flying to the Arcadian chief,
And fills with doleful trumpet blast
The palace and the town;
Fame, whose shrill voice, a moment past,
Had told the tale of slaughter vast
And Pallas' young renown.

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Swift through the gate Arcadia's bands
Pour forth, with torches in their hands,
So ancient rule ordains:
The highway glimmers, sadly bright,
One line of long funereal light,
That parts the dusky plains.
Now, marching mournfully along,
The Phrygians join their wailing throng.
The matrons see the crowd draw nigh
And rend the heaven with piercing cry.
No force can old Evander stay:
With breathless haste he takes his way,
And falling on the rested bier
Hangs o'er his child with groan and tear;
At last the refluent wave of woe
Gives scanty room for speech to flow:
"O Pallas! parting from your sire
Far other pledge you gave,
To moderate your martial fire
Nor war's worst fury brave!
I knew the young blood's maddening play,
The charm of battle's first essay.
O valor blighted in the flower!
O first dread drops of war's full shower!
O prayers unheard, rejected vows,
And thou, my lost, my sacred spouse,
Blest in thy death, nor spared to see
This uttermost calamity,
While I have overlived my span,
To linger on, a childless man!
Ah! had I joined the Dardan train,
And fallen by Rutule javelins slain,
And this your escort of the dead
Conveyed me home in Pallas' stead!
Nor you, ye Trojans, I upbraid,
The faith we swore, the league we made:

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A lot like this, of hopeless tears,
Was due to my declining years.
If early death was his decreed,
'Twas comfort that he thus should bleed,
As Troy to Latium's walls he led
Through fields his arm with death had spread.
Nor e'en for you, dear child, could sire
A worthier sepulture desire
Than this which good Æneas deigns
In honor to your loved remains,
Where Phrygia's mightiest shed the tear
And all Etruria tends the bier.
Proud trophies to your praise they yield,
The chiefs you tumble on the field:
Thou, Turnus, too hadst swelled his fame,
A mighty trunk with armor hung,
Had time but made his years the same,
His arm with equal vigor strung.
But why with helpless wail delay
A host impatient for the fray?
Go, to your gallant prince remit
My charge, upon your memory writ:
If thus bereaved I linger yet,
'Tis from your hand to claim my debt,
The life of Turnus, doubly due
To Pallas and his father too:
This niche alone is vacant still
For fortune and desert to fill.
Not now to glad this life of mine
I ask — forbid it, powers divine!
No; down to darkness I would bear
The joy, and with my darling share."

Meantime the gracious Dawn displays
To wretched men her genial rays,
And calls to work once more:

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Stout Tarchon and the Trojan sire
Are rearing many a funeral pyre
Along the winding shore.
Here, as his country's rites ordain,
Each brings his brave compatriots slain,
And while the dusk flames mount on high
A veil of darkness shrouds the sky.
Thrice ride they round each lighted pyre,
Encased in glittering mail,
Thrice circle the funereal fire,
And raise their piercing wail.
Earth, armor, all with tears are dewed,
And warrior shouts and clarions rude
The vault of heaven assail.
There others on the embers throw
Rich booty, reft from slaughtered foe,
The helm, the ivory-hilted steel,
The bridle and the glowing wheel:
While some cast in the dead man's gear,
The treacherous shield, the luckless spear.
Around they butcher herds of kine,
And sooth the shades with bristly swine,
And cattle, from the neighboring mead
Swift harried, o'er the death-fires bleed.
Far down the line of coast they gaze
On kinsmen shrivelling in the blaze,
And fondly watch the bier,
Nor tear them from the hallowed ground,
Till dewy night the sky rolls round
And makes the stars appear.

Sad Latium for her part the while
Builds otherwhere full many a pile;
Some on the field their slain inhume,
Some send them forth to distant tomb,
Or to the city bear:

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The rest in undistinguished mass
They burn, unheeding rank or class:
The wide plains flicker through the gloom
With ghastly funeral glare.
And now the third return of day
Had made the dewy night give way:
Sighing they tumble from each pyre
The hills of mingled dust,
And heap them, tepid from the fire,
With mounded earthen crust.
But in the royal city chief
Swell loud and high the sounds of grief;
There mothers of their sons bereft,
Young brides to widowed misery left,
Fond hearts of sisters, nigh to break,
And orphan boys their wailing make,
Cry malison on Turnus' head
And execrate his bridal bed:
Who fain would wear Italia's crown
Alone to battle should come down,
To triumph or to fall.
Loud clamors Drances, and attests
In Turnus' hand the issue rests,
For him the Trojans call.
And Turnus too can boast his throng
With voices manifold and strong:
The cherished favor of the queen
Protects him with a mighty screen,
And many a deed of valor bold
And trophy won his fame uphold.

While thus men's passions heave and rage
And tumult fiercest burns,
With doleful news the embassage
From Diomed returns:
'Tis idly spent, their toil and pain,
Gifts, gold, entreaties, all in vain:

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Elsewhere must Latium seek relief,
Or yield her to the Trojan chief.
Latinus quails, and bends him low
Before the giant wave of woe:
Heaven's wrath, in sad reverses read,
The earth new mounded o'er the dead,
All warn him with presaging voice
Æneas is the gods' true choice:
So Latium's wisest sons he calls
To council in the palace halls.
They meet, and flooding all the road
Stream onward to their king's abode:
Midmost, in age and state the chief,
Latinus sits with face of grief,
Invites the lately-missioned train,
And bids them point by point explain.
Then talk is stilled, and Venulus,
The charge obeying, answers thus:
"Townsmen of Latium! we have seen
King Diomed in his home:
Each perilous chance that lay between
Is mastered and o'ercome;
The hand that levelled Ilium's towers
In friendship has been clasped in ours.
We found him on his work intent,
By might of victor hand
Rearing an Argive settlement
In Iapygian land.
Admission to his presence gained,
And privilege of speech obtained,
We tender gifts to buy his grace,
Inform him of our name and race,
Tell who our foe, and what the cause
Our embassy to Arpi draws.
He hears, and with untroubled eye
And courteous accent makes reply:

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'Blest nations of Ausonian strain,
The heirs of Saturn's golden reign,
What chance disturbs your peace, and goads
To rush on war's untrodden roads?
All, all our chiefs who erst combined
To sweep the Trojans from mankind
(Let pass the sufferings in the field,
The dead by Simois' wave concealed)
Alike have drained 'neath every sky
The cup of penal agony,
A hapless crew, whose lorn estate
E'en Priam would compassionate,
As Pallas' baleful star can tell,
And grim Caphareus knows too well.
The perils of our warfare o'er,
Outcast we fly from shore to shore;
Lo, Menelaus borne away
To Proteus' pillars all astray!
Ulysses, sorest tried of men,
'Neath Ætna sees the Cyclops' den.
What need to tell of Pyrrhus slain,
Idomeneus expelled his reign,
And Locrians driven, their country lost,
To make their homes on Libya's coast?
E'en he, Mycenæ's mighty lord,
Who led us when at Troy we warred,
In his own hall shed out his life
By hand of his adulterous wife:
As Asia sinks in fight subdued,
The paramour takes up the feud.
O jealous heaven, that no return
To hapless Diomed allows,
To see his home's dear altars burn
And greet his wished-for spouse!
Nay, dreadful prodigies of ill
With ghastly presence hound me still:

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My comrades lost before my eyes
Are turned to birds, and wing the skies,
Haunt, cruel change, the banks of streams,
And fill the rocks with piteous screams.
Such was the extremity of fate
On my transgression doomed to wait,
E'er since with heavenly ichor stained
My javelin Venus' hand profaned.
Then ask me not to tempt anew
The fight whose memory yet I rue:
Since Pergamus to earth was cast
I war not with the sons of Troy:
I cherish not the woful past,
Nor think of it with joy.
The presents that your country sends
May make you yet Æneas' friends.
Myself have faced him on the field
And tried the combat's chance;
I know the arms his hand can wield,
The thunder of his lifted shield,
The lightning of his lance.
Two chiefs beside in strength as great
Had Ida's region borne,
Troy's sons had knocked at Argos' gate
Unbidden, and reverse of fate
Had made Achaia mourn.
Count up the weary months we spent
'Neath Ilium's stubborn battlement,
'Twas Hector's and Æneas' power
Delayed so long the conquering hour,
Till in the tenth slow year it came
At last, with halting feet and lame.
Brave warriors both alike; but he,
Æneas, first in piety.
Join hands in peace, if so ye may,
But meet not arms with arms in fray.'

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Thus spoke, my lord, the monarch sage,
And thus he judged the war we wage."

The ambassadors had scarcely done,
Loud murmurs through the council run,
Of multiform intent;
So, checked by rocks, the rapid flood
Chafes wildly, loth to be withstood,
And struggles for a vent,
While bank and river-side around
Remurmur to the impatient sound.
Soon as the hum of tongues was stayed
And the wild storm in quiet laid,
Due preface to the gods addressed,
The king enthroned his mind expressed.

"I would, ye peers, that Latium's state
At earlier time had claimed debate,
Nor I been driven a court to call
With foemen clustering round our wall.
A fearful war, my friends, is ours,
Waged with a race of godlike powers:
No wounds their energy can tame:
Win they or lose, they fight the same.
Who thought on Diomed to rely
Must lay that hope for ever by:
Each from himself his hope must seek;
But hopes like ours, alas! are weak.
How low has fallen our common weal
Your eyes can see, your senses feel.
I censure none; each gallant man
Has done the most that valor can:
The forces of a nation's life
Have all been lavished on the strife.
Now hearken while I show the scheme
My doubting thoughts the wisest deem.

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Where Tiber irrigates the plain,
A tract there lies, my own domain,
Stretching beyond the bounds possessed
By old Sicanians, far a-west;
The Rutules and Auruncans till
Its mingled range of dale and hill,
Scar the rude mountain with their ploughs,
And bid their herds the thickets browse.
That tract, that slope of mountain pine,
To Troy I purpose to resign:
Let peace an equal rule ordain
And make them partners in our reign;
There let the wanderers sit them down,
If such their wish, and build their town:
But should they other lands desire
And from our soil may yet retire,
Twice ten good vessels let us build
Or more, if more may well be filled;
Good store e'en now of seasoned wood
Is hewn and lying by the flood;
Fix they the rate and number; we
Give fittings, brass, and labor free.
Let too ambassadors be sent
Whose pleading may the peace cement,
A hundred men, of noblest race,
Boughs in their hands, to sue for grace,
With gifts of ivory and of gold,
A talent each by measure told,
And these the emblems of our reign,
The throne, the robe of purple grain.
Give counsel for the general need,
And stanch the wounds that newly bleed."

Then Drances, he whom Turnus' fame
Still kindled into jealous flame,

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Wealthy and dowered with wordy skill,
In battle spiritless and chill,
At council-board a name of weight,
Powerful in faction and debate,
His mother's house to kings allied,
Inglorious on his father's side,
Stands up, and thus with artful phrase
Fans smouldering passion into blaze:
"Too plain the answer that you seek,
Good king, nor needs my voice to speak:
The state's true interest none dispute,
But muttering terror holds them mute.
Let him the while free speech allow,
And calm the thunder of his brow,
Whose sullen mien, like baleful star
Grim lowering o'er the tide of war—
Ay, though with arms and death he threat
My safety, he shall hear me yet—
Has quenched the light of many a chief,
And plunged a city deep in grief,
While, trusting to retreat, he tries
Troy's camp, and menaces the skies.
Send one gift more, great prince, besides
The rest your care for Troy provides,
One more; nor let tempestuous frown
Or bluster bear your purpose down,
But give your child a fitting lord,
And bind two realms in firm accord.
Nay, if such craven fear we feel,
Let Latium to her master kneel,
Pray him of grace his claim to wave
And yield what king and country crave.
Why drive to death your nation still,
O guilty cause of all this ill?
No hope from war: for peace we sue,
For peace, and peace's sanction true.

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See, I you feign your bitterest foe
(Nor care I though in truth 'twere so)
First of the train the suit begin:
Have mercy on your wretched kin,
Allay your pride, confess defeat,
And routed from the strife retreat!
Suffice it us, those heaps of killed,
Those fields unpeopled and untilled.
Or, if ambition yet has charms,
If courage thus your bosom warms,
If spousal kingdoms seem so sweet,
Be bold, and dare your foe to meet.
Forsooth, that an imperial bride
May gratify our Turnus' pride,
We, worthless souls, must needs be swept
To death, unburied and unwept.
Now, if one generous spark remains
Of native fire in those dull veins,
Front him that calls you, eye to eye,
And, oft defied, in turn defy!"

That taunt the rage of Turnus woke:
He groaned and into utterance broke:
"High, Drances, swells your stream of words,
When battle claims not tongues but swords:
When council gathers to the hall,
You still are there, the first of all:
But needs not now the court to fill
With that big talk you vent at will
While ramparts yet the foe repel,
Nor choked-up moats with carnage swell.
Then roll your thunders — 'tis your way —
And call me coward, as well you may;
You, whose strong hand has heaped the plain
With trophied trunks and hills of slain.
What glowing bravery can do
We twain may try, myself and you:

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No distant foemen wait our call:
Behold them mustered round the wall!
Come, march we on to meet the foe!
What, Drances linger? why so slow?
Has Mars found out no worthier seat
That that loose tongue, those flying feet?
Confess defeat? I routed? I?
Who dares retail that slanderous lie?
Who, that has seen old Tiber's flood
Foaming and swollen with Dardan blood,
Evander's stock at once laid low,
And Arcads vanquished at a blow?
Not Bitias thus and Pandarus found
The hand that brought them to the ground,
Or the great host to death I sent
By trench and hostile rampart pent.
'No hope from war.' Go, dotard, drone
In ears of Dardans, or your own;
Spread wild alarms, extol the powers
Of twice-foiled tribes, disparage ours.
Now Myrmidons are all afraid
Of conquering Phrygia's ruthless blade;
Now fails the heart of Diomede
And Peleus' Larissæan seed,
And Aufidus recoils with dread
From Hadria to his fountain head.
Or hear the trickster when he feigns
He cowers before my threatening strains,
And, counterfeiting fear, forsooth,
Adds venom to his serpent tooth!
No, Drances; ne'er shall you resign
Such life as yours to hand of mine:
No; let it dwell with you, nor quit
A mansion for its use so fit.
Now, gracious Sire, my thoughts return
To that your theme of high concern.

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If, baffled, you relinquish hope
That Latium's arms with Troy may cope,
If our estate have fallen so low,
Crushed by a single overthrow,
Nor Fortune can her steps retrace,
Stretch we weak hands and sue for grace.
Yet O! were aught of valor here,
Sure his were deemed the happiest cheer,
Who, sooner than behold such stain,
Fell prone, and dying bit the plain.
But if resources still are ours,
Unbroken still our martial powers,
If Italy e'en yet affords
Fresh tribes to draw their friendly swords,
If Trojan blood in streams has run
To gain the vantage Troy has won
(For they too have their deaths; the blast
Of withering war o'er all has passed),
Why fail we on the threshold? why,
Ere sounds the trumpet, quake and fly?
Time, toil, and circumstance full oft
A humbled cause has raised aloft,
And Fortune whom she mocked before
Has placed on solid ground once more.
Ætolian Diomede will send
No help our efforts to befriend;
But brave Messapus yet is here,
Tolumnius too, auspicious seer,
And all the chiefs of all the bands
That swell our ranks from neighboring lands:
Nor scant the trophies that await
The flower of Latium's own estate.
Camilla too, the Volscian maid,
Her horsemen brings in steel arrayed.
If 'tis on me the Trojans call
And my one life imperils all,

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Not all so weak these hands of mine
That I the combat should decline.
Nay, though Achilles' self be there
And Vulcan make him arms to wear,
I yet will meet him. Here I stand,
I, Turnus, like my fathers manned,
And pledge the life your needs require
To you and to my own wife's sire.
'Tis I the Phrygian claims to meet;
Pray Heaven the challenge he repeat,
Nor in my stead let Drances pay
His forfeit breath or win the day!"

Thus they in passionate debate
The weary hours prolong:
Æneas through the encampment's gate
Leads forth his armed throng.
A messenger comes hastening down
And fills the palace and the town
With tumult and dismay;
"The Trojan and the Tuscan train
From Tiber pour along the plain
In battle's stern array."
A turmoil takes the public mind;
Their passions flame, by furious wind
To conflagration blown:
At once to arms they fain would fly:
"To arms!" the youth impatient cry:
The old men weep and moan.
A dissonance of various cries
Keeps swelling, soaring to the skies,
As when in lofty wood
Birds settle, lighting in a cloud,
Or swans make clangor hoarse and loud
Along Padusa's flood.

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"Ay, sit" cries Turnus, striking in
As for an instant flags the din,
"Sit still, and while of peace you prate
Let foemen armed assail your gate!"
He spoke, and speaking rushed away:
"You, Volusus, in arms array
The Volscians' warlike power;
Lead out the Rutules: Coras too,
Catillus, and Messapus, you
With horse the champaign scour.
Let others every inlet guard,
And on the towers keep watch and ward:
The residue myself obey,
And follow where I point the way."
Forth from the city, one and all,
They rush, and hurry to the wall:
Latinus, bowed with grief, adjourns
The council and its high concerns,
And oft himself he blames,
Who gave not to his daughter fair
A husband, to the state an heir,
Nor owned the Trojan's claims.
Before the gates some trenches make,
Or load their backs with stone and stake:
The trump peals shrill and clear:
Matrons and boys enring the wall
In close array: the last dread call
Resounds in every ear.
Now up to Pallas' rock-built fane
The queen amid a matron train
Is borne in stately car;
With her Lavinia, maiden chaste,
Her lovely eyes to earth abased,
Fair author of the war.
Beneath the dome the matrons crowd,
And bid the incense smoke,

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And thus with lamentation loud
The guardian power invoke:
"Tritonian maiden, name of fear,
Controller of the fray,
O break the Phrygian pirate's spear!
Himself in dust, protectress dear,
Beneath our rampart lay!"
Impatient Turnus, all ablaze,
His manly limbs for fight arrays.
Now mailed with chainwork round his breast,
His legs in golden cuishes dressed,
His head still bare to view,
He flashed in armor's golden pride,
His sword loose hanging from his side,
As down the height he flew;
With fervid heat his spirits glow,
And eager hope forestalls the foe.
As when, his halter snapped, the steed
Darts forth, rejoicing to be freed,
And ranges o'er the open mead,
Keen life in every limb:
Now hies he to the pastured mares,
Now to the well-known river fares,
Where oft he wont to swim:
He tosses high his head, and neighs:
His mane o'er neck and shoulder plays.

And now Camilla at the gates
With Volscian troops his coming waits.
Queen as she was, with graceful speed
She lighted instant from her steed:
Her train the like observance pay,
While, standing, she begins her say:
"Turnus, if valiant lips may boast
What valiant hands can do,

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Myself will front the Trojan host
And Tyrrhene horseman crew:
Let me the field's first peril brave:
Bide you at home, the town to save."
With wondering eyes the chief surveyed
The terrible yet lovely maid:
Then thus: "What thanks can speech command,
Fair glory of the Italian land?
But now, since praise must needs despair
To match your worth, my labor share.
Æneas — so my scouts explore —
Has sent his cavalry before
To gallop to the town:
He with his footmen armed for fight
Along the mountain's wooded height
At leisure marches down.
In that dark passage I prepare
The invading Trojan to ensnare,
That men in arms on each side set
May clasp him as in hunter's net.
You marshal your embattled force
To grapple with the Tuscan horse;
Messapus shall attend your side,
And Latium's troop the charge divide,
And brave Tiburtus' missioned host;
Yourself assume the leader's post."
This said, with like address he plies
Messapus and his tried allies;
Then quickly on his errand hies.
There is a valley, dusk and blind,
For martial stratagem designed:
Its narrow walls with foliage black,
And strait and scant the pathway's track.
Above there lies a table-land
High on the far hill-top,

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Where warlike deeds might well be planned,
Or would men combat hand to hand,
Or on the ridge in shelter stand
And rocky fragments drop.
The well-known way the warrior takes,
And in the wood his ambush makes.

Meanwhile Diana, high in air,
To Opis at her side,
Her huntress-comrade, chaste and fair,
In mournful accents cried:
"There goes Camilla to the fight,
In those our arms all vainly dight,
Beloved beyond the rest;
For not of yesterday there came
This passion, with a sudden flame
To touch Diana's breast.
When Metabus, for tyrant wrong
Driven from the realm he scourged so long,
Privernum's ancient walls forsook,
His infant girl in arms he took
His banishment to share;
Casmilla was her mother styled;
He changed the sound, and gave his child
Camilla's name to bear.
He with his precious load in haste
Was making for the mountain waste,
By arrow-flights and javelins chased
And thronging Volscian powers:
Lo, as he hurries, Amasene,
Brimming and foaming, roars between,
Swollen high with new-fallen showers.
Fain would he plunge and swim to shore,
But paused, for love of her he bore:
Long conning each expedient o'er,
A course he sees at last:

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A spear he bore of solid oak,
Knotty and seasoned by the smoke:
To its mid shaft his child he bound,
With cork-tree bark encompassed round,
And made her firm and fast:
The spear in his broad hand he shakes,
And thus to heaven petition makes:
'Latonian queen of greenwood shade,
To thee I vow this infant maid:
Thy dart she grasps in suppliant guise
Thus early, as from death she flies:
Extend, I pray, thy guardian care,
And guide her through the dubious air.'
Thus having prayed, the oaken beam
With backdrawn arm he threw:
Loud roared the billows: o'er the stream
Camilla hurtling flew.
Now as pursuit grows yet more near,
He plunges in the foaming tide,
And standing on the further side
Recovers with a conqueror's pride
The maiden and the spear.
No peaceful home, no city gave
Its shelter to the wanderer's head;
Too stern his mould such aid to crave:
On mountain and in lonely cave
A shepherd's life he led.
'Mid tangled brakes and wild beasts' lairs
He reared his child on milk of mares,
To her young lips applied the teat,
And thence drew out the beverage sweet.
Soon as on earth she first could stand,
With pointed dart he armed her hand,
And from her infant shoulder hung
A quiver and a bow.

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For coif and robe that sweeps the ground
A tiger's spoils are o'er her wound.
E'en then her tiny lance she flung,
Or round her head the tough hide swung,
And with her bullet deftly slung
Brought crane or cygnet low.
Full many a Tyrrhene dame has tried
To gain her for her offspring's bride:
Content with Dian, in the wood
Unstained she keeps her maidenhood.
Ah! had she war's contagion fled,
Nor with the multitude been led
The Trojans to molest!
My true companion she had been,
The chosen favorite of her queen,
In that free service blest.
Now, since the fatal hour is nigh,
Descend, dear goddess, from on high
To Latium's frontier, where the war
Is joining under evil star.
Take these my weapons of offence,
And draw the avenging arrow thence,
That whoso may her life destroy,
Be he from Italy or Troy,
His forfeit blood may pay;
I in a hollow cloud will bear
Her corpse and armor through the air
And in her country lay."
Fair Opis heard the words she said,
Then in a storm concealed
With swift descent through ether sped,
While loud her weapons pealed.

Meantime the Trojans near the wall,
The Tuscans and the horsemen all,
In separate troops arrayed:

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Their mettled steeds the champaign spurn,
And chafing this and that way turn;
Spears bristle o'er the fields, that burn
With arms on high displayed.
Messapus and the Latian force
And Coras and Camilla's horse
An adverse front array:
With hands drawn back, they couch the spear,
And aim the dart in full career;
The tramp of heroes strikes the ear,
Mixed with the charger's neigh.
Arrived within a javelin's throw
The armies halt a space: when lo!
Sudden they let their good steeds go
And meet with deafening cry:
Their volleyed darts fly thick as snow,
Dark shadowing all the sky.
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus rash
With lance in rest together clash,
And falling both with hideous crash
Inaugurate the strife:
Each gallant steed has burst its heart:
Like spring-launched stone or lightning's dart
Hurled is Aconteus far apart,
And spends on air his life.
At once the line of battle breaks:
The Latians one and all
Sling their broad bucklers on their backs
And gallop toward the wall:
The Trojans follow them apace;
Asilas leads the martial chase.
And now the gates were well in sight,
When with a ringing shout
The Latian hosts renew the fight,
And wheel their steeds about.

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The Trojans fly with loosened reins,
And pour promiscuous o'er the plains:
Thus ocean, swaying to and fro,
Now seeks the shore with onward flow,
Rains on the cliff the sprinkled surge,
And breaking bathes the sand's last verge,
Now draws the rocky fragments back
And quits the sea-board, faint and slack.
Twice to their walls the Tuscans beat
The routed Rutule foe,
Twice, looking back in swift retreat,
Their shields behind them throw.
But when a third time hand to hand
The hosts in deadly mêlée stand
And man with man they close,
Then deathful groans invade the sky;
Arms, men, and horses soon to die
Blent in promiscuous carnage lie;
Like fire the combat glows.
Orsilochus, afraid to front
Bold Remulus in battle's brunt,
Full at his charger flings a spear,
And leaves it lodged beneath the ear.
The generous beast, distraught with pain,
His forefeet lifts and rears amain;
The rider tumbles to the plain.
Iolas by Catillus dies,
Herminius too, of giant size,
Nor less in spirit bold:
Bare was his head; his shoulders bare
Sustain a yellow length of hair;
No wounds the doughty warrior scare,
So vast his martial mould:
Through his broad chest the spear is driven;
He writhes, by deadly anguish riven.

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With rivulets of slaughter reeks
The stern embattled field,
While each deals havoc round, or seeks
The glory death-wounds yield.

But fierce Camilla stems the fight
With all an Amazon's delight,
One naked breast conspicuous shone
By looping of her golden zone:
And now she rains an iron shower,
Thick pouring spears on spears,
And now with unabated power
Her mighty axe she rears;
Behind her sounds her golden bow,
And those dread darts the silvans know.
Nay, should she e'en perforce retreat,
Flying she wings her arrows fleet.
Her favored comrades round her stand,
Larina maid, her strong heart manned,
Tulla, Tarpeia, axe in hand,
Italia's daughters they,
Whom erst she chose, attendants true,
Her bidding resolute to do
In peace or battle-fray:
So on Thermodon's echoing banks
The Amazons array their ranks,
In painted arms of radiant sheen
Around Hippolyte the queen,
Or when Penthesilea's car
Triumphant breasts the surge of war;
The maidens with their moony shields
Howling and leaping shake the fields.

Who first, who last, dread maiden, died
By thy resistless blow?
How many chiefs in valor's pride
Didst thou on earth lay low?

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First fell Eunæus, Clytius' heir:
His breast, unguarded left and bare,
Receives the lance's wound:
He vomits forth a crimson flood,
Writhes dying round the fatal wood,
And bites the bloody ground.
Then Pagasus and Liris bleed:
One, tumbled from his wounded steed,
Is gathering up the rein,
One strives his helpless hand to reach
To his fallen friend; that moment each
Lies prostrate on the plain.
With these, the tale of death to swell,
Hippotades Amastrus fell:
Then as in wildering rout they run
She bids her darts pursue
Harpalycus, Demophoon,
Tereus and Chromis too:
A Phrygian mother mourned her son
For every lance that flew.
Afar in unknown arms equipped
See Ornytus the hunter ride
On Iapygian steed: a hide
Enswathes him round, from bullock stripped;
A wolf's grim jaws, whose white teeth grin,
Clasp like a helmet brow and chin:
A club like curving sheep-hook planned
In rustic fashion arms his hand;
On high he lifts his lofty crest
That towers conspicuous o'er the rest.
Hampered by helpless disarray
She catches him, an easy prey,
Transfixes, and in bitter strain
Contemptuously insults the slain:
"Tuscan, you deemed us beasts of chase
That fly before the hunter's face:

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A woman's weapon shall unteach
Your misproud tribe that boastful speech:
Yet take this glory to your grave,
Camilla's hand your death-wound gave."
Orsilochus and Butes then
(In Troy's great host no huger men)
Their lives successive yield:
Butes she pierces in the rear
With her inevitable spear,
The corslet and the helm between,
Just where the sitter's neck is seen
And hangs the left-hand shield:
Orsilochus she traps by guile:
She flies and he pursues the while,
Till, as in narrowing rings he wheels,
Each treads upon the other's heels:
Then, rising to the stroke, she drives
Her weighty battle-axe, and rives
The helmet and the crown,
E'en as he sues for grace: again
The blow descends: the spattered brain
The severed cheeks runs down.
Now Aunus' warrior son by chance
Meets her, and quails before her glance,
Not meanest of Liguria's breed,
While fate allowed his tricks to speed.
So, when he sees no means to fly
Or put that dreadful presence by,
What artifice can do he tries,
And thus with feigned defiance cries:
"Good sooth, 'tis chivalry indeed:
A woman trusts her mettled steed!
Come now, discard those means of flight,
And gird you for an equal fight:
Stand face to face, you soon shall see
Whom boasting favors, you or me."

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Stung by the insult, fiery-souled,
She gives her mate her horse to hold,
And stands with stainless buckler bold
And bare uplifted steel.
The youth believes his arts succeed:
Turning his rein with caitiff speed
He flies, and gores his panting steed
With iron-pointed heel.
"Ah! base Ligurian, boaster vile,
In vain you try your native guile:
Trickster and dastard though you be,
False Aunus you shall never see!"
With foot like fire, in middle course
She meets and heads the flying horse,
Confronts the rider, lays him low,
And wreaks her vengeance, foe on foe.
Look how the hawk, whom augurs love,
With matchless ease o'ertakes a dove
Seen in the clouds on high:
He gripes, he rends the prey forlorn,
While drops of blood and plumage torn
Come tumbling from the sky.

But not with unregardful gaze
The sire of heaven the scene surveys
From his Olympian tower:
He bids Tyrrhenian Tarchon wage
A deadlier fight, and stirs his rage
With all ungentle power.
From rank to rank the chieftain flies,
The yielding troops with menace plies,
Calls each by his familiar name,
And wakes again the expiring flame:
"What panic terror of the foe,
What drowsy spell has made you slow,
O hearts that will not feel?

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A woman chases you — ye fly:
Why don that useless armor? why
Parade your idle steel?
Yet all too quick your ears to heed
The call of laughing dames,
Or when the piper's scrannel reed
The Bacchic dance proclaims:
Then with keen eyes and hungry throat
On meat and brimming cups ye gloat,
Till seers announce the victim good
And feast-time bids you to the wood."
This said, prepared himself to bleed,
'Gainst Venulus he spurs his steed,
Plucks from his horse the unwary foe
And bears him on his saddle-bow.
All Latium turns astonished eyes,
And deafening clamors mount the skies;
Swift o'er the champaign Tarchon flies,
The chief before him still:
The spearhead from the shaft he broke,
And scans him o'er, to plant a stroke
Which may the readiest kill:
The victim, struggling, guards his neck,
And still by force keeps force in check.
E'en as an eagle bears aloft
A serpent in her taloned nails;
The reptile writhes him oft and oft,
Rears in his ire his stiffening scales,
And darts his hissing jaws on high:
She with quick wing still beats the sky,
While her sharp beak his life assails:
So Tarchon from the midmost foe
In triumph bears his prey;
His heartened Lydians catch the glow,
And back their chief's essay.

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Now Arruns, Fate's predestined prize,
Circles Camilla round,
His javelin in his hand, and tries
The easiest way to wound.
Where'er she leads the fierce attack,
He follows, and observes her track:
Where'er she issues from the rout,
He deftly shifts his reins about:
Explores each method of advance,
Wheels round and round, weighs chance with chance,
And shakes the inevitable lance.
Just then rich Chloreus, priest of yore
To Cybele, bedizened o'er
With Phrygian armor shone,
And spurred afield his charger bold,
A chainwork cloth with clasp of gold
Around its body thrown.
He, clad in purple's wealthiest grain,
The work of looms beyond the main,
Launches untiring on the foe
Gortynian shafts from Cretan bow:
Behind a golden quiver sounds,
A helm of gold his head surrounds:
His saffron scarf, with gold confined,
Flaunts, light and rustling, in the wind:
And hose of gay barbaric wear
And broidered vest his race declare.
Perchance the huntress sought to gain
Troy's spoils, to deck a Volscian fane;
Perchance herself she would adorn
In that bright gold, so proudly worn:
Whate'er the cause, from all about
She singles, follows, tracks him out,
And winds him through the embattled field,
Her eyes to coming danger sealed,

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While all the woman's fond desire
For plunder sets her soul on fire.
His moment Arruns marked: he aims
His dart, and thus to heaven exclaims:
"Lord of Soracte, Phœbus sire,
Whose rites we Tuscans keep,
For whom the blaze of sacred fire
Lives in the pine-wood heap,
While, safe in piety, we tread,
Thy votaries we, on embers red,
Grant, mightiest of the gods above,
My arms may this foul stain remove!
No blazonry I look to gain,
Trophy or spoil, from maiden slain;
My other deeds shall guard my name,
And keep the doer fresh in fame;
This fury let me once bring low,
Home unrenowned I gladly go."
Apollo granted half his prayer:
The rest was scattered into air.
With unexpected wound to slay
The foe he dreads — so much he may:
In safety to return, and see
His stately home — that may not be:
E'en as 'twas breathed, the wild winds caught
The uttered prayer, and turned to nought.

So now, as hurtling through the sky
Flew the fell spear, each Volscian eye
On the doomed queen was bent:
She hears no rushing sound, nor sees
The javelin sweeping down the breeze,
Till 'neath her naked breast it stood,
And drinking deep the unsullied blood
At length its fury spent.

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Up run her comrades, one and all,
And stay their mistress ere she fall.
But daunted far beyond the rest,
Fear mixed with triumph in his breast,
False Arruns takes to flight:
A second time he dares not try
The lance that served him, nor defy
The maid to further fight.
As flies a caitiff wolf for fear
From shepherd slain or mighty steer,
Or ere the avenger's darts draw near,
To pathless mountain steep,
And, conscious of his guilt unseen,
Claps his lithe tail his legs between,
And dives in forest deep;
So Arruns steals confused away,
And flying plunges mid the fray.
In vain she strives with dying hands
To wrench away the blade:
Fixed in her ribs the weapon stands,
Closed by the wound it made.
Bloodless and faint, she gasps for breath;
Her heavy eyes sink down in death;
Her cheek's bright colors fade.
Then thus expiring she addressed
Her truest comrade and her best,
Acca, who wont alone to share
The burden of Camilla's care:
"Thus far, dear Acca, have I sought
To battle with my wound:
But now the fight is over-fought,
And all grows dark around.
Go: my last charge to Turnus tell,
To haste with succor, and repel
The Trojans from the town — farewell."

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She spoke, and speaking, dropped her rein,
Perforce descending to the plain.
Then by degrees she slips away
From all that heavy load of clay:
Her languid neck, her drowsy head
She droops to earth, of vigor sped:
She lets her martial weapons go:
The indignant soul flies down below.
Loud clamors to the skies arose;
With fiercer heat the combat glows,
The Volscian princess slain;
On, on they push, the Teucrian power,
The Tyrrhene chiefs, their nation's flower,
The Arcad horseman train.

Meanwhile Diana's sentinel,
Fair Opis, sits on mountain fell
The scene of blood to view:
Soon as Camilla she espied
O'erborne in battle's raging tide,
From her deep bosom, as she sighed,
These piteous words she drew:
"Too stern requital, hapless maid,
For that your error have you paid,
That venturous daring, which essayed
To brave the Trojan power:
Your woodland life, to Dian sworn,
Those heavenly arms in combat borne,
Alas! they left you all forlorn
In need's extremest hour.
Yet not unhonored in your end
She lets you lie, your queen and friend,
Nor unavenged shall you descend
A name to after time:
For he whose arm has stretched in death
That sacred form, his forfeit breath
Shall compensate his crime."

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'Neath the high hill a barrow stood,
Dercennus' tomb, o'ergrown with wood
(A monarch he of elder blood
Who ruled Laurentum's land):
The goddess, lighting with a bound,
Paused here, and from the lofty mound
The guilty Arruns scanned.
She saw him insolent and gay,
And "Why" she cries "so far astray?
This way, doomed caitiff, come this way!
Shall vengeance vainly call?
Here, take Camilla's guerdon due:
Alas the day, when such as you
By Dian's arrows fall!"
Thus having said, the maid of Thrace
An arrow from the golden case
Draws out, and fits for flight:
Then at full stretch the bow she bends,
Till now she joins the horn's two ends,
And touches with her left the blade
Of the keen shaft transversely laid,
Her bosom with the right.
That instant Arruns heard the sound
And in his heart the weapon found.
Him gasping out his life with pain
His comrades on the dusty plain
Unheeded leave to die;
Triumphant Opis soars again
Back to the Olympian sky.

First turns to flight, its mistress slain,
Camilla's light-armed horseman train:
The Rutules and Atinas fly;
Lorn bands and chiefs astray
For safety to the city hie
In rout and disarray.

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The deathful onset of the foe
None further dares sustain:
Each slings behind his unstrung bow,
And horse-hoof beat in quick retreat
Recurrent shakes the plain.
Townward there rolls a dusty cloud;
The matrons catch the sight
From their high station, shriek aloud,
And on their bosoms smite.
Who gain the open portals first
Are whelmed beneath a following burst
Of foemen in their rear:
No scaping from their piteous fate:
E'en at the entry of the gate,
'Mid those dear homes they left so late,
They feel the fatal spear.
The wildered townsmen close the gates:
Nor yield admittance to their mates,
For all they beg and pray:
E'en foemen might that carnage weep,
Where these in arms the pass would keep
And those would force the way.
Sad fathers from the strong redoubt
Look forth, and see their sons shut out:
Some down the moat's steep sides amain
In helpless ruin crash:
Some with blind haste and loosened rein
'Gainst door and doorpost dash.
Nay, even the dames on rampart high,
Camilla's glories in their eye,
With might and main the artillery ply,
So true their patriot flame:
Make truncheons seared and knotty wood
For lack of steel do service good,
And 'mid the first would shed their blood,
To save their walls from shame.

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Meantime to Turnus in the glade
Sad Acca has her news conveyed,
Confusion great and sore;
The Volscian troops are disarrayed,
Camilla lives no more;
On like a torrent comes the foe:
Nought stands before their wasting flow;
Their terrors townward pour.
He, all on flame — so Jove requires —
From ambushed slope and wood retires.
Scarce out of sight he touched the plains,
The unguarded pass Æneas gains,
Surmounts the ridge with scant delay,
And through the forest wins his way.
So both make speed the walls to reach,
Nor long the space 'twixt each and each:
At once Æneas sees from far
The rising dust of Latium's war,
And Turnus knows Æneas near,
As tramp and neigh assail his ear.
Then had they clashed that hour in fray
And tried the fortune of the day,
But Phœbus in the Hiberian seas
Bathes his tired steeds, and sunlight flees:
So by the walls they pitch their tents,
And guard their mounded battlements.

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BOOK XII.

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ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and the poem concludes with the death of the latter.

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BOOK XII.

When Turnus sees disgrace and rout
Have Latium's spirit tamed,
Himself by every eye marked out,
His plighted promise claimed,
With anger unallayed he fires,
And feels the courage pride inspires.
E'en as in Libyan plains athirst
A lion by the hunter pierced
Puts forth at length his might,
Rears on his neck his angry mane,
The shaft that galls him snaps in twain,
And roaring claims the fight;
So Turnus' wrath infuriate glows.
And, once ablaze, each moment grows.
Then thus Latinus he bespeaks
With flushing brow and kindling cheeks:
"Not Turnus, trust me, bars the way:
No need the Phrygians should unsay
The words they spoke in face of day,
Their covenant disown:
I meet him now: the victims bring
And seal the treaty, gracious king.
My hand shall lay the Dardan low
Who left his Asia to the foe —
Let Latium sit and see the show,
While I in arms alone

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Wash out the blot that stains our pride —
Or let him take the forfeit bride,
Accept the conquered throne!"
He spoke: the aged majesty
Of Latium makes him calm reply:
"O gallant youth! the more intense
Your generous spirit's vehemence,
The wiselier should Latinus' care
For Fortune's every chance prepare.
Yours is your father Daunus' reign;
Yours are the towns your sword has ta'en;
And I that speak have stores of gold
And hand that knows not to withhold:
Latium has other maids unwed
And worthy of a royal bed.
Thus let me speak, direct and clear,
Though sharp the pang: now further hear:
I might not give my daughter's hand
To suitor from her native land:
Gods, prophets, with unfaltering voice
And plain accord forbade the choice:
But kindred sympathies are strong,
And weeping wives can sway to wrong:
Heaven's ties I snapped; I failed my word;
I drew the inexpiable sword:
Since then what dire result of ill
Has followed me and follows still
Your eyes bear witness: why recall
What Turnus feels the first of all?
We, twice in bloody field o'erthrown,
Scarce in our ramparts hold our own:
Still Tiber reeks from Latium's veins,
And whitening bone-heaps mound the plains.
Why reel I thus, confused and blind?
What madness mars my sober mind?
If Turnus' death makes Troy my friend,
E'en while he lives let war have end.

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Or what will kin and country say,
If — ward the omen, heaven, I pray! —
I leave him now his life to lose
While for my daughter's hand he sues?
O think of war, its change and chance,
How luck may warp the surest lance!
Think of your father old and grey,
Forlornly biding leagues away!"
But Turnus' wrath no words can tame:
What seemed to slake but feeds the flame:
Soon as impatience found a tongue
With fury into speech he flung:
"Those anxious bodings, father mine,
For me you keep, for me resign:
Leave me to meet the invader's claim:
Let death redeem the gage of fame.
I too no feeble dart can throw,
And flesh will bleed that feels my blow.
No goddess mother will be there
To tend him with a woman's care,
Conceal in mist his recreant flight,
And palter with a brave man's sight."

But the sad queen, struck wild by fears
Of battle's new award,
Death swimming in her view, with tears
Holds fast her daughter's lord:
"Turnus, by these fond tears I pour,
If still survives the love you bore
To Latium's hapless queen —
On you our tottering age is staid;
On you a nation's hopes are laid;
A house, dismantled and decayed,
On you is fain to lean —
One boon I crave, but one: forbear
The arbitrament of fight to dare:

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For know, whate'er the chance ensue
To Turnus, threats Amata too:
With you I leave this hated life,
Nor see my child my captor's wife."
Her mother's voice Lavinia hears,
And mingles blushes with her tears;
Deep crimson glows the sudden flame,
And dyes her tingling cheek with shame.
So blushes ivory's Indian grain
When sullied with vermilion stain:
So lilies set in roseate bed
Enkindle with contagious red.
So flushed the maid: with wildering gaze
The passion-blinded youth surveys:
The fiercer for the fight he burns,
And to the queen in brief returns:
" O let not tears nor omen ill
Attend me to the stubborn fray!
Dear mother, 'tis not Turnus' will
The hour of destiny can stay.
Go, Idmon, to yon Phrygian chief
Bear tidings he will hear with grief:
When first the morrow fires the air
With glowing chariot, let him spare
To lead his Teucrians on:
Let Rutule arms and Teucrian rest;
His life and mine shall brook the test;
Lavinia's hand, our common quest,
Shall in that field be won."

So saying, to the stall he speeds,
Bids harness his impetuous steeds,
And pleased their fury sees,
Which Orithyia long ago
On king Pilumnus deigned bestow,
To match the whiteness of the snow,
The swiftness of the breeze.

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They bustle round, the menial train,
Comb o'er the neck the graceful mane,
And pat the sounding chest:
In mail his shoulders he arrayed
(Of gold and orichalc 'twas made);
Then dons his shield, his trusty blade,
His helm with ruddy crest:
That blade which to his royal sire
The hand of Vulcan gave,
Brought red from Liparæan fire
And dipped in Stygian wave.
Reposing from its work of blood
His lance beside a column stood,
Auruncan Actor's prize:
He seized it, shook the quivering wood,
And thus impetuous cries:
"The hour is come, my spear, my spear,
Thou who hast never failed to hear
Thy master's proud appeal:
Once Actor bore thee, Turnus now:
Grant that my hand to earth may bow
The Phrygian's all unmanly brow,
From off his breast the corslet tear,
And soil in dust his essenced hair,
New crisped with heated steel."
Such furies in his bosom rise:
His features all ablaze
Shoot direful sparkles: from his eyes
A stream of lightning plays.
So ere he tries the combat's shock
A bull loud bellowing makes,
And butting at a tree's hard stock
His horns to anger wakes,
With furious heel the sand upthrows,
And challenges the winds for foes.

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Meantime in Vulcan's arms arrayed
Æneas mans his breast,
Rejoiced that offered truce has made
Two hosts from battle rest:
Then reassures his comrades' fears
And checks Iulus' starting tears,
Rehearsing Fate's decree,
And bids his envoys answer bear
To Latium's monarch, and declare
The terms of peace to be.

Scarce had the morn her radiance shed
On topmost mountain height,
When, leaving Ocean's oozy bed,
The Sun's fleet steeds, with upturned head,
Breathe out loose flakes of light.
Beneath the city's strong redoubt
Rutule and Trojan measure out
The combat's listed ground,
And altars in the midst prepare
For common sacrifice and prayer,
Piled up with grassy mound;
While others, girt with aprons, bring
Live coals and water from the spring,
Their brows with vervain bound.
Through the thronged gates the Ausonian band
Comes streaming onward, lance in hand:
Trojans and Tuscans all,
Equipped in arms of various show,
Come marshalled by their ranks, as though
They heard the battle's call.
Decked out with gold and purple dye,
From troop to troop the leaders fly,
Mnestheus, Assaracus's seed,
Asilas, chief divine,

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Messapus, tamer of the steed,
Who comes of Neptune's line.
The signal given, they each recede
Within the space assigned,
Their javelins planted in the mead,
Their shields at rest reclined:
While, brimming o'er with yearning strong,
Weak matrons, an unwarlike throng,
And fathers, old and grey,
Turret and roof confusedly crowd,
Or stand beside the portals proud,
The combat to survey.

But Juno, seated on the mount
That Alban now is named
('Twas then a hill of scant account,
Untitled and unfamed),
On the two hosts was gazing down,
The listed field, the Latian town.
To Turnus' sister then she said
(A goddess she of lake and flood;
Such honor Jove the damsel paid
For violated maidenhood):
"Pride of all streams on earth that roll,
Juturna, favorite of my soul,
Thou know'st, of all of Latian race
That e'er endured great Jove's embrace
I still have set thee first, and given
To share ungrudged the courts of heaven;
Now learn thy woes, unhappy dame,
Nor think too late that mine the blame.
While Latium yet could keep the field
And Fate seemed kind, I cast my shield
O'er Turnus and his town:
Now in ill hour he tempts the fray,
And baleful force and Fate's dark day
From heaven are swooping down.

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I cannot view the unequal fight,
Nor see that shameful treaty plight.
Can sister nought for brother dare?
Take heart: perchance the gods may spare."
She said: Juturna's tears 'gan flow,
And oft she smote her breast of snow.
"No time for tears" Saturnia cries:
"Haste — save your brother ere he dies:
Or stir again the war, and break
(Mine be the risk) the league they make."
She ceased, and left her sore distraught,
With bleeding heart and wavering thought.

Now to the field the monarchs came,
Latinus, his majestic frame
In four-horse chariot borne;
Twelve gilded rays, memorial sign
Of the great Sun, his sire divine,
His kingly brows adorn:
Grasping two javelins as in war
Rides Turnus in his two-horse car:
Æneas leaves his rampired home,
First founder of the race of Rome,
Glorious in heavenly armor's pride,
With shield that beams like day;
And young Ascanius at his side,
Rome's other hope and stay.
Then to the hearth the white-robed priest
Brings two-year sheep all richly fleeced
And young of bristly swine;
They turn them to the radiant east,
With knives the victims' foreheads score,
Strew cakes of salted meal, and pour
The sacrificial wine.
Then thus with falchion's naked blade
Æneas supplication made:

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"Sun, and thou Land, attest my prayer,
For whom I have been fain to bear
So many a year of woe;
And Jove, Almighty Sire, and thou,
Saturnia, now at last, O now
No more Æneas' foe;
Thou too, great Mars, who rul'st the fray
By thine imperial nod,
And you, ye Springs and Floods, I pray,
Whate'er the powers that ether sway,
And ocean's every god:
If victory shall to Turnus fall,
The vanquished to Evander's wall
Their instant flight shall take:
Iulus shall the realm resign,
Nor here in Latium seed of mine
Fresh war hereafter wake:
But if, as prayers and hopes foresee,
The queen of battles smile on me,
I will not force Italia's land
To Teucrian rule to bow;
I seek no sceptre for my hand,
No diadem for my brow:
Let race and race, unquelled and free,
Join hands in deathless amity.
My gods, my rites, I claim to bring:
Let sire Latinus still be king,
In peace and war the same;
The sons of Troy my destined town
Shall build, and fair Lavinia crown
The city with her name."
He spoke, and next Latinus prays
With lifted hand and heavenward gaze:
"By land, by sea, by stars I swear,
E'en as Æneas swore;
By queen Latona's princely pair,
And two-faced Janus hoar;

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By all the infernal powers divine
And grisly Pluto's mystic shrine:
Let Jove give ear, whose vengeful fire
Makes treaties firm, the Almighty Sire:
I touch the hearth with either hand,
I call the gods that 'twixt us stand:
No time shall make the treaty vain,
Whate'er to-day's event;
No violence shall my will constrain,
Though earth were scattered in the main
And Styx with ether blent:
E'en as this sceptre" (as he swore
A sceptre in his hand he bore)
"Shall ne'er put forth or leaf or gem,
Since severed from its parent stem
Foliage and branch it lost;
'Twas once a tree; now workman's care
Has given it Latium's kings to bear,
With seemly bronze embossed."
Thus chief and chief in open sight
With solemn words the treaty plight;
Then o'er the flame they slay
The hallowed victims, strip the flesh
Yet quick with life, and warm and fresh
On loaded altars lay.

But in the Rutules' jealous sight
Unequal seems the chance of fight,
Ill matched the champions twain,
And fitfully their bosoms heave
As near and nearer they perceive
The encounter on the plain.
Compassion deepening into dread,
They note young Turnus' quiet tread,
The downcast meekness of his eyes
Turned to the hearth in suppliant guise,

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Cheeks whence the bloom of health is gone,
And that young frame so ghastly wan.
Juturna saw their whispers grow,
And marked them wavering to and fro:
Then, like to Camers' form and face —
A warrior he of noblest race,
Long by his fathers' exploits known
And long by valor of his own —
She joins their ranks, each heart to read,
And sows in all dissension's seed:
"Shame, shame, ye Rutules, thus to try
The coward hazard of the die!
A myriad warrior lives to shun
The deadly risk reserved for one!
Compute the numbers and the powers:
Say whose the vantage, theirs or ours?
Behold them all, in arms allied,
Troy and Arcadia, side by side,
And all Etruria, leagued in hate
Of him, our chief, the men of fate!
Take half our force, we scarce should know
Each for himself to find a foe.
Ay, Turnus' name to heaven shall rise,
Devoted to whose shrines he dies,
    On lips of thousands borne:
We, as in listless ease we sit,
To foreign tyrants shall submit,
    And our lost country mourn."
By whisper thus and chance-dropped word
Their hearts to further rage are stirred:
From band to band the murmur runs:
Changed are Laurentum's fickle sons,
    Changed is the Latian throng:
Who late were hoping war to cease,
Now yearn for arms, abhor the peace,
    And pity Turnus' wrong.

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Now, heaping fuel on the flame,
With new resource the crafty dame
Displays in heaven a sign:
No evidence more strongly wrought
On Italy's deluded thought,
As 'twere indeed divine.
Jove's royal bird in pride of place
Was putting river-fowl in chase
And all the feathery crew,
When swooping from the ruddy sky
Off from the flood he bears on high
A swan of dazzling hue.
The Italians gaze, when lo! the rout
Turn from their flight and face about,
In blackening mass obscure the skies,
And clustering close with shrill sharp cries
Their mighty foe pursue,
Till he, by force and weight o'erborne,
Dropped river-ward his prey untorn
And off to distance flew.
With loud acclaim the Rutule bands
Salute the portent of the skies:
Aloft they raise their eager hands,
And first the seer Tolumnius cries:
"For this, for this my prayers have striven:
I hail, I seize the omen given;
Draw, draw with me the sword,
Poor Rutules, whom the pirate base
Puts like unwarlike birds in chase,
And spoils your river-board.
Yes, he will fly, if you pursue,
And vanish in the distant blue.
Close firm your ranks, and bring relief
And rescue to your ravished chief,
All, all with one accord."
He said, and hurled, as forth he ran,
His javelin at the foeman's van.

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The hurtling cornel cuts the skies:
Loud clamors follow as it flies:
The assembly starts in wild alarm,
And hearts beat high with tumult warm.
There as nine brothers of one blood,
Gylippus' Arcad offspring, stood,
One, with bright arms and beauty graced,
Receives the javelin in his waist,
Where chafes the belt against the groin
And 'neath the ribs the buckles join;
Pierced through and through he falls amain,
And lies extended on the plain.
His gallant brethren feel the smart;
With falchion drawn or brandished dart
They charge, struck blind with rage.
Laurentum's host the shock withstand:
Like deluge bursting o'er the land
The Trojan force, the Agyllan band,
The Arcad troop engage.
Each burns alike with frantic zeal
To end the quarrel by the steel;
Stripped are the hearths; o'er all the sky
Dense iron showers in volleys fly:
With eager haste they run
To snatch the bowls and altar-sods:
Latinus takes his outraged gods
And leaves the league undone.
Those yoke again the battle car,
These vault into the selle,
And wave their falchions, drawn for war,
To challenge or repel.

Messapus singles from the rest
The king Aulestes, richly dressed
In robe and regal crown;
Spurning the truce, his horse he pressed,
And fiercely rides him down.

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He with a backward spring retires,
And headlong falls 'mid altar fires
That meet him in the rear:
Up spurs Messapus, hot with speed,
And as the pale lips vainly plead
Drives through him, towering on his steed,
His massy beam-like spear.
"He has his death" the victor cries:
"Heaven gains a worthier sacrifice."
Around the corpse the Italians swarm,
And strip the limbs, yet reeking warm.
From blazing altar close at hand
Bold Corynæus seized a brand:
As Ebysus a death-wound aims,
Full in his face he dashed the flames.
The bushy beard that instant flares
And wafts a scent of burning hairs.
The conqueror rushes on his prize,
Wreathes in his hair his hand,
To his broad breast his knee applies,
And pins him to the sand:
Then, grovelling as he lay in dust,
Deep in his side his sword he thrust.
Stout Alsus, born of shepherd race,
Death in the forefront braves,
When Podalirius gives him chase
And high his falchion waves:
A ponderous axe the swain upheaves:
From brow to chin the head he cleaves,
While blood the arms o'erflows:
A heavy slumber, iron-bound,
Seals the dull eyes in rest profound:
In endless night they close.

But good Æneas chides his band,
His head all bare, unarmed his hand,

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And "Whither now so fast?" he cries:
"What demon bids contention rise?
O soothe your rage, I pray!
The terms are fixed, the treaty plight:
Mine, mine alone the combat's right:
Be calm, and give me way.
My hand shall make the assurance true:
Henceforward Turnus is my due."
Thus while to lay the storm he strives,
Full on the chief an arrow drives:
Sped by what arm, what wind it came,
If Heaven or fortune ruled its aim,
None knew: the deed was lost to fame;
Nor then nor after was there found
Who boasted of Æneas' wound.

When Turnus saw Æneas part
Retiring from his band
And Troy's brave chiefs dismayed, his heart
With sudden hope he manned:
He calls his armor and his car,
Leaps to his seat in pride of war,
And takes the reins in hand.
Full many a gallant chief he slays,
Or pierced on earth in torture lays,
Drives down whole ranks in fierce career,
And plies the fliers with spear on spear.
As, where cold Hebrus parts the field,
Grim Mars makes thunder on his shield
And stings his steeds to fight;
They scud, the Zephyrs not so fleet:
Thrace groans beneath the hoof's quick beat;
His dire attendants round him fly,
Anger and blackest Treachery,
And gloomy-browed Affright:

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So where the battle sorest bleeds
Keen Turnus drives his smoking steeds
Insulting o'er the slain,
While gore and sand the horsehoof kneads,
And spirts the crimson rain.
Thamyris and Sthenelus lie dead,
Encountered hand to hand;
Pholus by spear from distance sped,
And Glaucus too and Lades bled,
Whom Imbrasus their father bred
In native Lycian land
And trained alike to fight or speed
Like lightning with the harnessed steed.
Now through the field Eumedes came,
Old Dolon's son, of Trojan fame,
His grandsire's counterpart in name,
In courage like his sire,
Who erst, the Danaan camp to spy,
Pelides' car, a guerdon high,
From Hector dared require:
But Tydeus' son with other meed
Requited that audacious deed,
And cured his proud desire.
Him from afar when Turnus views
With missile dart he first pursues,
Then quits the chariot with a bound,
Stands o'er him grovelling on the ground,
Plants on his neck his foot, and tears
From his weak grasp the lance he bears,
Deep in his throat the bright point dyes,
And o'er the corpse in triumph cries:
"Lie there, and measure out the plain,
The Hesperian soil you sought to gain:
Such meed they win who wish me killed;
'Tis thus their city-walls they build."

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Again he hurls his spear, and sends
Asbytes to rejoin his friends:
And Chloreus, Dares, Sybaris,
The ground in quick succession kiss;
Thersilochus, Thymœtes too,
Whose restiff steed his rider threw.
As when the northwind's tyrant stress
Makes loud the Ægæan roar,
Still following on the waves that press
Tumultuous to the shore,
Where drives the gale, the cloud-rack flies
In wild confusion o'er the skies:
So wheresoe'er through all the field
Comes Turnus on, whole squadrons yield,
Turn, and resist no more:
The impulse bears him as he goes,
And 'gainst the wind his plumage flows.
With shame and anger Phegeus saw
The chief's insulting pride:
He meets the car, and strives to draw
The steeds' proud necks aside.
There, dragged as to the yoke he clings,
The spear his side has found,
Bursts through the corslet's plaited rings,
And prints a surface wound:
Shifting his shield, he threats the foe,
His sword plucks out, and aims a blow:
When the fierce wheels with onward bound
Dislodge and dash him to the ground:
And Turnus' weaponed hand,
Stretched from the car, the head has reft
Where helm and breastplate meet, and left
The trunk upon the sand.

While Turnus heaps the plain with dead,
Æneas, with Achates tried

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And Mnestheus moving at his side,
And young Ascanius near,
All bleeding to the camp is led,
Faltering and propping up his tread
With guidance of a spear.
He frets and strives with vain essay
To pluck the broken reed away,
Demands the surest, readiest aid,
To ope the wound with broad-sword blade,
Unflesh the barb so deep concealed,
And send him back to battle-field.
And now Iapis had appeared,
Blest leech, to Phœbus' self endeared
Beyond all men below,
On whom the fond indulgent god
His augury had fain bestowed,
His lyre, his sounding bow:
But he, the further to prolong
A sickly parent's span,
The humbler art of medicine chose,
The knowledge of each herb that grows,
Plying a craft unknown to song,
An unambitious man.
Chafing with anguish, rage, and grief,
Impatient halts the wounded chief,
Propped on his mighty spear:
Iulus weeping and a band
Of gallant youths around him stand:
He heeds not groan or tear.
The aged leech, his garment wound
In Pæon sort his shoulder round,
In vain his sovereign simples plies,
His science skilled to heal,
In vain with hand and pincer tries
To loose the stubborn steel.

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No happy chance on art attends,
No patron god the leech befriends:
And wilder grows the fierce alarm,
And nearer yet the deadly harm:
The thick dust props the skies:
The tramp of cavalry they hear,
And 'mid the encampment dart and spear
Rain down before their eyes:
And dismal rings the mingled cry
Of those that fight and those that die.
Then Venus, all a mother's heart
Touched by her son's unworthy smart,
Plucks dittany, a simple rare,
From Ida's summit brown,
With flower of purple, bright and fair,
And leaf of softest down:
Well known that plant to mountain goat,
Should arrow pierce its shaggy coat.
There as they toil, she brings the cure,
Her bright face wrapped in cloudy hood,
And drops it where in shining ewer
The crystal water stood,
With juices of ambrosia blent
And panace of fragrant scent.
So with the medicated flood
The sage unknowing stanched the blood:
When all at once the anguish fled,
And the torn flesh no longer bled.
Now at a touch, no violence used,
Drops out the barbed dart,
And strength by heavenly aid infused
Revives the fainting heart.
"Arms for the valiant chief!" exclaims
Iapis "why so slow?"
The gentle leech the first inflames
The warrior 'gainst the foe.

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"Not human help, nor sovereign art,
Nor old Iapis healed that smart:
'Tis Heaven that interferes, to save
For greater deeds the strength it gave."
The chief, impatient of delays,
His legs in pliant gold arrays,
And to and fro his javelin sways.
And now, his corslet round his breast,
In his mailed arms his child he pressed,
Kissed through his helm, and thus addressed:
"Learn of your father to be great,
Of others to be fortunate.
This hand awhile shall be your shield
And lead you safe from field to field:
When grown yourself to manhood's prime,
Remember those of former time,
Recall each venerable name,
And catch heroic fire
From Hector's and Æneas' fame,
Your uncle and your sire."

So speaking, from the camp he passed,
A godlike chief, of stature vast,
Shaking his ashen beam:
Mnestheus and Antheus and their train
With kindred speed o'er all the plain
From trench and rampart stream.
Thick blinding dust the champaign fills,
And earth with trampling throbs and thrills.
Pale Turnus saw them from the height;
The Ausonians saw, and chilly fright
Through all their senses ran:
Foremost of all the Latian crew
Juturna heard the sound and knew,
And left the battle's van.
Onward he flies, and whirls along
Through the wide plain his blackening throng.

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As, burst from heaven, with headlong sweep
A storm comes landward from the deep:
Through rustic hearts faint terrors creep
As coming ill they taste:
Ah yes! 'twill lay the standing corn,
Will scatter trees from earth uptorn,
And make the land a waste:
The winds, its couriers, fly before,
And waft its muttering to the shore:
So the dread Trojan sweeps along
Down on the hostile swarm;
In close battalions, firm and strong,
His followers round him form.
Osiris feels Thymbræus' blow,
At Mnestheus' feet Anchetius lies,
Achates slaughters Epulo,
By Gyas Ufens dies:
E'en proud Tolumnius falls, the seer
Who 'gainst the foe first hurled his spear.
Upsoars to heaven a mingled shout:
In turn the Rutules yield,
And huddled thick in dusty rout
Fly wildly o'er the field.
But he, he stoops him not to smite
The craven backs that turn to flight,
Nor chases those who stand and fight,
Intent on other aims:
Turnus alone he cares to track
Through dust and darkness, blinding black,
Turnus alone he claims.
Juturna, agonized with fear,
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,
Flings from his seat on high,
And leaves him fallen at distance far:
Herself succeeds him, guides the car,
And bids the coursers fly;

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In voice, in form, in dress complete,
The hapless driver's counterfeit.
As swallow through some mansion flies
With courts and stately galleries,
Flaps noisy wing, gives clamorous tongue,
Still catering for her callow young,
Makes cloisters echo to the sound,
And tank and cistern circles round,
So whirls the dame her glowing car,
So flashes through the maze of war;
Now here, now there, in conquering pride
Her brother she displays,
Yet lets him not the encounter bide,
But winds through devious ways.
Nor less Æneas shifts and wheels,
Pursues and tracks him out,
And clamoring to his faith appeals
Across the weltering rout:
Oft as he marks the foe, and tries
To match the chariot as it flies,
So oft her scourge Juturna plies,
And turns her steeds about.
What should he do? he undulates
With aimless ebb and flow:
His bosom's passionate debates
Distract him to and fro.
Messapus then, who chanced to wield
Two quivering javelins, barbed and steeled,
Takes one, and levels with his eye,
And bids it at Æneas fly.
The Trojan halts, and making pause,
His arms around him closer draws,
On bended knee firm stayed:
The javelin struck the helmet's cone,
And razed the plume that, tossed and blown,
High on its summit played.

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Then surges fury high, to know
The baseness of the treacherous foe,
As horse and car he sees afar
Careering o'er the plain:
To the just gods appeal he makes
Who watch the league that Turnus breaks:
Then charges resolute to kill,
Lets reckless slaughter rage her fill,
And gives his wrath the rein.

O that some god would prompt my strain
And all those horrors tell,
What gallant chiefs throughout the plain
By Turnus now, pursued and slain,
Now by Æneas fell!
Was it thy will, almighty Jove,
To such extreme of conflict drove
Two nations, doomed in peace and love
Through after years to dwell?
First of the Rutules Sucro tried
To stem the foe's advancing tide;
But vain that brief delay;
Æneas caught him on the side,
And, opening ribs and bosom wide
With the fell sword his fury plied,
Brought death the swiftest way.
By Turnus' hand Diores bleeds;
His brother Amycus succeeds;
One from his steed by spear brought low,
One, hand to hand, by falchion's blow:
Their severed heads the victor bore
Fixed to his car, distilling gore.
That sends down Talos to the grave
With Tanais and Cethegus brave,
Three chiefs at once struck dead,

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And sad Onites, him who came
From Peridia, noble dame,
Born in Echion's bed.
This lays in death the brethren twain
From Lycia, Phœbus' own domain,
And young Menœtes, who in vain
Had shunned the battle's roar:
An Arcad he by Lerna's side
His fisher craft obscurely plied,
Contented to be poor:
In honest penury his sire
Tilled scanty ground let out to hire,
Nor knocked at rich man's door.
As fires that launched on different ways
Stream through a wood of crackling bays,
Or torrents that from mountain steep
Tumbling and thundering toward the deep
Plough each his own wild path;
Æneas thus and Turnus fly
Through the wide field; now, now 'tis nigh,
The boiling-point of wrath;
Their fierce hearts burst with rage; they throw
A giant's force on every blow.
Murranus that, whose boastful tongue
With high-born sires and grandsires rung,
And pedigrees of long renown
Through Latian monarchs handed down,
Smites with a stone of mountain size
And tumbles on the sward:
By reins and harness caught, the wheels
Still drag him on: the horses' heels
Beat down and crush him as he lies,
Unmindful of their lord.
While this, as Hyllus overbold
In furious onset springs,

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Through the bright helm the weapon passed,
And rooted in the brain stood fast.
Nor could thy prowess, Cretheus brave,
'Gainst Turnus' coming stand,
Nor those his gods Cupencus save
From out Æneas' hand:
His bosom met the impetuous blade,
Nor long the shield its fury stayed.
Thou too, great Æolus, the plains
Of Latium saw thee dead;
They saw thy giant-like remains
Wide o'er their surface spread:
Fallen, fallen art thou, whom not the bands
Of Argos could destroy,
Nor those unconquerable hands
Which wrought the doom of Troy:
'Twas here thy sepulchre was made,
Thy palace high 'neath Ida's shade:
Lyrnesus reared thy palace high,
Laurentum gave thee room to die.
So, turning, rallying, front to front,
Face the two hosts the battle's brunt:
The Latian and the Dardan throng,
Brave Mnestheus and Serestus strong,
Messapus, tamer of the horse,
Asilas with his Tuscan force,
Evander's Arcad train,
Each for himself, make desperate fight—
No stint, no stay—and all their might
With fierce contention strain.

Now Venus prompts her darling chief
To lead his forces to the town,
And with a sudden stroke and brief
On the scared foe come down.

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As tracking Turnus' truant car
He sweeps his vision round and round
The town he sees in peace profound,
Unscathed by all that war.
At once upon his inward sight
The image dawns of grander fight:
Sergestus and Serestus tried
He calls with Mnestheus to his side,
And on a mound takes stand:
Round in dense ranks the Trojans swarm,
The shield still cleaving to their arm,
The javelin in their hand.
Then from the height he thus began:
"Now hearken and obey, each man:
Our cause is Jove's own cause:
Nor, sudden though the change of plan,
Let any plead for pause.
This town, the source of all the fray,
The centre of Latinus' sway,
Unless they bow them to the yoke
And own my conquering power,
In ruin on the ground shall smoke
From base to topmost tower.
What, I forsooth to stand and wait
Till Turnus deign to end debate,
And, humbled by his old defeat,
Prepare once more my call to meet?
Here, here it stands, the foul spring-head
Of all this blood so basely shed:
Quick with your torches, and demand
Our rightful treaty, fire in hand."
He said: with emulous speed they form,
And rush in mass the walls to storm.
Forth come the ladders, quick as thought;
Fire, faggot, pitch at once are brought;

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Some to the gates impetuous crowd,
And guard and sentry slay;
Some hurl their javelins, and o'ercloud
With darts the face of day.
Æneas, foremost of the band,
Lifts up to heaven the appealing hand,
Beneath the rampart's shade,
Upbraids Latinus loud and long,
And bids the gods attest his wrong,
Forced on another war, though loth,
The Italians twice his foes, their troth
A second time betrayed.
Among the citizens within
Rises a wild discordant din:
Some to the foe would ope the town,
The portals backward fling,
And to the city-walls bring down
The venerable king;
Some, all on fire, for weapons call,
And hasten to defend the wall.
As when some venturous swain has tracked
The bees, in hollow rock close packed,
With fumes of pungent smoke,
They through their waxen quarters course,
And murmuring passionate and hoarse
Their patriot rage provoke:
The dusk scent issues from the doors;
A buzzing dull and blind
Thrills the deep cave: the smoke upsoars,
And mingles with the wind.

Thus as they toil, a further woe
The Latian realm o'ertook:
Each faint heart reeled beneath the blow,
And the whole city shook.

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When from the towers the queen looked down
And saw the foe draw nigh,
The scaling-ladders climb the town,
The fire-brands roofward fly,
At once she deemed her favorite slain:
Keen anguish smites her wildered brain:
With many a curse her head she heaps,
Sole cause of all that Latium weeps,
And wailing oft and raving tears
The gay purpureal robe she wears:
Then fastens from a beam on high
A noose, in ghastly wise to die.
When Latium's maids and matrons hear
That news of wonderment and fear,
Lavinia first her bright hair rends
And wounds her rose-red cheeks:
Around her rave her mourning friends;
The courts repeat their shrieks.
From house to house wide spreads the tale:
The scant remains of valor fail.
Bowed to the earth with woe on woe,
His consort dead, his town brought low,
The hapless king his raiment tears
And soils with dust his silver hairs,
While oft himself he blames,
Who gave not to his crown an heir,
A bridegroom to his daughter fair,
Nor owned Æneas' claims.

Turnus meanwhile in fields afar
Drives straggling foes before his car,
Slower and more slow his coursers' stride,
And less and less their master's pride.
Lo! on the gale from distance sped
Come sounds of strange bewildering dread;

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The gathering hum, confused and drear,
Of the lost city strikes his ear.
"Alas! what sounds are these that rise,
The voice of grief and pain?
What tumult shakes the town?" he cries,
And wildly draws his rein.
His dauntless sister, as she plies
The chariot in Metiscus' guise,
Turned round and thus began:
"Nay, Turnus, urge we still our steeds
'Gainst the spent foe, where victory leads:
Latium has sons to serve her needs,
Her leaguered towers to man.
Æneas on the Italians falls,
And follows vengeance as she calls:
Such too be Turnus' aim;
Send death among his Teucrian train;
Not less your muster-roll of slain,
Nor less your share of fame."
"Sister, I knew you" Turnus spoke
"When first by craft the truce you broke,
And plunged in battle's tide,
And now in vain you cheat mine eye:
But say, who sent you from the sky
This cruel woe to bide?
From heaven you came — for what? to see
Your brother's dying agony?
What can I else? what hope of life
Holds Fortune forth, in such a strife?
But now Murranus I beheld,
The mighty by the mighty quelled;
He fell, invoking as he fell
The recreant friend he loved too well.
See Ufens prostrate on his face
Averts his eyes from my disgrace,

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While Troy rejoices in her prey,
His armor and his breathless clay!
And must I drain the dregs of shame
And leave the town to sink in flame,
Nor, prompt to combat and to die,
Make Drances yet retract his lie?
What, own defeat? let Latian eyes
See Turnus, Turnus as he flies?
Is death indeed so sore?
O hear me, Manes, of your grace,
Since heavenly powers have hid their face!
Pure and unsoiled by caitiff blame,
I join your company, nor shame
My mighty sires of yore."

Scarce had he said, with headlong speed
Comes Saces up on foaming steed:
His bleeding face a shaft had gored,
And Turnus thus his voice implored:
"Turnus, save you no hope is ours:
O think of your own race!
Like thundercloud Æneas lowers,
Threatening to raze and sack our towers,
And firebrands mount apace.
On you is turned each Latian eye;
Latinus doubts to whom
His tottering fortune to ally,
Whom choose his daughter's groom.
The queen, your firmest friend, is dead,
By her own hand to darkness sped:
Messapus at the gates alone
And brave Atinas hold their own;
Around them throngs the hostile band;
Steel harvests bristle all the land:
You unconcerned your chariot ply
Through fields the battle's tide leaves dry."

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O'erwhelmed by surging thoughts of ill
Turnus in mute amaze stood still:
Fierce boils in every vein
Indignant shame and passion blind,
The tempest of the lover's mind,
The soldier's high disdain.
Soon as apart the shadows roll,
And light once more illumes his soul,
Backward his kindling eyes he threw
And grasped the town in one wide view.
Lo! tongues of flame to heaven aspire:
The turret's floors are wrapped in fire,
The tower he made to vex the foe
With bridge above and wheels below.
"The Fates, the Fates must have their way:
O sister! cease to breed delay:
Where Heaven and cruel Fortune call,
There let me follow to my fall.
I stand to meet my foe, to bear
The pangs of death, how keen soe'er:
Disgraced you shall not see me more:
Let frenzy fill the space before."
He said, and vaulting from his car
Plunged headlong through the opposing war,
His sister in her sorrow left,
And fierce and fast the squadrons cleft.
Look how from mountain summit borne
By wind or furious rain down-torn
Or gentler lapse of ages worn
Comes down a thundering stone;
Headlong it falls with impulse strong,
The unpitying rock, and whirls along
Woods, cattle, swains o'erthrown:
So bounding onward, scattering all,
Comes Turnus to the city-wall,

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Where pools of bloodshed soak the ground
And the shrill gales with javelins sound;
Then signals with his upraised hand
And lifts the voice of high command:
"Rutules, forbear! your darts lay by,
Ye Latian ranks! not you, but I
Must meet whate'er betide:
Far better this my arm alone
For broken treaty should atone,
And battle's chance decide."
The armies right and left give place,
And yield him clear and open space.

But great Æneas, when he hears
The challenge of his foe,
The leaguer of the town forbears,
Lets tower and rampart go,
Steps high with exultation proud,
And thunders on his arms aloud;
Vast as majestic Athos, vast
As Eryx the divine,
Or he that roaring with the blast
Heaves his hugh bulk in snowdrifts massed,
The father Apennine.
Italian, Trojan, Rutule, all
One way direct the eye,—
Who man the summit of the wall,
Who storm the base to work its fall,
And lay their bucklers by.
Latinus marvels at the sight,
Two mighty chiefs, who first saw light
In realms apart, met here in fight
The steel's award to try.
Soon as the space between is clear,
Each, rushing forward, hurls his spear,

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And bucklers clashed with brazen din
The overture of fight begin.
Earth groans: fierce strokes their falchions deal:
Chance joins with force to guide the steel.
As when two bulls engage in fight
On Sila's or Taburnus' height
And horns with horns are crossed:
Long since the trembling hinds have fled;
The whole herd stands in silent dread;
The heifers ponder in dismay,
Who now the country-side will sway,
The monarch of the host:
Giving and taking wounds alike
With furious impact home they strike;
Shoulder and neck are bathed in gore:
The forest depths return the roar.
So, shield on shield, together dash
Æneas and his Daunian foe;
The echo of that deafening crash
Mounts heavenward from below.
Great Jove with steadfast hand on high
His balance poises in the sky.
Lays in its scale each rival's fate,
And nicely ponders weight with weight,
To see whom war to doom consigns,
And which the side that death inclines.

Fearless of danger, with a bound
Young Turnus rises from the ground,
And, following on the sword he sways,
Comes down with deadly aim:
Latium and Troy intently gaze,
And swell the loud acclaim.

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When lo! the faithless weapon breaks,
And mid the stroke its lord forsakes:
Flight, flight alone can aid:
Swifter than wings of wind he flees,
Soon as an unknown hilt he sees
Disfurnished of its blade.
'Tis said when with impatience blind
He first the battle sought,
Leaving his father's sword behind
Metiscus' steel he caught;
While routed Troy before him fled,
That sword full well his need bested:
Soon as 'twas tried on arms divine,
It snapped like ice in twain,
The mortal blade: the fragments shine,
Strewed on the yellow plain.
So Turnus traverses the ground,
Doubling and circling round and round
In purposeless career,
For all about him stand his foes,
And here high walls the scene enclose,
And there a spacious mere.

Nor less, though whiles his stiffening knees,
Slacked by his wound, their work refuse,
Æneas follows as he flees
And step with step the foe pursues.
As tracks a hound with noise and din
A deer by river deep hemmed in
Or plume of crimson grain:
The straight steep bank, the threatening snare
The hunted beast from progress scare:
She winds and winds again:
The Umbrian keen forbids escape,
Hangs on her flank with jaws agape,

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Snaps his vain teeth that close on nought,
He catching still, she still uncaught.
Turnus flies on, and as he flies
To every Rutule loudly cries,
Calls each by name, invokes their aid,
And clamors for his well-known blade.
Æneas in imperious tone
Denounces death should help be shown,
Threats the doomed town with sword and flame,
And, wounded, follows on the same.
Five times they circle round the place,
Five times the winding course retrace:
No trivial game is here: the strife
Is waged for Turnus' own dear life.
A wilding olive on the sward,
Sacred to Faunus, late had stood:
The seaman's dutiful regard
Preserved that venerable wood:
There hung they, rescued from the wave,
The weeds they doffed, the gifts they gave.
When for the fight the ground was traced,
The Trojans felled it in their haste,
Reckless of sacred or profane,
That nought might break the level plain.
Here lodged Æneas' javelin: here
It lighted, borne in fierce career,
And in the stump stood fast:
He strives the weapon to unroot,
And whom he cannot catch on foot
O'ertake by lance's cast.
Then out cries Turnus, wild with fear;
"Great Faunus, of thy pity hear!
Sweet Earth, hold fast the steel,

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If Turnus still has held divine
Those sanctities which Troy's rude line
Treads down 'neath battle's heel!"
So prayed he: nor his prayers were vain:
Long o'er the stump Æneas hangs,
And tugs with many a fruitless strain
To make the hard wood loose its fangs:
When lo! impatient as he strives,
Changed to Metiscus' shape once more
Forth runs the Daunian fair, and gives
Her brother back the sword he wore.
Then Venus, filled with ire to see
A Nymph assume so bold a part,
Approached, and from the stubborn tree
Tore out the long imprisoned dart.
Again the haughty chiefs advance,
Their strength repaired, their arms restored,
That towering with uplifted lance,
This waving high his faithful sword,
And front to front resume the game
That drains the breath and racks the frame.

Meanwhile Olympus' master, Jove,
Addressed his queenly bride,
As from a yellow cloud above
The warring chiefs she eyed:
"What now the end, fair consort, say?
What latest stake remains to play?
Long since you knew, and owned you knew,
Æneas to the skies is due,
A nation's hero: Fate's own power
Uplifts him to the starry tower.
What plan you now? what hopes o'erbold
Thus keep you throned aloft in cold?

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Think you 'twas right a god decreed
By mortal treachery should bleed,
Or Turnus — for apart from you
What mischief could Juturna do? —
Receive his long lost sword again,
And strength be waked in vanquished men?
'Tis Jove entreats: at length give way;
Permit my prayers your will to sway;
Nor brood in silent grief, nor vent
From those sweet lips your ill-content.
The end is reached. By land and main
I let you vex the Dardan train,
Stir guilty war, a home o'ercloud,
And bridal joys with mourning shroud.
Attempt no further." Jove's fair queen
Bespoke her spouse with duteous mien:

"Your known good pleasure is the cause,
Dread lord, that Juno now withdraws
From Turnus and the fight;
You would not see me else in air
Content to sit resigned and bear:
No; armed with torches should I stand
In battle, and with red right hand
My Trojan foemen smite.
I roused, I own, Juturna's zeal
To venture for her brother's weal:
Yet bade I not to launch the steel
Or bend the deadly bow:
By Styx' dire spring I take my oath,
The sole dread form of solemn troth
Olympus' tenants know.
And now in truth behold me yield
And quit for aye the accursed field.

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Vouchsafe me yet one act of grace
For Latium's sake, your sire's own race:
No ordinance of fate withstands
The boon a nation's pride demands.
When treaty, ay, and love's blest rite
The warring hosts in peace unite,
Respect the ancient stock, nor make
The Latian tribes their style forsake,
Nor Troy's nor Teucer's surname take,
Nor garb nor language let them change
For foreign speech and vesture strange,
But still abide the same:
Let Latium prosper as she will,
Their thrones let Alban monarchs fill;
Let Rome be glorious on the earth,
The centre of Italian worth;
But fallen Troy be fallen still,
The nation and the name."

With mirthful laughter in his eye
The world's Creator made reply:
"There Jove's own sister spoke indeed,
Our father Saturn's other seed,
So vast the waves of wrath that roll
In that indomitable soul!
But come, let baffled rage give way:
I grant your prayer and yield the day.
Ausonia shall abide the same,
Unchanged in customs, speech, and name:
The sons of Troy, unseen though felt,
In fusion with the mass shall melt:
Myself will give them rites, and all
Still by the name of Latins call.
The blended race that thence shall rise
Of mixed Ausonian blood

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Shall soar alike o'er earth and skies,
So pious, just, and good:
Nor evermore shall nation pay
Such homage to your shrine as they."
Saturnia hears with altered mind,
Triumphant now and proud:
The sky meantime she leaves behind,
And quits her chilly cloud.

This done, the Father in his heart
New counsels ponders o'er,
To force Juturna to depart
Nor help her brother more.
Two fiends there are of evil fame,
The Diræ their ill-omened name,
Whom at a birth unkindly Night
With dark Megæra brought to light,
With serpent-spires their tresses twined,
And gave them wings to cleave the wind.
On Jove's high threshold they appear
Before his throne, and lash to fear
Mankind's unhappy brood,
When grisly death the Sire prepares
And sickness, or with battle scares
A guilty multitude.
Such pest as this the Thunderer sent
Down from the Olympian sky,
And bade it, for an omen meant,
Across Juturna fly.
Down swoops the portent, fierce and fast,
With swiftness of a whirling blast:
Not swifter bounds from off the string
The dart that with envenomed sting
The Parthian launches on the wing,
The Parthian or the Crete;

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Death-laden past the cure of art
Flies through the shade the hurtling dart,
So secret and so fleet.
E'en thus the deadly child of Night
Shot from the sky with earthward flight.
Soon as the armies and the town
Descending she descries,
She dwarfs her huge proportions down
To bird of puny size,
Which perched on tombs or desert towers
Hoots long and lone through darkling hours:
In such disguise, the monster wheeled
Round Turnus' head, and 'gainst his shield
Unceasing flapped her wings:
Strange chilly dread his limbs unstrung:
Upstands his hair: his voiceless tongue
To his parched palate clings.
But when from far Juturna heard
The whirring flight of that foul bird,
She rent her hair as sister mote,
Her cheeks she tore, her breast she smote
"Ah Turnus! what can sister now?
How other prove than cruel? how
Prolong your forfeit life?
Can goddess meet with fearless brow
A pest like this? At length I bow
And part me from the strife.
Nay, spare to aggravate my fear,
Ye birds of evil wing!
I know the sounds that stun mine ear:
That death-note speaks the hests severe
Of heaven's imperious king.
No meeter guerdon can he find
For maiden purity resigned?
Why gave he life to last for aye?
Why took the laws of death away?

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Else might I end at once my woe,
And with my brother pass below.
Immortal! can the thought be true?
O brother! have I joy save you?
O would the earth but yawn so wide
A goddess in its depth to hide,
And send her to the dead!"
Thus groaning, in her robes of blue
Her head she wrapped, and plunged from view
Down to the river's bed.

Æneas presses on his foe,
Poising his tree-like dart,
And utters ere he deals the blow
The sternness of his heart:
"What now is Turnus' next retreat?
What new escape is planned?
No contest this of feet with feet,
But deadly hand with hand.
Take all disguises man can wear:
Call to your succor whatsoe'er
Or art or courage may:
Find wings to climb the Olympian steep,
Or plunge in subterranean deep,
Hid from the torch of day."
He shook his head: "Your swelling phrase
Appals not Turnus: no:
The gods, the gods this terror raise,
And Jupiter my foe."
He said no more, but, looking round,
A mighty stone espied,
A mighty stone, time-worn and grey,
Which haply on the champaign lay,
Set there erewhile the land to bound
And strifes of law decide:

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Scarce twelve strong men of later mould
That weight could on their necks uphold,
To-day's degenerate sons:
He caught it up, and at his foe
Discharged it, rising to the throw
And straining as he runs.
But wildering fears his mind unman;
Running, he knew not that he ran,
Nor throwing that he threw:
Heavily move his sinking knees;
The streams of life wax dull and freeze:
The stone, as through the void it past,
Reached not the measure of its cast,
Nor held its purpose true.
E'en as in dreams, when on the eyes
The drowsy weight of slumber lies,
In vain to ply our limbs we think,
And in the helpless effort sink;
Tongue, sinews, all, their powers belie
And voice and speech our call defy:
So, labor Turnus as he will,
The Fury mocks the endeavor still.
Dim shapes before his senses reel:
On host and town he turns his sight:
He quails, he trembles at the steel,
Nor knows to fly, nor knows to fight:
Nor to his pleading eyes appear
The car, the sister charioteer.

The deadly dart Æneas shakes:
His aim with stern precision takes,
Then hurls with all his frame:
Less loud from battering engine cast
Roars the fierce stone; less loud the blast
Follows the lightning's flame.
On rushes as with whirlwind wings
The spear that dire destruction brings,

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Makes passage through the corslet's marge,
And enters the seven-plated targe
Where the last ring runs round.
The keen point pierces through the thigh:
Down on his bent knee heavily
Comes Turnus to the ground.
With pitying groans the Rutules rise;
The mountain to their grief replies:
The lofty woods resound.
Now fallen an upward look he sends,
And pleadingly his hand extends;
"Yes, I have earned" he cries "the fate
No weakling prayers may deprecate:
Let those enjoy that win.
If thought of hapless sire can touch
Your heart — Anchises once was such —
Show grace to Daunus, old and grey,
And me, or if you will, my clay,
Send back to home and kin.
Yours is the victory: Latian bands
Have seen me stretch imploring hands:
The bride Lavinia is your own:
Thus far let foeman's hate be shown."

Rolling his eyes, Æneas stood,
And checked his sword, athirst for blood.
Now faltering more and more he felt
The human heart within him melt,
When round the shoulder wreathed in pride
The belt of Pallas he espied,
And sudden flashed upon his view
Those golden studs so well he knew,
Which Turnus from the stripling tore
When breathless on the field he lay,
And on his breast in triumph wore,
Memorial of the bloody day.

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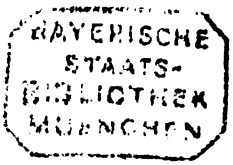
Soon as his eyes had gazed their fill
On that sad monument of ill,
Live fury kindling every vein,
He cries with terrible disdain:
"What! in my friend's dear spoils arrayed
To me for mercy sue?
'Tis Pallas, Pallas guides the blade:
From your cursed blood his injured shade
Thus takes the atonement due."
Thus as he spoke, his sword he drave
With fierce and fiery blow
Through the broad breast before him spread:
The stalwart limbs grow cold and dead:
One groan the indignant spirit gave,
Then sought the shades below.



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NOTES.

PAGE 9.

"The jailor-monarch of the wind."

"There let him reign, the jailor of the wind." DRYDEN.

PAGE 14.

"To bright possession in the sky."

A hint has here been taken from Symmons's version of the preceding speech, where "cæli quibus annuis arcem" is rendered (I quote from memory)

"To whom thy nod has given
A bright reversion in the courts of heaven."

PAGE 33.

"But I, I cannot brook with ease
Junonian hospitalities."

"Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare."
WORDSWORTH (in Philological Museum).

PAGE 103.

"With outstretched hands he gropes."

"And with his outstretched arms around him groped."
ADDISON.

PAGE 139.

"See here, yourself and me foredone."

"O sister, sister, thou hast all foredone."
C. R. KENNEDY.

PAGE 150.

"Hug close the shore, nor fear its crush."

Here and in other parts of the paragraph "shore" is used, like "littus" in the original, not for the coast, but for the side of the rock which formed the goal.

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PAGE 152.

"*Beneath them vanishes the ground.*"

This is another Virgilian license, the ground ("solum") being put for the water under the ship.

PAGE 154.

"*Inwoven there the princely boy.*"

Ganymede.

PAGE 168.

"*And gaze delighted, as they trace*
A parent's mien in each fair face."

"The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace
Their parents' lines in every lovely face." PITT.

Not long before, Pitt has a line "Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore." So it appears in all the editions that I have consulted; but I can scarcely doubt that "vivid" should be "virid," though the latter word is more after the manner of Spenser or Milton than of eighteenth century poetry.

PAGE 198.

"*Foul Penury, and Fears that kill.*"

"The fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed."
WORDSWORTH, *Resolution and Independence.*

PAGE 208.

"*His ears cut off.*"

I find too late that I have written "ears" inadvertently for "hands."

PAGE 265.

"*Or those whom fair Abella sees*
Down-looking through her apple-trees."

"And where Abella sees
From her high towers the harvest of her trees."
DRYDEN.

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PAGE 297 foll.

In translating the description of the shield, I have endeavored to bear in mind, what I believe to be of great importance to the interpretation of the passage, that the various events of Roman history are represented, not in the precise way in which they are likely to have happened historically, but in the form supposed to be best adapted to tell the story to the eye. So the epithets do not characterize the persons or things as they are in themselves, but as they appear on the shield: e.g., the Gauls' hair is called golden because it is actually of gold.

PAGE 317.

"*No after day*
This hour's fair promise shall betray."

"All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame." PITT.

PAGE 320.

"*The maddening fever of the steel.*"

I hope it will not be supposed that I mean "fever of the steel" as a version of "cupidine ferri." There is another suspicion of the kind which I feel almost ashamed to rebut, in p. 382, where, though "encumbered and unstrung" is I trust a tolerable equivalent for "inutilis inque ligatus," "inligatus" is not intended to be represented by "unstrung."

PAGE 324.

"*Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell*
On the dead breast he loved so well."

"Then, quiet, on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content in death to be revenged so well." DRYDEN.

PAGE 331.

"*What God, what madness brings you here*
To taste of our Italian cheer?

"What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?" MACAULAY'S *Lays.*

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PAGE 340.

"*Nor quit the leaguerèd town.*"

As Virgil repeatedly speaks of the Trojan camp as "urbs," I have ventured here to call it a town.

PAGE 366.

"*Like knot in sturdy wood.*"

Virgil's allusion in the word "nodum" is probably rather to a knot which needs untying than to a knot in wood; but it was necessary to give some metaphor which might be equivalent to his, and the resistance made by a knot in wood to the blade of an axe naturally suggested itself.

PAGE 436.

"*Latium has other maids unwed,*
And worthy of a royal bed."

"Yet more, three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed."
POPE'S *Homer*, *Iliad*, book ix.

PAGE 437.

"*The arbitrament of fight to dare.*"

"Singly to dare the arbitrement of fight."
SYMMONS'S *Æneid*, book xi. 562.

PAGE 454.

"*And earth with trampling throbs and thrills.*"

The words "throbs and thrills" are taken from a poem by a friend to whose criticism this work owes much.

PAGE 467.

"*And bucklers clashed with brazen din*
The overture of fight begin."

"The overture of tyranny's begun" is the younger Symmons's version of Æsch. Ag. 1354, φροιμιάζονται γὰρ ὡς Τυραννίδος σημεῖα πράσσοντες πόλει.

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